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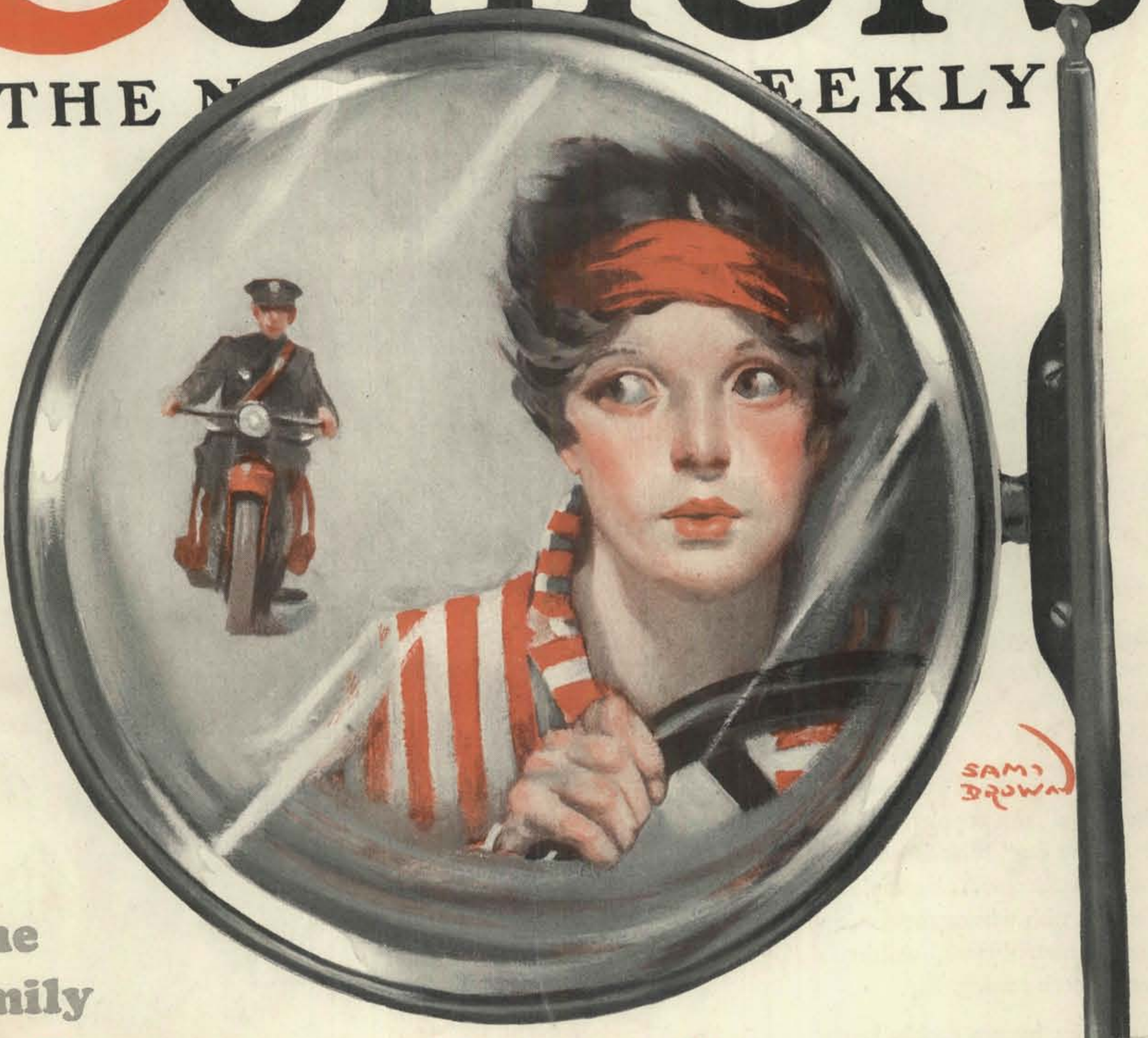

"The Family Goat" an unconventional love story by

GEORGE WESTON

and a short short story by

HUGH McNAIR KAHLER

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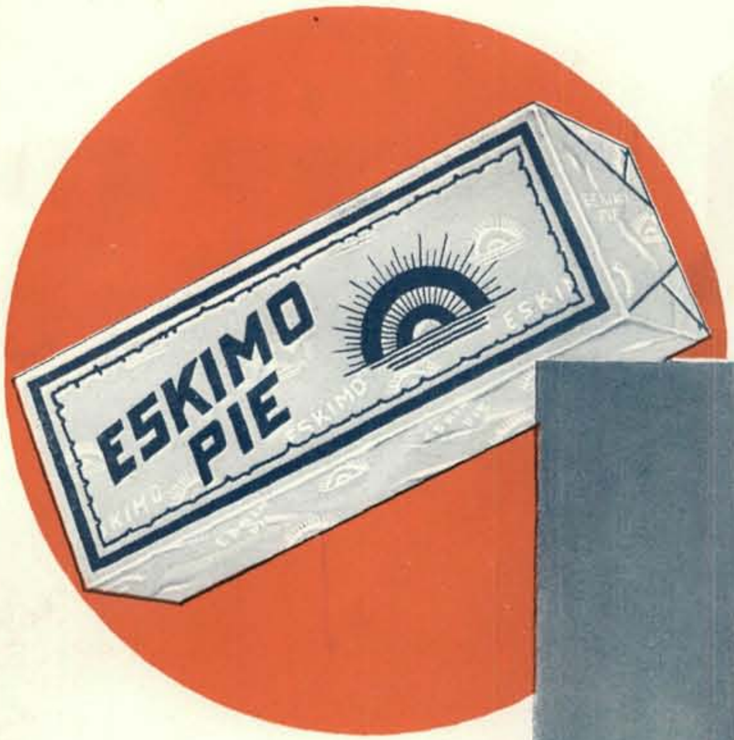

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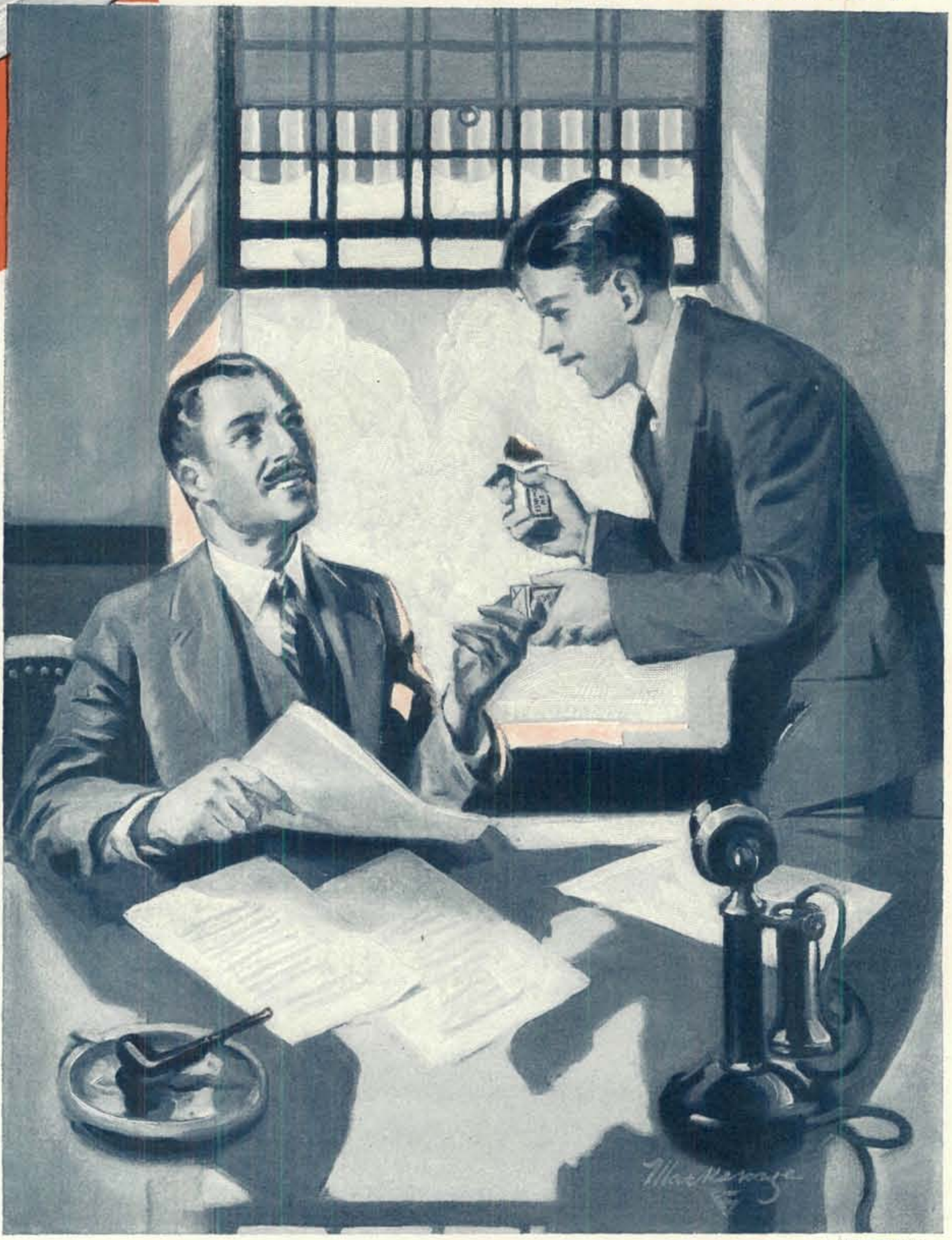

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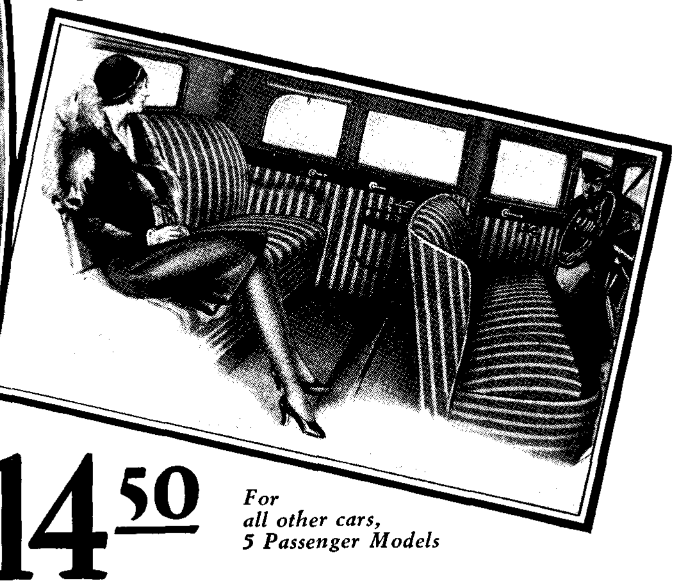

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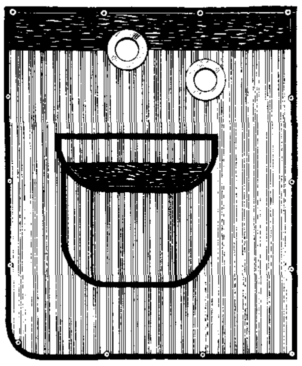

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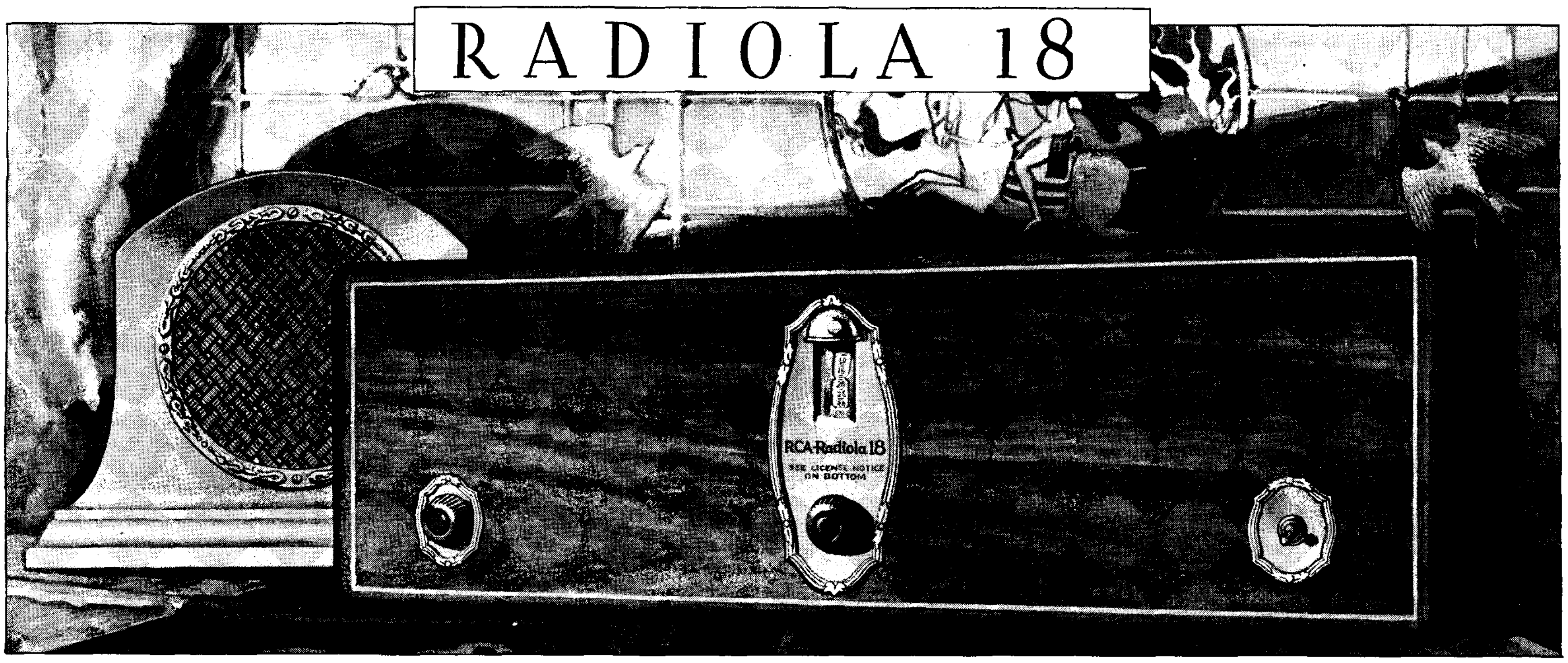

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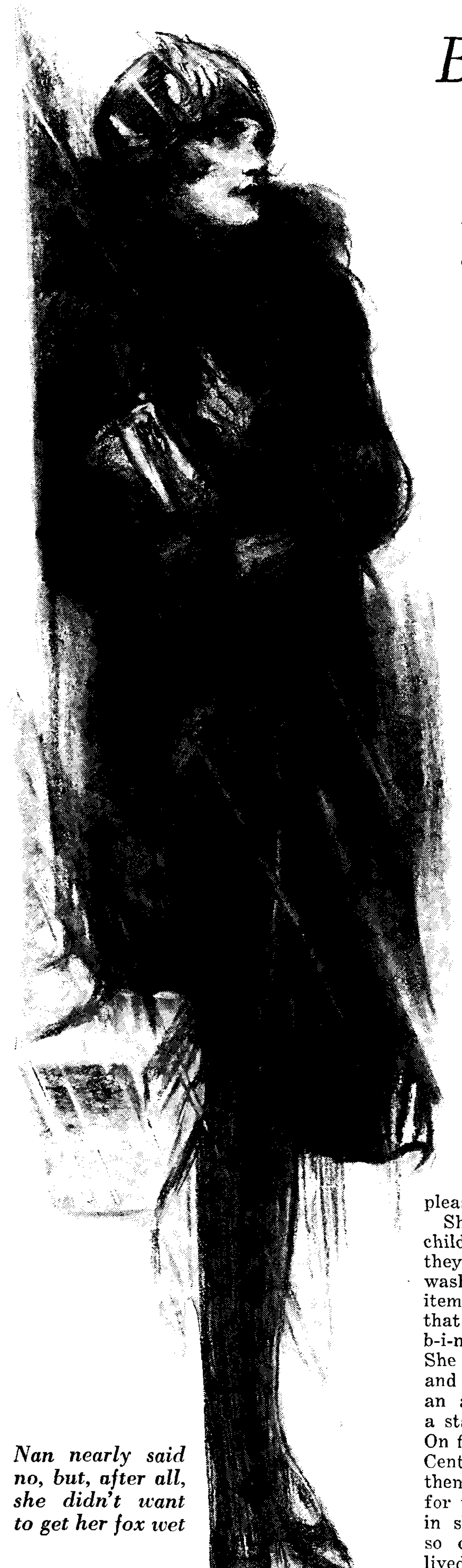
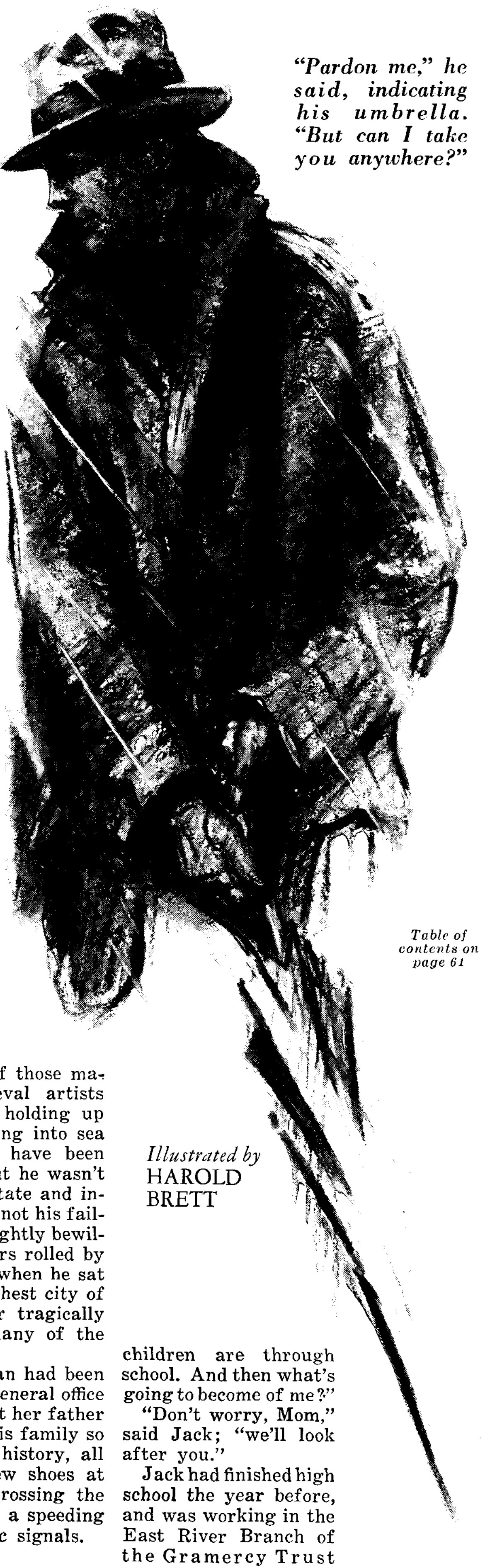
The Family Goat

By GEORGE WESTON

Nan spent most of her time having the buck passed to her until one fine day she quietly revolted



Nan nearly said no, but, after all, she didn't want to get her fox wet



"Pardon me," he said, indicating his umbrella. "But can I take you anywhere?"

Illustrated by HAROLD BRETT

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NAN MELLER was the eldest, and nearly every girl who is the first-born of a large family will understand the meaning of those words.

Nan was three years old, for instance, when Jack was born, and being a boy Jack couldn't be expected to do much around the house. And when Jack was two Ethel was born—a beautiful child with curly hair. It wasn't long before she was known as Little Golden Locks, and naturally a child who is known as Golden Locks can't be expected to do much either.

By that time the stork was hitting its stride, or its flight, or whatever it is that a stork hits when it attains the regularity of a timetable. In any event, it delivered the next three children with intervals of almost exactly eighteen months between them. The first two were boys—Willie and Eddie—and the last was Helen, who always remained the Baby of the Family. Willie and Eddie, being boys, naturally couldn't be expected to do much, and every Baby of the Family is spoiled as a matter of course.

But nota bene, if you please, nobody ever spoiled Nan. She minded Jack and the other children almost from the days they were born, and she could wash the dishes and various other items long before she was aware that King Solomon's c-o-n-c-u-b-i-n-e-s didn't spell cucumbers. She pushed the family gocart up and down Lexington Avenue for an annual mileage which many a stately town car didn't exceed. On fine days she took the flock to Central Park. She sewed for them, sought for them, fretted for them, fought for them—and, in short, she looked after them so constantly that if you had lived in the neighborhood you might have guessed that they had no other mother.

The children, though, would have told you different. Mrs. Meller was inclined to be tragic, having been born for better things than the basement apartment on Lexington Avenue where they lived. She had a brother who was a doctor and another who was a minister, and when she married she had four thousand dollars which had all slowly disappeared into Mr. Meller's real-estate and insurance business.

"Some people are born to be unlucky," she sometimes said in her tragic voice. "I have tried hard and I have worked hard all my life, and"—with a gesture—"this is the thanks I get."

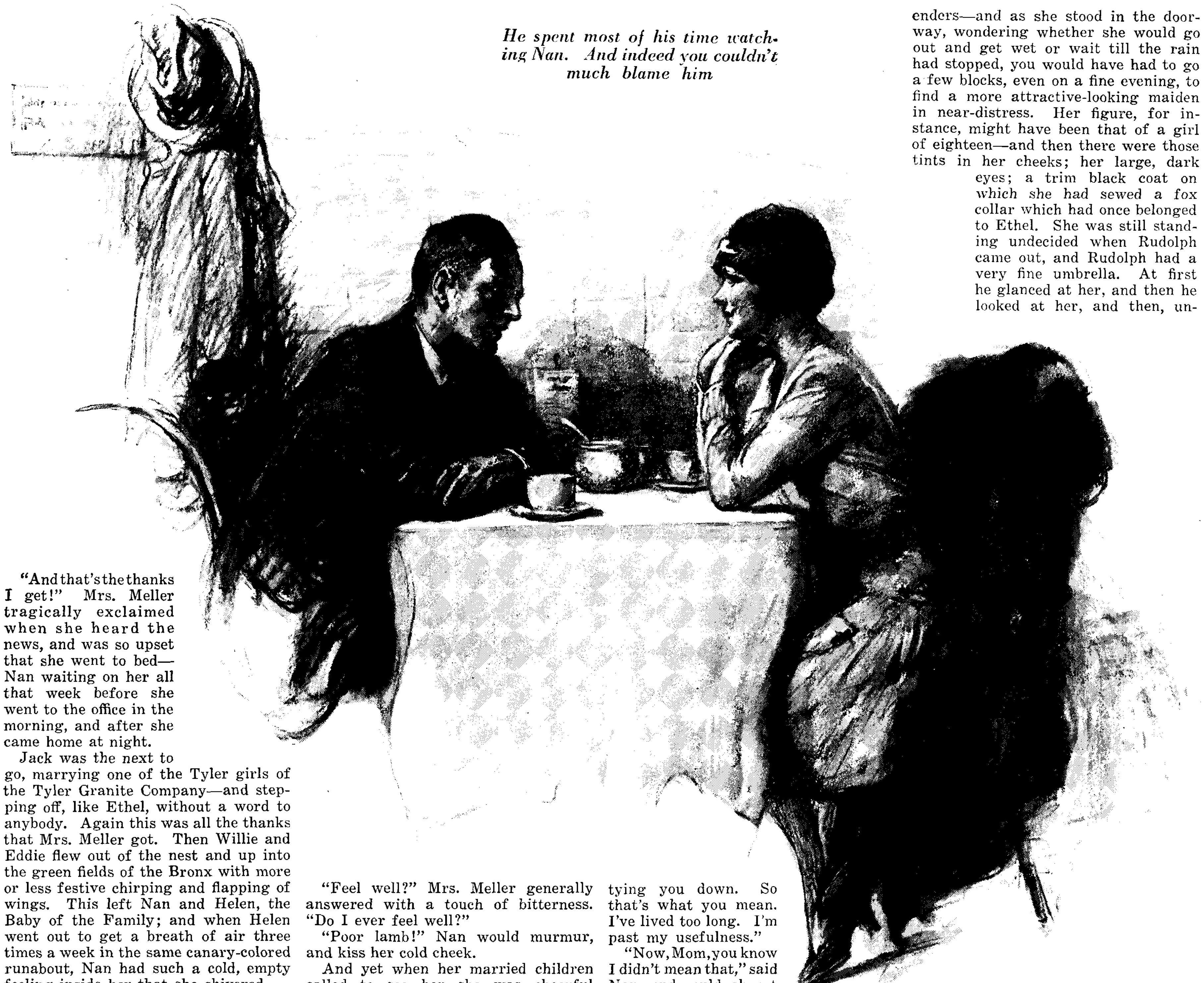
Her gesture generally included Mr. Meller—a chubby little man who might have reminded you of those mature cherubs which medieval artists liked to paint on ceilings, holding up clouds or garlands or blowing into sea shells. Mr. Meller might have been good at those things too, but he wasn't a great success as a real-estate and insurance agent. Whether or not his failure puzzled him, he had a slightly bewildered expression as the years rolled by—especially in the evening when he sat among his family in the richest city of the world and Mrs. Meller tragically pointed out to him how many of the children needed shoes.

Indeed, it wasn't until Nan had been working three years in the general office of the Minzer Laundries that her father unexpectedly provided for his family so that, for the first time in history, all the Meller children had new shoes at the same time. He was crossing the avenue from the office when a speeding limousine disregarded traffic signals.

THE Star was the only paper to mention it the next morning—six lines under the heading "Real Estate Agent Killed." Fortunately—if anything can be called fortunate at such a time—the owner of the car didn't attempt to escape liability; but, as Mrs. Meller said when she saw the check, "There won't be much left when you children are through school. And then what's going to become of me?"

"Don't worry, Mom," said Jack; "we'll look after you."

Jack had finished high school the year before, and was working in the East River Branch of the Gramercy Trust Company. Ethel was graduated the following June—her hair as curly as ever—and, never caring much for work, she went down to the Municipal Building one morning with Lew Koscky, whose father owned the Silver Arrow Garage, on East Eighty-sixth Street, and—well, she came back married: that's all.



He spent most of his time watching Nan. And indeed you couldn't much blame him

"And that's the thanks I get!" Mrs. Meller tragically exclaimed when she heard the news, and was so upset that she went to bed—Nan waiting on her all that week before she went to the office in the morning, and after she came home at night.

Jack was the next to go, marrying one of the Tyler girls of the Tyler Granite Company—and stepping off, like Ethel, without a word to anybody. Again this was all the thanks that Mrs. Meller got. Then Willie and Eddie flew out of the nest and up into the green fields of the Bronx with more or less festive chirping and flapping of wings. This left Nan and Helen, the Baby of the Family; and when Helen went out to get a breath of air three times a week in the same canary-colored runabout, Nan had such a cold, empty feeling inside her that she shivered.

"When Helen goes," she told herself, "I shall be the only one left. . . ."

Every older sister, remaining at home, will understand a little how she felt. . . .

THE week after Helen was married Nan was transferred into Mr. Minzer's office. He was a pompous old boy and used perfumery on his handkerchief, but Nan rather liked him, as the novelists say. By that time she had grown into a quiet little thing with attentive dark eyes; and, perhaps because she had always been busy at home, she worked so hard in Mr. Minzer's office that before the year was over he grandly referred to her in public as "my private secretary"—and even more grandly raised her wages in private from twenty to thirty dollars a week.

And, truth to tell, the raise was welcome, for since the boys had married and gone away the sledding had been none too easy at home. As Mrs. Meller said in her tragic way, "This is the thanks I get." Although not exactly an invalid, Mrs. Meller couldn't do much but superintend. She sat in her chair by the window—a grim figure in black—and read the paper or ruminated on life in general: ruminations which were punctuated every so often by long, deep sighs.

"What's the matter, Mom? Don't you feel well?" Nan would sometimes ask her.

"Feel well?" Mrs. Meller generally answered with a touch of bitterness. "Do I ever feel well?"

"Poor lamb!" Nan would murmur, and kiss her cold cheek.

And yet when her married children called to see her she was cheerful enough. One might have thought that, being allowed only so many smiles a month, she reserved them for company occasions. She rejoiced at Jack's success in the bank, at Ethel's beautiful clothes, at Willie's children, at Eddie's new car, at Helen's account of the new home which they were planning to build near Palisade Park. And when friends dropped in to see her it was always of these other children that Mrs. Meller boasted.

It was never of Nan.

One evening, when Eddie and his wife had called, Nan sat quietly listening for over an hour to stories of the good times they had been having—the shows they had seen; the new friends they had made; the trip to Montreal which they were planning to take in their car. And when they were gone, Nan said with just the least suspicion of wistfulness, "I think Ed's wife's awfully lucky."

"Lucky?" repeated Mrs. Meller, with that glance which cross-examiners generally bestow upon hostile witnesses. "What do you mean?"

"WHY, to be able to go around the way she does," said Nan, in one of her rare unthinking moments. "You know what I mean—not being tied down, or anything."

Almost before she had finished speaking, she knew she had done it.

"Oh!" began Mrs. Meller. "So I'm tying you down. So that's what you mean. I've lived too long. I'm past my usefulness."

"Now, Mom, you know I didn't mean that," said Nan, and could almost have bitten her tongue off. "I was only thinking about the office—you know—things like that."

But the tragic muse wasn't to be denied so easily. When it was over Mrs. Meller had to be helped to bed, and after that Nan kept closer watch on her tongue.

Repressed in one direction, she broke out in another—she started reading a lot. And it wasn't to biography that she turned for comfort either—nor to history, nor to travel—nor even to modern criticism, whether salty or sour. But probably because her spirit craved it, she turned to romance—Monsieur Beaucaire, an old book named Trilby, An Amazing Interlude, Mr. Barnes of New York, and all that heart-adventuring company. The girls at the library began to chat with her, and even some of the masculine readers would smile now and then when they met at the desk. There was one, a dark young man, who looked as though he might have been Spanish. . . . Nan called him Rudolph to herself. There was another—a constant old reader with a red face and gray mustache. She thought of him as the Major.

One night, the evening before Thanksgiving, a sleety rain storm hit the city while she was in the library. Now, cold rains always brought out certain tints in Nan's cheeks—vague roses and lavenders—and as she stood in the doorway, wondering whether she would go out and get wet or wait till the rain had stopped, you would have had to go a few blocks, even on a fine evening, to find a more attractive-looking maiden in near-distress. Her figure, for instance, might have been that of a girl of eighteen—and then there were those tints in her cheeks; her large, dark eyes; a trim black coat on which she had sewed a fox collar which had once belonged to Ethel. She was still standing undecided when Rudolph came out, and Rudolph had a very fine umbrella. At first he glanced at her, and then he looked at her, and then, unconsciously following a sequence which is probably as old as the human race, he spoke to her.

"Pardon me," he said, indicating his umbrella. "But can I take you anywhere?"

Nan nearly said no, but, after all, she didn't want to get her fox wet. So she told him where she lived—a walk of half a dozen blocks—and asked him if that would take him too far out of his way.

"Not at all," he eagerly answered. "Besides, I've nothing else to do this evening. I'd like nothing better."

HIS first remark as they started out was almost an echo of Nan's own mind. "Do you know, I felt lonesome for someone to talk to tonight. Are you sure I'm holding the umbrella right? You're not getting all the rain?"

"No," she said, looking up to see. "But you are."

"Oh, I don't mind," he said in his eager way. "I'm only too glad to be able to keep you dry."

Nan looked at him, slightly astonished at his gladness, and under his dark skin he blushed a little.

"He's younger than I thought," she told herself with a vague feeling of disappointment. "I don't believe he's even twenty-one."

And she was nearly thirty—though if you had seen her you would hardly have believed it. So, changing the subject from his gladness at keeping her dry, she asked him about the book beneath his arm, and they had the nicest chat on General Literature all the way to Nan's door.

"I'm sorry you live so near," he said, still gallantly holding the umbrella so that he received the drip. "I've enjoyed our talk so much—"

Nan hesitated. She knew her etiquette—but she also knew her mother. And yet Ethel and Helen wouldn't have hesitated under similar circumstances—"and some day, maybe, I'll really have a nice man calling on me," she thought.

WHEREUPON she drew a deep breath and said, "Won't you come in a few minutes and dry yourself? I'm sure—I'm sure Mother will be pleased to meet you—though you'll have to tell me your name," she added, laughing a little with growing nervousness, "or I won't be able to introduce you."

His name, he said, was Carl Mendez; and he'd love to go in. But he didn't look as though he loved it so much when he saw Mrs. Meller's expression as he was being introduced.

"I don't know what Nan was thinking of—going out and ruining her clothes in a storm like this," said Mrs. Meller. "I'm sure she can't afford it, and I'm sure I can't."

"But see, Mother?" said Nan, turning around. "Thanks to Mr. Mendez, I'm not even damp. Feel."

"Damp?" demanded Mrs. Meller in her tragic voice. "You're wet through. Now go to your room at once and change; and if I were Mr. Mendez, I'd go home and get into some other clothes too."

The dark young man bowed, his eagerness thoroughly abated.

"Thank you, madam," he said. "I think your advice is good. Good night, Miss Meller; I think I'd better run along."

Nan thought so too, though she didn't say it; and that night she did a thing which many a daughter of Adam has done before her, and many a daughter of Eve will do again — she cried herself to sleep. It wasn't that she cared a fig for the Mendez boy, but, looking through the scene of the evening, she had caught such a sad, dark glimpse of the future that she couldn't keep back her tears. She went to sleep at last, though; and when she awoke in the middle of the night she lay there for nearly an hour, quite calm in her mind, and thought the whole thing out.

"Yes," she finally told herself with a certain grim tightening of the lips which might have been inherited from her mother. "There's only one way to do it—and—when there's only one way to do a thing—well, that's the way you simply have to do it. . . ."

The next day was Thanksgiving, and Nan was up early, preparing for the annual family gathering. The cranberries and vegetables were ready before nine o'clock, and with Mrs. Meller on hand to superintend proceedings Nan started on the turkey.

"It's a very little one," said Mrs. Meller, looking it over with critical attention, "but, then, I suppose it's big enough for us."

"It's ten pounds, dear," said Nan, busy with the pin feathers. "And that's our usual size."

"It doesn't look ten pounds to me," protested Mrs. Meller. "Have you weighed it?"

"Yes, dear."

"Get the scales. I'll weigh it."

It was a scant two ounces less than ten pounds.

"I knew they'd cheated you," said Mrs. Meller.

Nan didn't say anything, but quietly started getting things together for the stuffing.

"Is the bread stale?" asked Mrs. Meller.

"Yes, dear," and, trying to make a joke, she added, "stale from the baker this morning."

"It doesn't feel stale. Is that the sage you're putting in?"

"Yes, dear."

"You shouldn't put it in yet. The sage should go in last. Have you forgotten the salt?"

"No; I haven't come to the salt yet."

"Have you chopped the onion?"

"No, dear; that comes next."

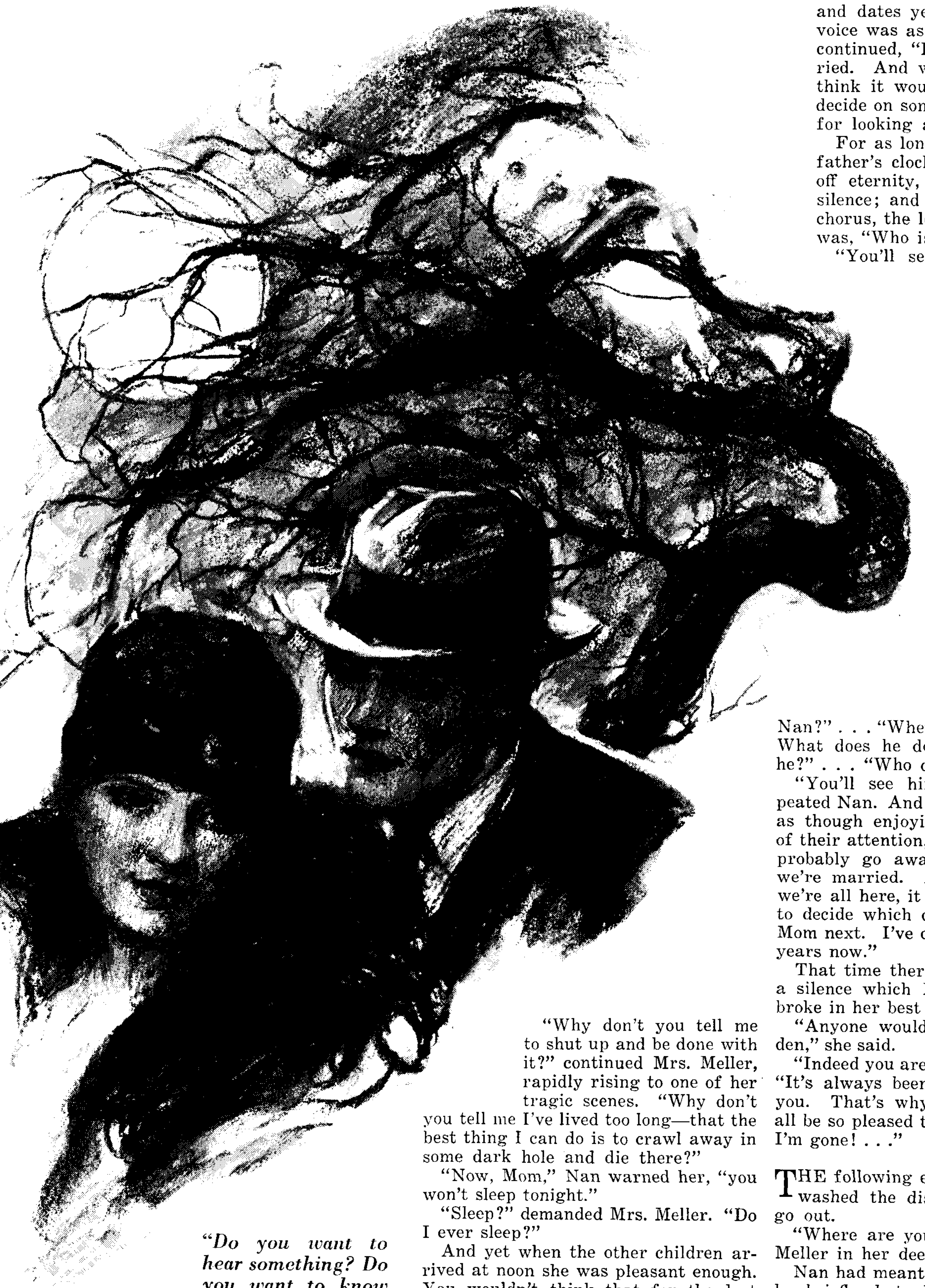
"I thought you'd forgotten it."

NAN quietly bent over the chopping bowl. "I've never forgotten it yet, have I?" she asked in her gentlest voice.

Mrs. Meller gave her such a look.

"If your father was alive, you wouldn't answer me back like that," she said.

"Poor Dad!" thought Nan, tears rising to her eyes, but she didn't say anything.



"Do you want to hear something? Do you want to know what I think of you?"

"Why don't you tell me to shut up and be done with it?" continued Mrs. Meller, rapidly rising to one of her tragic scenes. "Why don't you tell me I've lived too long—that the best thing I can do is to crawl away in some dark hole and die there?"

"Now, Mom," Nan warned her, "you won't sleep tonight."

"Sleep?" demanded Mrs. Meller. "Do I ever sleep?"

And yet when the other children arrived at noon she was pleasant enough. You wouldn't think that for the last two hours she had refused to speak to her eldest daughter. She crowed at Jack's new baby and found it a little silver spoon for its first present. She admired Ethel's new sealskin coat and told her to be sure never to put it away wet. She had a bit of candy ready for Willie's two children and told them not to eat it before dinner. She kissed Jack's wife twice for the chrysanthemums she had brought, and told Helen where to find a vase. She laughed at Eddie's joke about the cannibals and the shipwrecked stewardess with the long neck.

"Oh, it's good to see you all!" she exclaimed. "Quite like old times. I must go in the kitchen now and attend to the dishing up."

Nan, though, had everything ready—and she had something else ready when dinner was over and they were sitting around the table, playing with the raisins and almonds. She said, "I've some news for you."

They looked at her, mildly curious—and wouldn't have been surprised if she had said, "We have some figs and dates yet." And, indeed, her voice was as quiet as usual as she continued, "I'm going to get married. And while we're all here, I think it would be a good time to decide on some other arrangements for looking after Mom."

For as long as it takes a grandfather's clock to slice five seconds off eternity, there was a stunned silence; and then arose a growing chorus, the leading motif of which was, "Who is he?"

"You'll see him soon enough," said Nan mysteriously.

"Where's the ring?" demanded Ethel. "You don't mean to say he hasn't given you a ring?"

"You'll see the ring soon enough," said Nan, although her heart sank a little at the question.

"Is it that *boy?*" demanded Mrs. Meller, sitting up very straight in her chair.

"No, dear," said Nan. "You haven't seen him yet."

The chorus turned into part-singing. "Is he light or dark, Nan?" . . . "Where did you meet him?" What does he do?" . . . "How old is he?" . . . "Who does he look like?"

"You'll see him soon enough," repeated Nan. And after a smiling pause, as though enjoying the breathlessness of their attention, she added, "We shall probably go away for a while when we're married. And I thought, while we're all here, it would be a good time to decide which of you will look after Mom next. I've done it for quite a few years now."

That time there was silence again—a silence which Mrs. Meller presently broke in her best tragic tones.

"Anyone would think I was a burden," she said.

"Indeed you aren't," said Nan stoutly. "It's always been a joy to look after you. That's why I know that they'll all be so pleased to take my place when I'm gone! . . ."

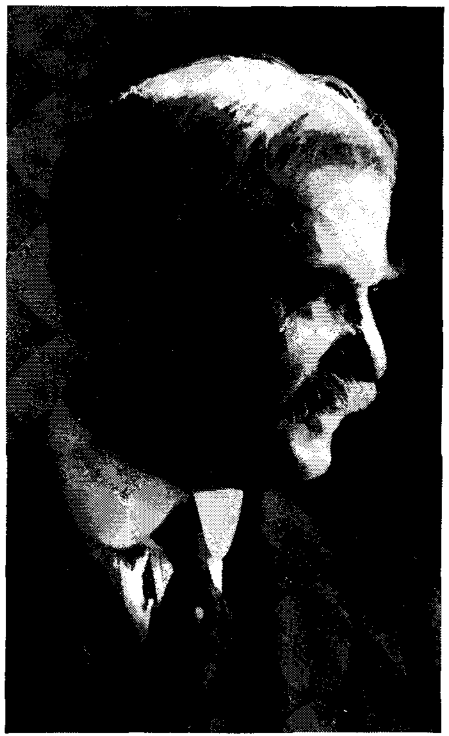
THE following evening, after she had washed the dishes, Nan dressed to go out.

"Where are you going?" asked Mrs. Meller in her deepest tone.

Nan had meant to answer—pleasantly, briefly, but above all firmly—"I'm going out, (*Continued on page 54*)

The Lobby Shop

YOUR professional lobbyist is a person who is paid to influence legislation into channels more congenial to his employer. In theory and as it was practiced in the early days of our history lobbying was not only helpful to our legislation but an exercise of the right of free speech. Quacks and shysters have brought the name into disrepute until today the legitimate lobby suffers for the sins of the lobby shopper. Registration and accountings from all might help.



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Lobbyists back-fired Senator Walsh

By WALTER DAVENPORT

I CAN'T remember whether it was the senator or the governor or the doctor or the colonel who assured me that there were neither lobbies nor lobbyists in Washington. One becomes confused by the professional lobbyists' titles. There are senators who never sat in Congress; there are governors who never ruled a state; there are colonels and majors who wouldn't know squads right from reveille. Not that it matters.

And not that the theory of lobbying isn't virtuous. The trouble lies in certain of its practices. Owing to the shyster and the noble confidence man the art of lobbying has degenerated in certain cases until the inalienable right of the citizen to appeal to his legislators, either in person or through a paid agent, has come too often to be a mixture of coercion and bribery.

That the name has fallen into disrepute is tacitly admitted by Washington's lobbyists, whose first words are denials.

"My dear sir! My boy, my boy!" Thus they greet him who seeks information as to the methods and procedures of today's lobbyists. "My dear sir! Forgive me if I seem to smile. I am not laughing at you, because I appreciate your position as a journalist. You are, if you will forgive me, behind the times.

"You are harking back to the days of Archbold and Frick, to the days of the so-called beef trust. There are no lobbyists in Washington today.

"I do not presume to speak for others, sir, but as for myself, if you will forgive me, I will say to you that I am here representing an industry in the capacity of—well—of what shall I say?—of an—"

"A propagandist?" I offered.

"In the better sense, in the better sense. A propagandist, perhaps, yet not a propagandist in the generally accepted definition of that unfortunate word. My dear sir, I venture to call myself an information service to Congress. An educator."

As he spoke the Senate was adopting the Caraway resolution (Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway of Arkansas), which, its author claims, was inspired by the presence in Washington of scores of lobbyists whose activities are subversive of proper legislative procedure.

The resolution defines lobbying as "any effort to influence the action of Congress upon any matter coming before it, whether it be by distributing literature, appearing before committees of Congress, or interviewing or seeking to interview individual members by any other means." It would compel lobbyists to register and give monthly accounting of moneys expended or entertainment afforded—to whom and for what reason.

Never in the history of lobbying has the art been more subtle. It made its first organized appearance in Washington in the second administration of Andrew Jackson, when the United States Bank supporters aligned the Senate against the President with such success that it passed a vote of censure of Jackson for his stubborn refusal to deposit public moneys in the United States Bank. Not that they were not somewhat justified.

Until that time efforts at influencing Congress were rather straightforward petitions by representatives of various trades and businesses which had been in the habit of appearing by committees (frequently at the solicitation of Congress). These committees were given privileges of anterooms to both houses of Congress, wherein they were accustomed to set forth the details of their commercial affairs, and these details were taken by Congress as guidances to legislative enactments tending to foster American exports and protect American manufactures.

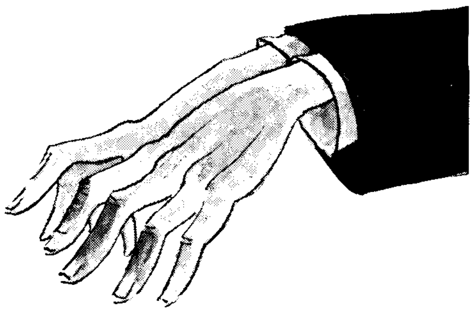
Swarming Propagandists

ABUSES of lobby privileges brought about the abolition of the anteroom; but, driven to less frank approachings, the violators developed a cunning, stealth and subterranean technique which reached the scandalous in the early days of the present century. Their power is indicated in the failure of all attempts to investigate them.

Not until Woodrow Wilson became President and William J. Bryan Secretary of State (both avowed enemies of the lobby system) did a real investigation overtake the Washington lobby shop. And all that it did was to reveal it.

One popular lobbyist was found to have established commodious headquarters in the basement of the Capitol itself.

Those exposures of 1913 fetched disrepute upon the business of lobbying as a whole, the reputable element suffering public anathema along with the We Boys for no better reason than that there were no legal regulations to which the legitimate lobbyists could conform and thereby stand clear of the mob.



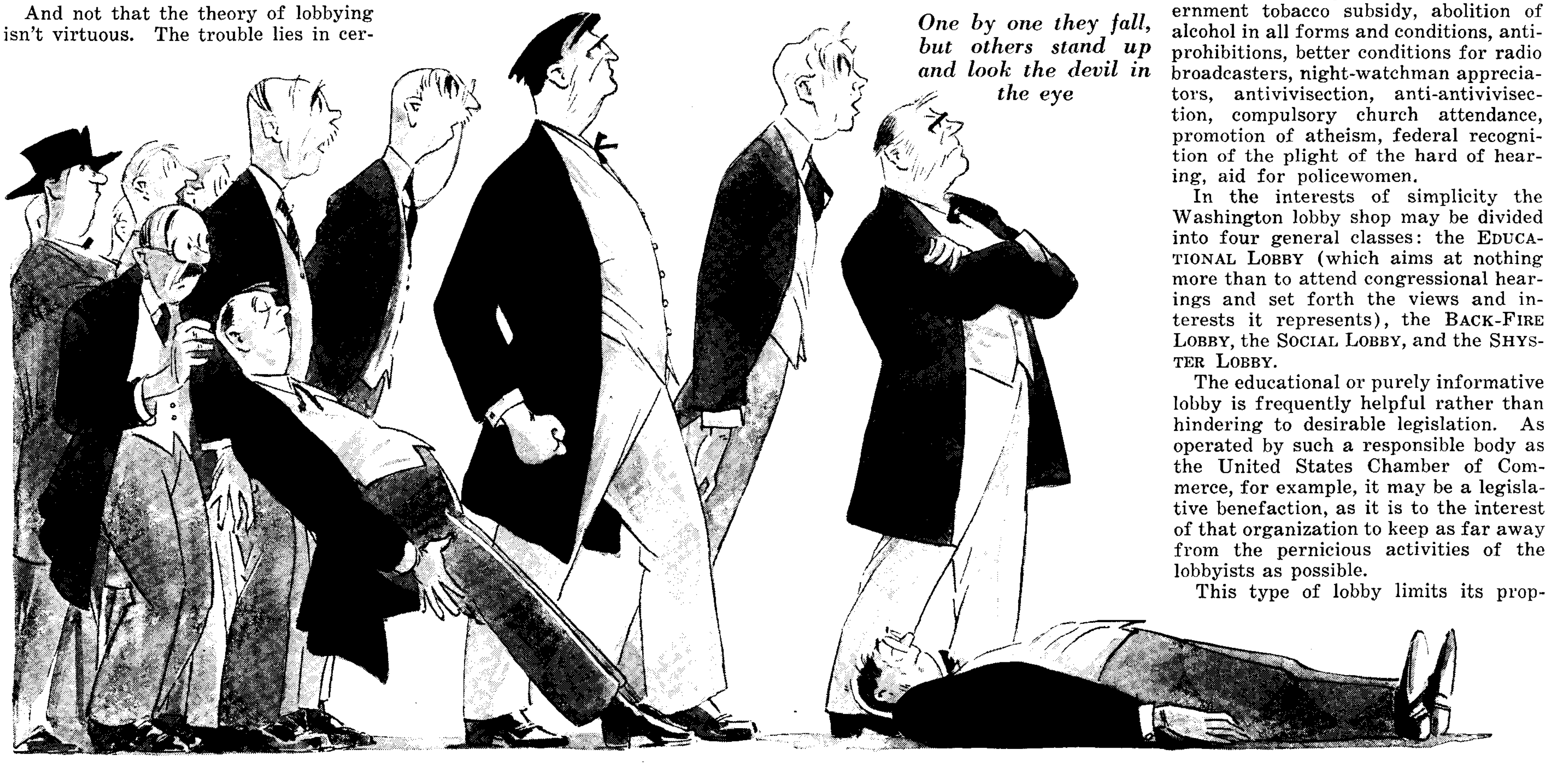
It is quite reasonable to assume that direct bribery obtained; but it is only fair to add that it is close to impossible to employ such crude methods today. The same illegitimate element may be in Washington, but times have changed and with them methods.

As causes and movements have increased in numbers with our population, so have lobbies and lobbyists. There were never so many in Washington. We have lobbyists representing single businesses and combinations thereof. There are propagandists huddled around the Capitol shouldering all manner of banners—enforced peace, huge navies, mighty armies, preservation of our bird life, anti-blue laws, stricter Sabbath observance, anti-cigarette smoking, government tobacco subsidy, abolition of alcohol in all forms and conditions, anti-prohibitions, better conditions for radio broadcasters, night-watchman appreciators, antivivisection, anti-antivivisection, compulsory church attendance, promotion of atheism, federal recognition of the plight of the hard of hearing, aid for policewomen.

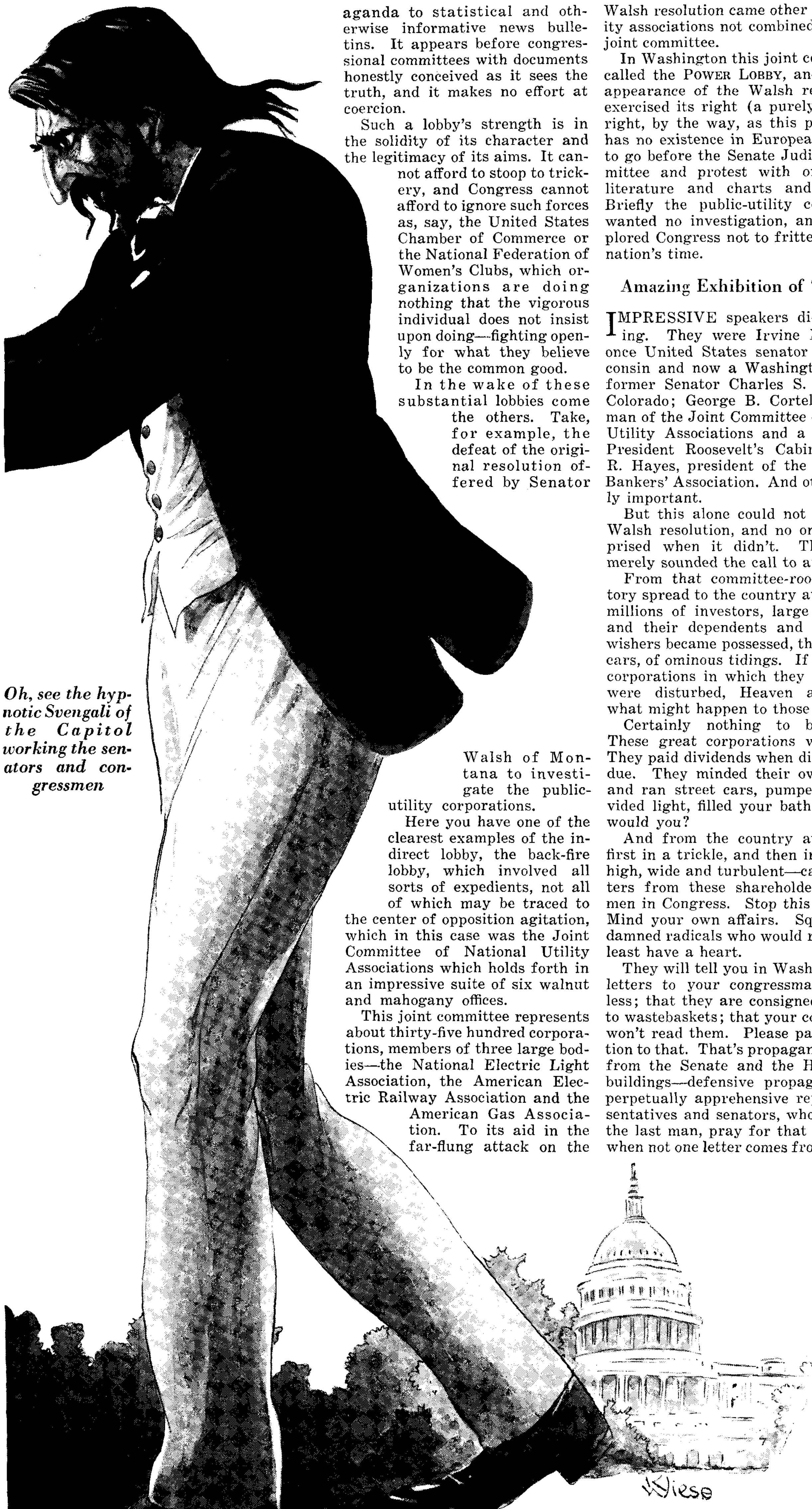
In the interests of simplicity the Washington lobby shop may be divided into four general classes: the Educational Lobby (which aims at nothing more than to attend congressional hearings and set forth the views and interests it represents), the Back-Fire Lobby, the Social Lobby, and the Shyster Lobby.

The educational or purely informative lobby is frequently helpful rather than hindering to desirable legislation. As operated by such a responsible body as the United States Chamber of Commerce, for example, it may be a legislative benefaction, as it is to the interest of that organization to keep as far away from the pernicious activities of the lobbyists as possible.

This type of lobby limits its prop-



One by one they fall, but others stand up and look the devil in the eye



Oh, see the hypnotic Svengali of the Capitol working the senators and congressmen

aganda to statistical and otherwise informative news bulletins. It appears before congressional committees with documents honestly conceived as it sees the truth, and it makes no effort at coercion.

Such a lobby's strength is in the solidity of its character and the legitimacy of its aims. It cannot afford to stoop to trickery, and Congress cannot afford to ignore such forces as, say, the United States Chamber of Commerce or the National Federation of Women's Clubs, which organizations are doing nothing that the vigorous individual does not insist upon doing—fighting openly for what they believe to be the common good.

In the wake of these substantial lobbies come the others. Take, for example, the defeat of the original resolution offered by Senator Walsh of Montana to investigate the public-utility corporations.

Here you have one of the clearest examples of the indirect lobby, the back-fire lobby, which involved all sorts of expedients, not all of which may be traced to the center of opposition agitation, which in this case was the Joint Committee of National Utility Associations which holds forth in an impressive suite of six walnut and mahogany offices.

This joint committee represents about thirty-five hundred corporations, members of three large bodies—the National Electric Light Association, the American Electric Railway Association and the American Gas Association. To its aid in the far-flung attack on the Walsh resolution came other public-utility associations not combined under the joint committee.

In Washington this joint committee is called the POWER LOBBY, and upon the appearance of the Walsh resolution it exercised its right (a purely American right, by the way, as this phenomenon has no existence in European capitals) to go before the Senate Judiciary Committee and protest with oratory and literature and charts and statistics. Briefly the public-utility corporations wanted no investigation, and they implored Congress not to fritter away the nation's time.

Amazing Exhibition of "Power"

IMPRESSIVE speakers did the talking. They were Irvine L. Lenroot, once United States senator from Wisconsin and now a Washington lawyer; former Senator Charles S. Thomas of Colorado; George B. Cortelyou, chairman of the Joint Committee of National Utility Associations and a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet; Henry R. Hayes, president of the Investment Bankers' Association. And others equally important.

But this alone could not kill off the Walsh resolution, and no one was surprised when it didn't. That protest merely sounded the call to arms.

From that committee-room the oratory spread to the country at large, and millions of investors, large and small, and their dependents and other well-wishers became possessed, through their ears, of ominous tidings. If these great corporations in which they held shares were disturbed, Heaven alone knew what might happen to those shares.

Certainly nothing to be desired! These great corporations were sound. They paid dividends when dividends fell due. They minded their own business and ran street cars, pumped gas, provided light, filled your bathtub. What would you?

And from the country at large—at first in a trickle, and then in a torrent, high, wide and turbulent—came the letters from these shareholders to their men in Congress. Stop this tampering. Mind your own affairs. Squelch these damned radicals who would ruin us. At least have a heart.

They will tell you in Washington that letters to your congressman are useless; that they are consigned forthwith to wastebaskets; that your congressman won't read them. Please pay no attention to that. That's propaganda straight from the Senate and the House Office buildings—defensive propaganda from perpetually apprehensive representatives and senators, who, to the last man, pray for that day when not one letter comes from a constituent, although if that day should arrive for any one member of Congress, he would probably die of fright.

These were not letters asking for an audience with the great man, nor for a new cover for the Sucker Creek Bridge, nor for a pension for old Mrs. Nelk, nor for an appointment to Annapolis for the son of the widow McNally. These were screams from the pocket nerve, and such screams are piercing.

And while this river of back-home literature rolled down, such opposition as boldly breasted the flood and made shore was carefully counted and prepared for another attack from the rear. Possibly none of these senatorial hold-outs was importuned individually to change his mind; not one untoward or unethical nudge threatened his dignity or menaced his integrity.

Those interested in bringing about the crushing of the Walsh resolution (not necessarily the joint committee, because its friends were doing magnificent work in its behalf, if not at its behest) went straight back to the homes of the stiff-necks and stirred up other hornets' nests.

To the friends of the senators' boyhood and school days, to his classmates in college, the agitators repaired. Most of these friends of younger days had maintained those bright friendships with the senators and were, all in all, rather prominent in the world themselves: brisk young business and professional men who had made money and were getting on in the world. They owned bonds, houses, motor cars, pretty wives, disobedient but precious children and—better than all for the lobby's purposes—they were all members of the same clubs.

Spirited Argument

SO ON one day at the same time (and at somebody's great expense) scores of these old comrades were fetched to Washington and carried in adequate style to the offices of the pro-Walsh senators or, to be clear, senators who were still pro-Walsh.

Parties and soirées ensued. Dinners were eaten. Here and there that most powerful of all the back-fire lobbies, the Anti-Saloon League, which holds forth smugly in the Bliss Building right under the Senate's elbow, was defied and derided in action if not by word. A nicely satisfactory time was had by all, and during it all the boys from back home talked to the senators.

The senators were worked upon. Here were parties of good fellows together, and business was business and prosperity, and what (Continued on page 40)

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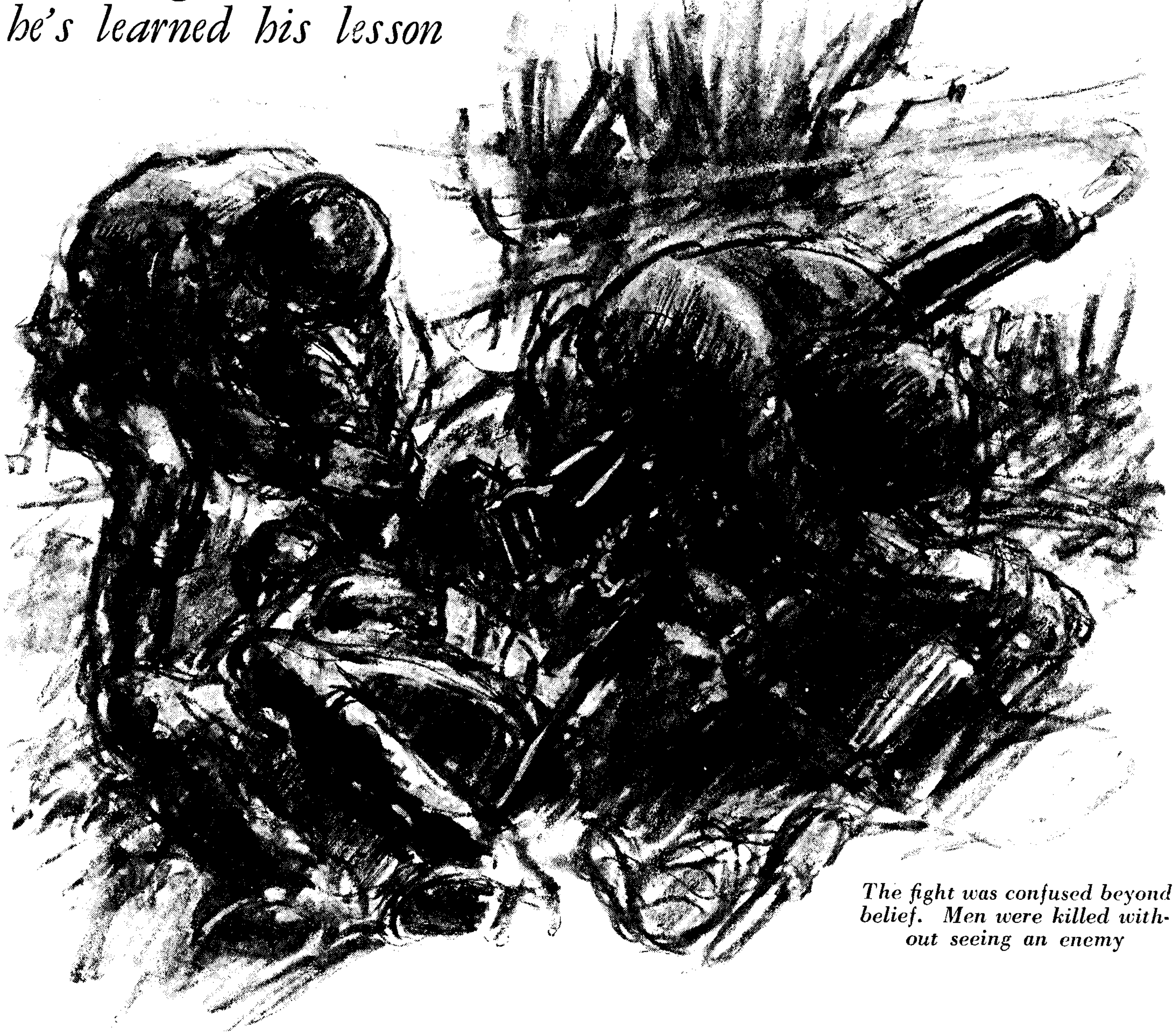
Senator Thaddeus H. Caraway, who aims to label the legitimate lobbyists and so (perhaps) weed out the grafters

Pretty Boy

By EDWARD SHENTON

When you really hate a guy, you can't let him die till he's learned his lesson



The fight was confused beyond belief. Men were killed without seeing an enemy

THE battle went on heedless of the sunlight. The sun was warm and comforting on the back of Private Philip Baker's neck. He lay very still in the shallow hole behind a frail mound of earth he had clawed out of the rich field.

There was *nothing* to do.

The machine guns in the wood ahead clattered monotonously, and the air quivered with the shrill lead passing a few inches above him. The world was constricted to the tops of the distant trees, darkly green, heavy with summer abundance; the high, blue, bright sky, cloudless, except where occasional shrapnel conjured a miniature, ephemeral cloud, and the mound of loose soil, with a black fat beetle struggling for a foothold.

The battalion on the right was in trouble. A furious crack of rifle and machine-gun fire came from the rear and grenades exploded at quick intervals. Until the thickets were cleaned out Private Baker's outfit could only hug the dry ground and pray to remain below the depression limit of the Maxims.

There were no soldiers in view, not even one of his own company. He knew "Turkey" Dugan lay in another hole some ten feet to his left and Sammy Weston about the same distance on the right, but he could see neither.

The rest of the men were in a hidden irregular line across the empty, thick-grassed meadow....

There was absolutely nothing to do. The sky was a lovely blue. Looking at it, Philip thought of Ocean City, the swimming, dancing at the yacht club, parties, and then back to Philadelphia for the winter. . . .

"Hey, Pretty Boy!" Weston called. Damn that name!

"What do you want?" said Baker.

"We're too far out."

"Don't I know it?"

"If they get them guns a bit lower, somebody's gonna get hurt."

"They can't get *them* guns *no lower.*"

"I ain't so sure," said Weston.

The sun climbed steadily into the clear morning sky. The battle slipped from Philip's consciousness. Little whirlpools of the past rose to the surface of his mind; disturbed him momentarily; subsided. . . . "Pretty Boy!" Damn! He saw again the company halted on Broad Street. Early in the morning. Sunlight creeping along the upper floors of the buildings. The confused collection of workers. Then a girl's shrill voice, "Who's the pretty boy?" and the sudden raw edge of laughter. "Pretty Boy Baker." "Hey, Pretty!" "Yo, Pretty Boy." The name was fixed. But in good humor. So Philip hid his resentment, and no one suspected his irritated vanity.

Philip was a product of a certain stratum of West Philadelphia society, a group with some money but not wealth, and a few traditions of family.

Enlisting in an infantry company on an impulse, stubbornness prevented his seeking a transfer. Mrs. Baker wept at the indignity; his father was silently ashamed. The sons of all their friends had gone to Plattsburg and returned with gold or silver shoulder bars. Private Philip Baker! "Pretty Boy!" Hell!

But Philip had taken all the kidding until Turkey Dugan began.

Remembering, Philip became angry, as he did always. That mucker! That Fifth Ward gutter rat! Thought he was hard. . . . The rage departed, and Philip recalled with satisfaction the day they fought behind the mule corral.

IT HAD been soft. Any mauler was a mark for a good boxer, and Philip had been intercollegiate middleweight champion in his sophomore year. He had a long, vicious jab followed by a nice right cross. He was always in good shape, and Dugan had been hitting the "white mule" regularly in the nigger dives of Augusta. . . . Philip smiled, remembering the surprise on Dugan's bloody face. The ol' "one-two"; straightened him with an uppercut. Sock!

Then the mucker had quit cold. Thrown up his hands and mumbled across his swollen lips, "Say, you're some baby. You oughta be in the ring. Hones' to Gawd! Whatta you say? Let's call it quits, an' shake." . . . As if anyone would shake hands with a mucker! Dugan had wiped the blood from his beaten face. He had a funny look about the eyes, but had never called him "Pretty Boy" again. . . .

The battle on the right increased and attracted Philip's attention. He shifted cautiously until he could see back over one shoulder. Suddenly the enfilading fire ceased and he could hear the sound pointing in a new direction. Men appeared on the slight rise beyond the thicket, distinct against the brilliant sky. Some fell; some came forward. Several Germans popped from the waist-high brush and scuttled to the rear. It was ludicrous, unimportant, a great motion picture spread across the countryside. . . .

A whistle blew. . . .

"Hey!" shouted Weston.

Philip saw him rise. The others were rising. All along the meadow men sprang upright. Turkey Dugan uncurled his lean body and stood erect.

"Come on, Pretty Boy!" he yelled.

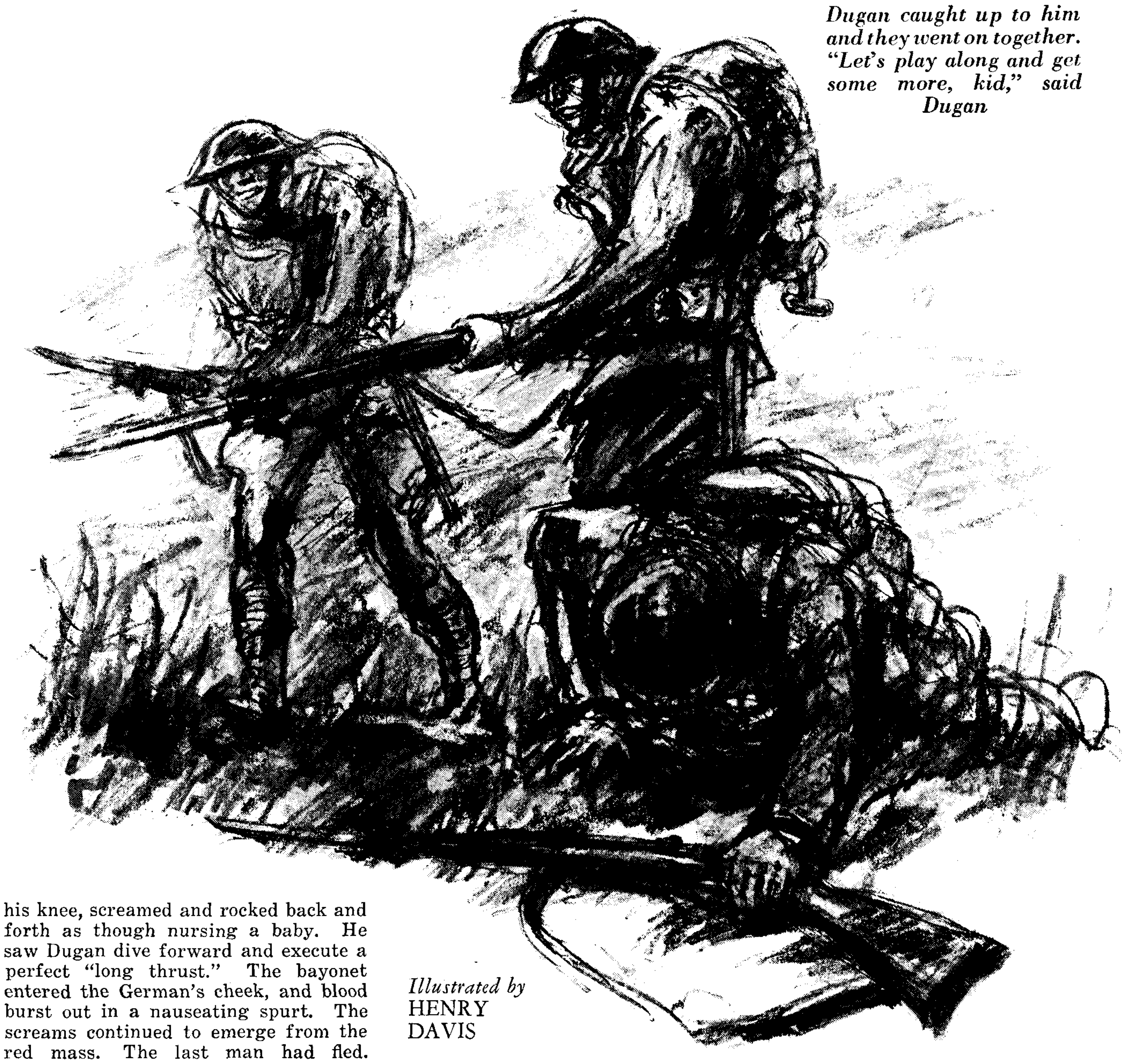
The mucker! Telling him to come on. Pretty Boy, eh? He'd see about that—afterward. Philip got up, holding his rifle high across his chest.

They went forward at a double. More Germans fled from the thicket, and their retreat dismayed the troops ahead in the wood. The fire slackened, and Philip's company reached the trees with few casualties. They plunged from the dazzling sunlight into the shadow. It was like diving into a quiet pool; only it wasn't quiet.

THERE was a tremendous uproar under the thick boughs. The wood had been prepared with care. Machine guns covered every opening, and the crews fired until the last desperate rush and then fled. The fight was confused beyond belief. Men ran yelling and stumbling and were killed without seeing an enemy. They threshed the underbrush and screamed like beaters in some gigantic animal drive. Philip passed a concealed gun and leaped violently at the outburst almost under his feet. He stared dumbly at the four dark figures intent on their slaughtering.

"Bump 'em quick!" a voice shouted.

One of the helmets jerked about, and Philip saw the pale, surprised eyes. There was a roar at his ear, and the eyes turned blank. He fired twice from the hip. A man fell clumsily over the hot gun barrel. Another tore at



Dugan caught up to him and they went on together. "Let's play along and get some more, kid," said Dugan

Illustrated by HENRY DAVIS

his knee, screamed and rocked back and forth as though nursing a baby. He saw Dugan dive forward and execute a perfect "long thrust." The bayonet entered the German's cheek, and blood burst out in a nauseating spurt. The screams continued to emerge from the red mass. The last man had fled. Philip turned and plunged ahead. Dugan caught up to him, and they went on together. Dugan grinned, a sidelong, friendly smile.

"Not so bad," he said. "Not so bad, kid. Let's play along and get some more."

"What's the matter?" Philip said. "Afraid by yourself."

Dugan stopped and stared in amazement.

"Gees," he said. "What you sore about?"

Before Philip could answer the lieutenant in charge of the platoon and a half dozen soldiers appeared.

"Come on! Come!" The lieutenant shouted.

HE HAD a riding crop picked up during the advance, and swished spasmodically at the leaves on the lower branches. Abruptly they came to the far edge of the wood and stared out upon a larger field. There were hills, thinly covered with trees on three sides and a white farmhouse in one corner. It was a natural arena. Halfway across was a thin line of barbed wire before an incomplete trench. While they waited irresolutely men emerged on the right and started over the field.

They heard the vicious hiss of one-pounders. They came with the sound of steam released under great pressure. The shriek of the flying shell and the explosion were simultaneous. The field was sown with the momentary whirls of smoke and soil from the shallow bursts.

"I hate them one-pounders," said Dugan. "You ain't got no chanct. Whoosh, wham! They got you."

Philip shuddered, leaning wearily on his rifle. No one could cross that field alive. He knew it; they all knew it.

"Come on! Come on!" the lieutenant shouted.

But he stood motionless, waving the ridiculous riding crop. He had a little black mustache like Charlie Chaplin's. It was dark and smudged on his pale face. "Come on!" he repeated.

He was dazed with terror and excitement. More men joined them until there were three or four squads gathered along the edge of the woods.

"Well," Dugan said, "come on, then. We ain't got to die but once."

They moved forward, deploying automatically. Philip and Weston were at the extreme left of the thin line. Weston had a "chautchaut," but had lost the clips during the fighting in the woods. He indicated his helplessness to Philip, threw away his rifle and went on unarmed.

The one-pounders were located among the farm buildings and fired on them at close range. From the hills on three sides machine guns spat the wailing currents of death. The men fell with depressing regularity. The thin, tall figure of Turkey Dugan strode a pace or two ahead of the line and almost on the heels of the lieutenant. Philip began to feel sick and dizzy. Weston tripped and sprawled on his hands. He arose cursing with rage.

"That looie's goofy!" he yelled. "I'm goin' back!"

He turned, spun slowly, and fell again. This time he did not get up. Philip went toward him, when he heard the lieutenant blowing his whistle and waving them back.

The dizziness passed out of Philip's head. All at once he was quite composed. He bent over Weston, saw that he was dead, and followed the retreating men to the wood, where they huddled, sweating and shuddering. Only the lieutenant walked about talking loudly and waving four inches of the riding crop.

"Clipped it clean, by gum."

Philip watched him contemptuously. Why didn't he shut up and do something, establish contact with the flanks and rear? . . .

"Hey!" called a soldier. "Look at Turkey."

The men wiggled to openings between the trees and blinked into the sunlight. Philip followed the pointing finger and saw Dugan lying some sixty yards out in the open. He was motioning with one hand and pointing at his leg.

"In the leg, huh?"

"We oughta get him."

"Who'll volunteer?" asked the lieutenant grandly and started forward.

The men watched him aghast.

"Lissen, he's gone nuts."

"Call him back, somebody."

"Hey, Lieutenant, lissen." . . .

THE officer stepped high; he lifted his right leg to make a step, and when the foot touched the ground he continued on, falling slowly, with great dignity, and landed heavily on his face, his arms flung wide. His helmet bobbed awkwardly beyond. He never moved.

The watching men sighed in unison.

"Gee! Some guys is just plain simple."

"I bet he promised his sweetie a D. S. C."

The remark released their emotions in a cackle of mirthless laughter.

Then their attention returned to Dugan. Philip could see him still sliding his hand about in curious signaling. It wasn't pointing to his leg any more. Somewhere else! Something! . . . Suddenly Philip understood.

Dugan lay in a slight depression. About him the ground was bare for several feet, and in this pale target Philip saw a tuft of yellow dust spring up close to the huddled figure, settle; another rise and vanish; another. A sniper, somewhere, was firing at Dugan. The irregularity of the field prevented exact range. All the men saw the situation at the same time. They began swearing; their faces were apoplectic with hatred.

"The dirty skunks!" . . .

"Lissen, I'm goin' out there." . . .

They paused, irresolute, unable to think. They were inert before the monstrous injustice of a wounded man being killed with the cold ease of practice on a rifle range.

As they waited, Dugan's body jerked, became rigid; one hand slid down and caught at the calf of his leg. Then he writhed a foot or two ahead.

"Gees, that one got him."

"I'm goin'—"

"Shut up!" Philip said; "I'll get him."

The clarity remained in his mind. He saw every yard of the field between him and Dugan, all the irregularities, and he saw a shell hole a short distance to Dugan's right. He unslung his pack and laid his rifle beside it. The little spouts of dirt continued to rise. Then they stopped. The sniper was seeking an unobstructed position. Philip left the shelter of the trees and started to run. He ran low, loose-hipped, like a halfback dodging in a broken field. The machine guns opened up, but he had taken them by surprise. He was at Dugan's side and had hauled him roughly into the shell hole before the sights could be adjusted.

In the shell hole they were comparatively safe. It was deep, and Philip dug under the far edge for better protection. Dugan had fainted. Philip bound the wounds in his legs and gave him some water. Dugan revived. He opened his eyes and smiled.

"Hello, Pretty Boy!" he said. "You just about got here in time."

"Yes," said Philip.

He still felt detached, disinterested, now that he had destroyed the inequality between Dugan and the sniper.

"You're a good guy, Pretty Boy."

"If you call me Pretty Boy again, I'll smash your jaw."

"Aw right," said Dugan.

They lay side by side without speaking. The bullets gnawed the edges of the hole, but could not reach down to them. Dugan offered Philip a cigarette, and Philip refused.

"Light one for me, will you?"

Philip lit the cigarette and passed it to Dugan, who was exhausted from loss of blood and shock. The cigarette dangled limply from his mouth. He smiled at Philip, but Philip did not glance at him, and a look of bewilderment crossed Dugan's face. Twice he started to speak, and both times the words dwindled to a sigh. The lovely day vanished into a clear sunset, dusk came slowly and with it figures, dragging a stretcher. Philip and Dugan went back to the woods, where the company had dug in.

Captain Thornly said to Philip, "You'll get a D. S. M. for today, Baker."

Dugan said: "You got my vote, Pretty Boy."

Philip stared moodily down at the dark form on the stretcher.

"When you get well," he said, "and call me that, I'm going to beat hell out of you."

He turned abruptly and walked away. Dugan stared after him.

"Gees," he said admiringly, "but ain't that guy a good hater! I wouldn't want him to hate *me!*"

It's a Hard World

No doubt about it. Those who prate about "childhood's happy hour" have prob'ly forgotten the worries and frettings of youth

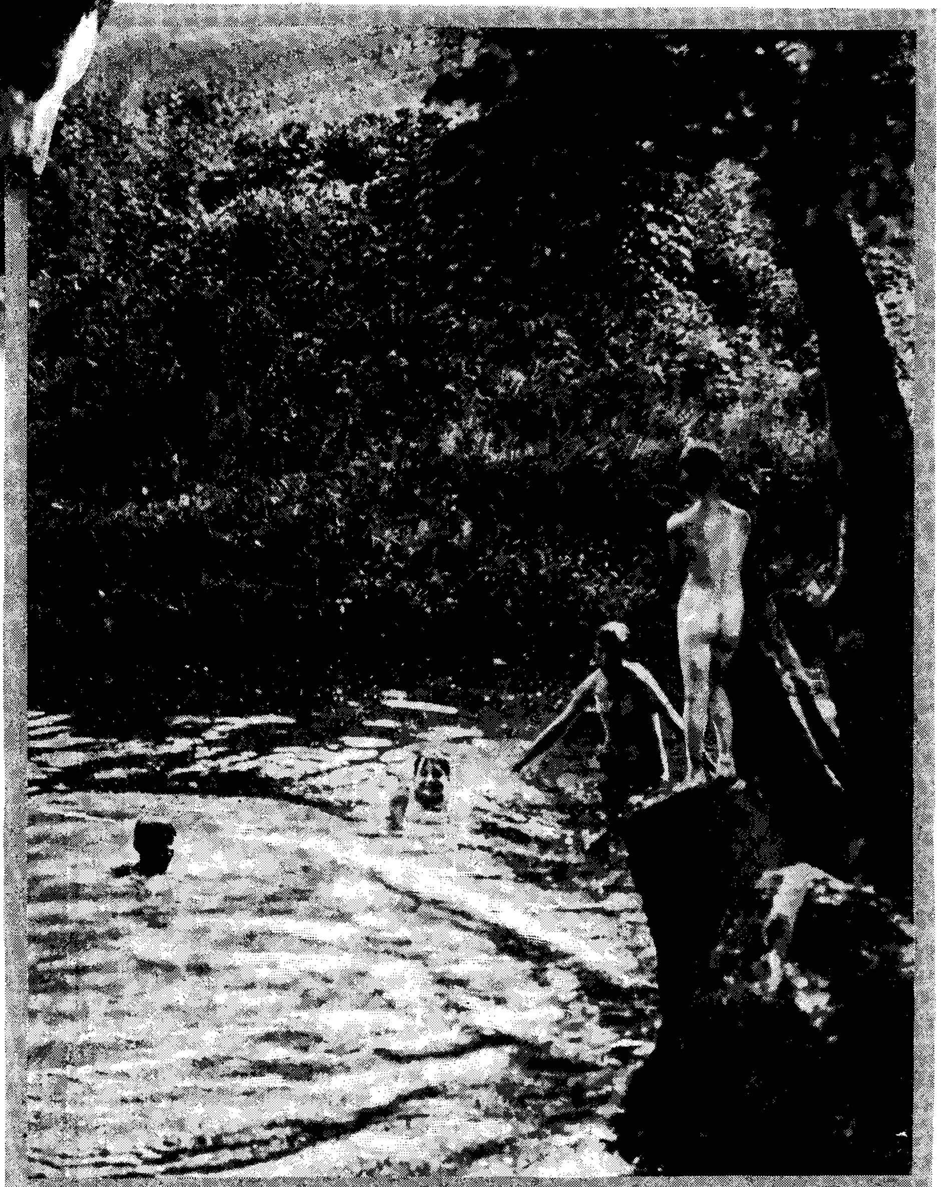
Wide World

Above: A clam-digging collie does lighten one's responsibilities a bit. Barbara Ann gets a chance to build castles while Shep does the work

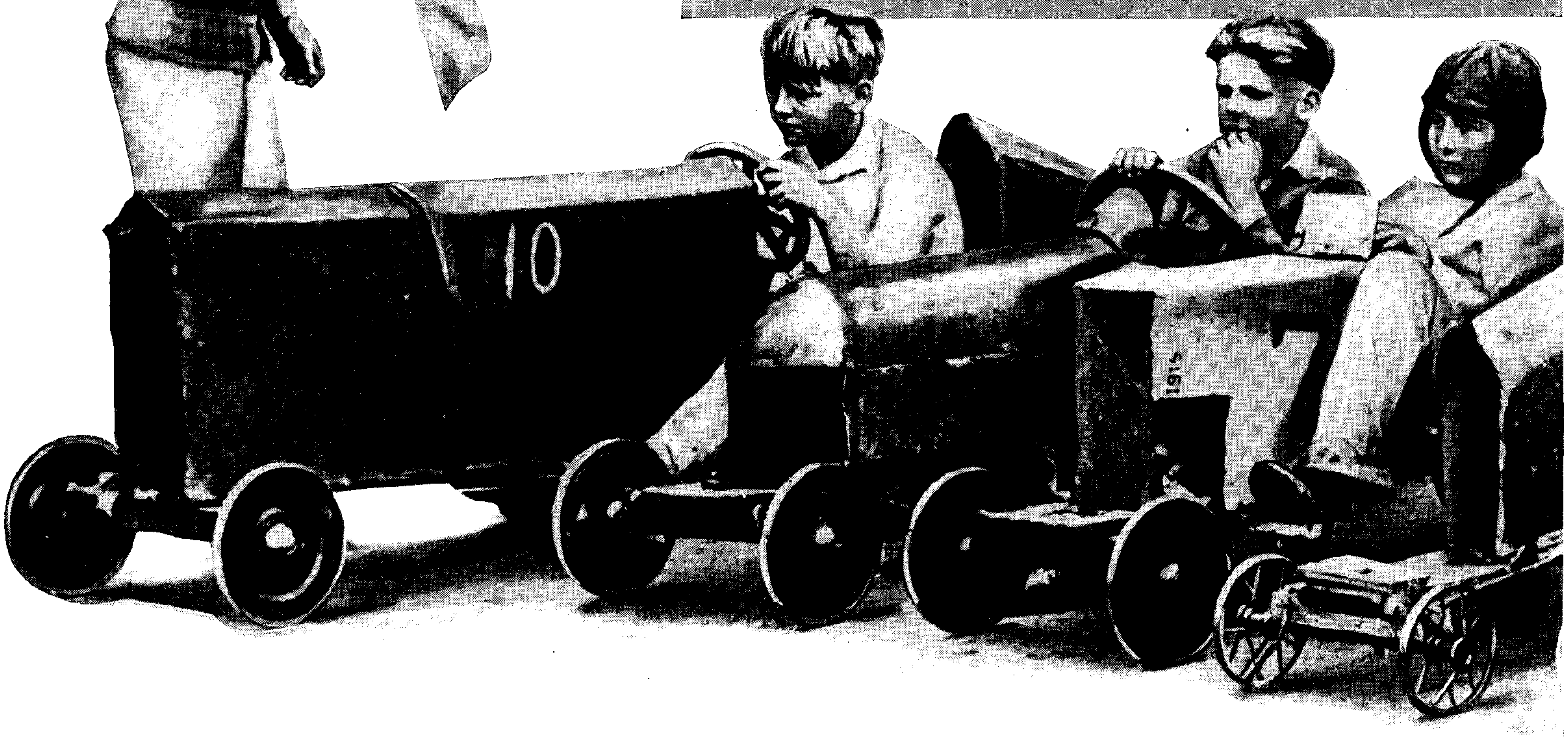
Ruth Alexander Nichols

Above: If it isn't one thing it's another. Here's a case where it's both, apparently. Maybe that single but unmistakable tooth is the cause of all the trouble

Wide World



Right: One of the places you go back to visit and find it's only an uninviting mud-puddle. Serves you right. You should have known better. Time is a one-way street



Right: Life is just full of unhappy situations such as this. You get a doll—a cuddly doll that you've wanted and teased for for weeks. And what happens? On your way home from the toyshop you have to pass a street-merchant displaying much more alluring figures. Oh, well, you can always start coaxing again

Wide World

Wide World

Left: If their mothers could see them! There's no place like a tree-top house if you want to get away from such besetting cares as homework, chores and other trying things

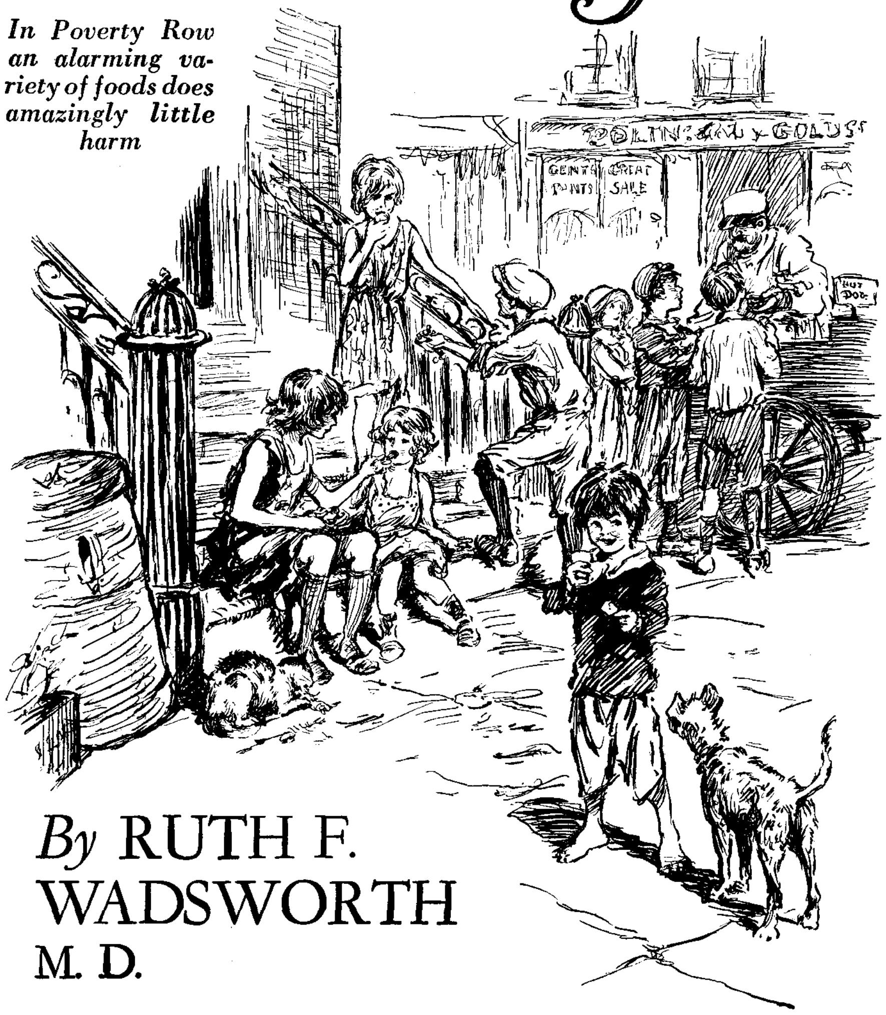
Wide World

Above: There's going to be an argument in a minute. And why not? Half the kids (or those playing on the Junior Wolverines) know perfectly well he was safe, while the other half (or the entire personnel of the Pugsley Holler Invincibles) scorn the suggestion that he was anything but out

Wide World

Above: "Hey you, Number Ten, git back in line there." The problems of a starter in a pushmobile race are many. Impatient, eager owner-drivers will keep wiggling and squirming so's to gain a bit of a headstart if possible. It looks like a brisk day at the speedway

"And Everything Nice"



In Poverty Row an alarming variety of foods does amazingly little harm

By RUTH F. WADSWORTH M. D.

SO FAR as their diets are concerned, most children are more helpless than a pensioner in a boarding house. Let them eat sweets and cakes—even between meals. A little more liberality in the matter of children's menus is recommended by Dr. Wadsworth. This is the first of three articles in which she has written more essential facts on the care of children than you will find in most textbooks.

IT IS hard to believe that at one time a parent had the power of life and death over his children. Some of us find it hard to remember that not so long ago a parent might work his children as he would work domestic animals and keep their wages for himself.

Of course we all know that there is still a child-labor problem, but so much has been done about it lately that we are inclined to believe comfortably that the child nowadays gets a pretty square deal. He does, of course, in the major matters of work and humane treatment; there are child-labor laws and societies for the prevention of cruelty to children (the necessity for the existence of which makes most of us shudder).

But in minor matters of health and happiness the average child "just grows" at the mercy of his parents' ignorance, or a victim of their theories.

In the families of the well-to-do, habits of child rearing might have been summarized in a few well-worn maxims:

(a) Children should be seen and not heard; (b) spare the rod, spoil the child; (c) expose him to the measles: he has to get it some time; (d) he has to have pudding because he won't eat spinach, etc.

"Progress" has been made to this stage:

(a) Children must express themselves, no matter who is talking; (b) chaos in regard to discipline; (c) panic in regard to infection; (d) feeding on book rules without individual consideration.

In the families of the poor there is a mixture of the two methods. Discipline depends entirely upon the education of the parents. Poverty prevents the possibility of guarding children from exposure to infection. On the whole, the poor child gets enough to eat and an alarming variety of foods which do him amazingly little harm.

Somewhere between the two systems there is a plan of child treatment that we are searching for. The attitude toward infection dictated by modern science is one of calm preparedness rather than panic. The attitude toward food is getting more and more sensible as we go back to nature and at the same time make use of the latest nutritional research. When we come to the psychological treatment of the child—a matter which is concerned with his behavior, his education, his play, and his associations with others—things are not so simple nor so encouraging.

Physical Welfare and Diet

BUT, no matter how we look at it, the child is no longer considered a chattel of his parents who can be molded to their wishes and used to their ends. Instead he is thought of from birth as an individual to whom those responsible for his existence are also responsible for his physical welfare and for his getting as much as possible out of life. This is a step in the right direction.

In matters which concern the physical well-being of their children most parents admit that they have an absolute responsibility, no matter how much they lean toward individual expression of the child's will in other matters. Our most elementary responsibility is to feed our children properly; next comes the necessity to protect them from injury from heat and cold and mechanical force and disease. Of late parents have assumed more responsibility toward the attainment of a health in children which is more than mere freedom from injury and disease—the development of bodies which are vigorous and beautiful and therefore healthy in the best sense.

Where his diet is concerned a child is more helpless than a pensioner in a boarding house. In very few cases are the food DESIRES of children considered.

He is fed conscientiously on what is supposed to be good for him. Disinclination for certain foods, or lack of appetite, is treated as a form of original sin.

He is treated to the spectacle of his elders indulging themselves in their food whims, while he must eat his cereal and his spinach and his rice pudding whether he likes it or not.

The parents' point of view in this respect is highly virtuous if a little shortsighted. They feel that children must eat for health, whereas grown people need not be healthy unless they choose.

I am not arguing that the whims of children should be indiscriminately considered. But if we are going to enforce a regimen of diet we must be very sure it is the right one. And if we are going to disregard likes and dislikes in human beings who begin to have preferences and prejudices at the age of three months or earlier, we have got to be sure that our high-handed methods do not defeat their own ends.

Maybe also it would be well to determine whether a compromise between the desires of the child and our own ideas of healthful eating would not be workable and beneficial.

There are two useful rules for general use in child feeding:

1. Do not bore the child with food by talking to him about his diet. Above all, do not urge him to eat something "because it is good for him."

2. Remember that dislike for a certain kind of food is often temporary; it may be based on taste fatigue.

A child often refuses oatmeal or spinach or some other useful food because it has been given him consecutively many times. Human beings are omnivorous—they were never meant to eat monotonously. In the old wild days it was catch as catch can, with plenty of variety. And a child is a human being. The best way to cure a food prejudice in a child is to give that food a long leave of absence.

Infant feeding is too much the concern of the children's specialist for us to go into here. Suffice it to say that it is now on a scientific back-to-nature basis.

When the baby must be fed artificially instead of on the breast the doctor imitates as nearly as possible the mother's milk.

When teeth begin to appear the child is allowed to use them. A bottle for a child with teeth will soon be as great a rarity as a baby who is nursed after eight months.

We are fast getting away from the idea that anything to be digestible to a baby must be overcooked and completely macerated. Each year new articles of diet are given to babies, and they thrive on added variety.

Better and Happier Babies

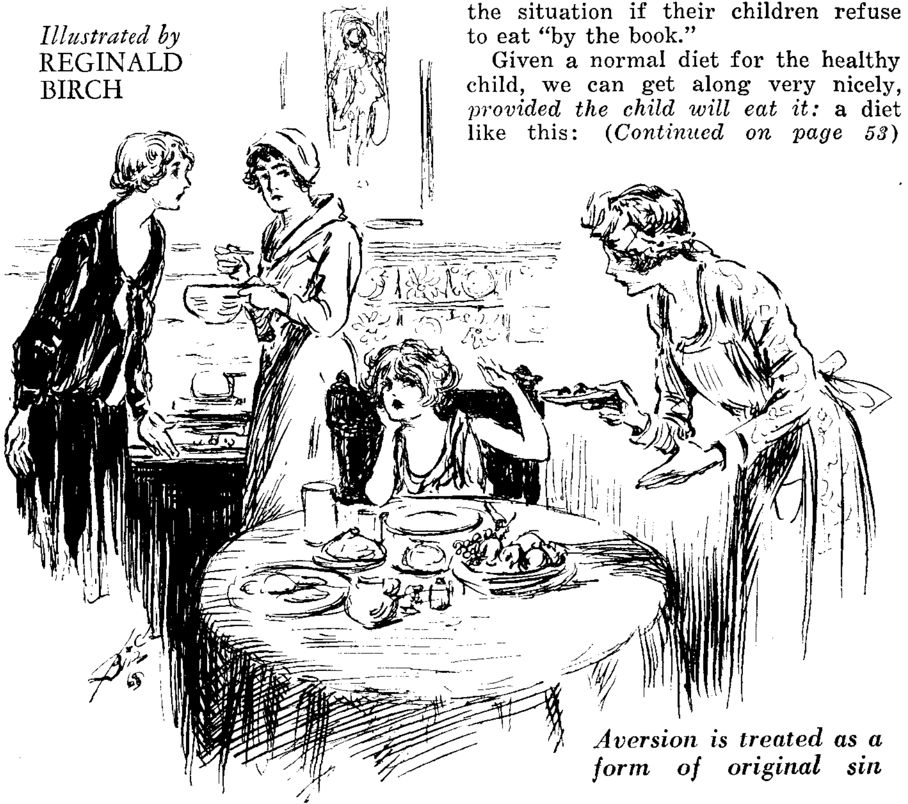
THE age at which children are first given meat varies with the judgment of the doctor, but in general it is being used earlier and oftener.

FROM INFANCY ON FOR FIVE YEARS the diet of the child is now pretty uniform in this country. Dr. Holt's book on the care of children has been a greater boon to the mothers of the United States than any other one volume ever published. As a consequence of its very general use the average young child now gets a sanely balanced diet consisting of a light breakfast, a hearty lunch and a light supper.

The mothers who have used Dr. Holt's book have found his advice so sound that they have sometimes been led to use his diets for young children too long and they often use the book unimaginatively. They are not equal to the situation if their children refuse to eat "by the book."

Given a normal diet for the healthy child, we can get along very nicely, *provided the child will eat it:* a diet like this: (*Continued on page 53*)

Illustrated by REGINALD BIRCH



Aversion is treated as a form of original sin

Good Anywhere

By
GRANTLAND
RICE

Who are the greatest all-round stars of baseball? Ruth and Sisler and Lucas, of course, but do you remember John Montgomery Ward?

AT VARIOUS intervals in his long and spicy career one T. Raymond Cobb, the Georgia Gem, decided he wanted to be a star pitcher or a great infielder. But after a number of earnest attempts the Georgia Gem had to be content with remaining a great outfielder and the exclusive possessor of more base hits, more runs and more stolen bases than any other ball player known to the records.

Who is the greatest of the all-round stars baseball has known—stars versatile enough to play three or four positions and deliver the stuff from each changing station? The list of possibilities is none too long. But any answer to that question will start many an argument.

Some time ago a young pitcher—a very promising pitcher—came up to the Giants from Tennessee. His name was Red Lucas. He remained only a short while, dropped back, and reappeared with Boston as a second baseman. Once again he fluttered from the main perch and went west. Finally he came to Cincinnati as a first-class outfielder who could hit a baseball just as often and almost as far as Babe Ruth.

By this time one job looked like any other to Red Lucas, who went back to pitching again as he doubled up in the outfield and stepped in at critical intervals to do some pinch-hitting.

Today's Four Stars

"RED LUCAS," I remarked one day to Joe McCarthy, the mandarin of the Cubs, "is a pretty good pitcher."

"Red Lucas is much more than that," McCarthy replied. "He is a great ball player, and it doesn't make any difference where you play him."

There may be others, but there are at least four ball players in the game today who have shown unusual versatility at handling at least three different jobs under major-league fire. Here they are: Babe Ruth, New York; George Sisler, once with St. Louis, later with Washington; George Kelly, Cincinnati; Red Lucas, Cincinnati. Their qualifications at various intervals might be listed as follows:

BABE RUTH—leading left-handed pitcher for a term of five seasons or more; outfielder; first baseman; baseball's greatest slugger; first-class base runner.

GEORGE SISLER—started as good left-handed pitcher; first-class outfielder; star first baseman; one of the game's best hitters; one of the greatest base runners.

GEORGE KELLY—fine first baseman; starred at second; good outfielder; fair pitcher; first-class hitter.

RED LUCAS—pitcher, infielder, outfielder and star hitter.

Babe Ruth, a man-mountain on slender ankles that have, somehow, never caved in, has hit so many home runs that thousands of baseball fans still refuse to believe he is much good at anything else. Yet he broke in as a left-handed pitcher, and his record of wins as against losses is the best ever made by any left-hander for a period of five years or longer.

He even bettered the records of such entries as Rube Waddell, Eddie Plank, Herb Pennock, Doc White and a number of others who did well enough. But in 1919 he began hitting the ball so far and so often that it was decided best to give him a job that would take up seven games a week.

They needed his hitting, but they discovered that, in addition to being a star pitcher and a heavy slugger, he was a star outfielder. It was also discovered that he knew how to use his head for something else than a cap rack, for he watched the opposing hitters, studied their habits, and played them as they should be played.

The next worry was that Babe might clog up the bases with 230 pounds of human bone and flesh, but instead of that he became one of the smartest base runners in either league.

The next discovery was that when he was needed the Babe could step in and grind out a high-class job at first. He was active and spry, good on thrown balls and ground balls and always working with his head up and his eyes open.

So Ruth happens to be one of the best all-round stars baseball has ever known, despite the fact that his physical make-up was never intended for speed, alertness and agility.

George Sisler was much along the Ruth order. As a college star at Michigan he was the team's best pitcher, best hitter, best base runner and best outfielder. When St. Louis bagged him there was much managerial brooding because no one could figure out a way to divide Sisler into three parts and use all three parts at one and the same time.

They let him pitch for a while—and he did quite well. But, just as in the case of Babe Ruth, they decided that Sisler was too great a hitter to be used only twice a week. So they made him an outfielder—and he was one of the best. Then they hauled him to first base, where in two or three years he was being mentioned on even terms with Hal Chase, Fred Tenney and other first basemen still remembered among the best.

Sisler, having starred in the box, the outfield, and at first base, was on his way to being Ty Cobb's leading rival as a hitter and run maker when sinus trouble checked his brilliant rush. He had averaged around .400 for three years in a row when illness drove him into retirement for a year, and stopped a drive that might have carried him close to Cobb's flying heels for a lifetime record.

Good at Seven Tasks

GEORGE KELLY as an all-rounder doesn't come up to the Ruth-Sisler level. But Kelly in one world series starred at first, saved a game by a miraculous play at second, and later on broke up a rally in center field by loping in to pull down a short fly that seemed destined to score two important runs.

Before the year is over Red Lucas may prove to be the most valuable piece of all-round bric-à-brac in baseball as hitter, pitcher, outfielder and what-else-may-be-needed.

Yet, after all, the moderns are not the only versatile artists in the profession. Who can prove that either Ruth or Sisler had anything on the late John Montgomery Ward as an all-round wonder?

Ward was one of the best pitchers of his time. He was either the first or one of the first to pitch a no-hit game. He outpitched the great Hoss Radbourne more than once. He often pitched six games a week.

When he wasn't pitching he moved to third base. Later he went to short, and whenever an emergency called he could play the outfield as well. After being a star pitcher he proved to be one of the greatest infielders of his period. He was a natural .300 hitter and one of the smartest base runners that ever dived for second, third or the plate.

There was a time when John Ward was pitching, playing third and short and also managing his team. He was a winning manager at Providence and, later, with the New York Giants.

Frank Chance, Hornsby, Tris Speaker and other player-managers have doubled up as leader and workman, but Ward more than doubled up. He tripled up or quadrupled up, and wherever he played he was a star. It is one thing to be able to fill several gaps ordinarily well. It is quite another thing to step into various jobs and be ranked as one of the stars in each position.

It might also be mentioned that Ward was no ordinary scout. On one excursion he bagged a young pitcher named Radbourne who later on won something like 18 games in about 19 days.

Manager, scout, pitcher, infielder, outfielder, base runner and hitter—who is there—of the old days or the new—to outchallenge this assortment of all-round skill?

Don't overlook John Montgomery Ward of Providence and New York when you are naming those who could do many jobs well.

And (moving forward a number of years) there's another old-timer who shouldn't be overlooked—Roger Bresnahan of the Giants.

Bresnahan, one of the greatest of the catchers, could pitch and play in the outfield. Even as a catcher he was lead-off batter.

Bobby Wallace of Cleveland and St. Louis, Cooney of Boston, and Wagner of Louisville and Pittsburgh are among others who could play more than one position well, but none of them stepped beyond Ward, Ruth and Sisler. Hans Wagner came in as an outfielder, starred at third and then double-starred at short—but the Flying Dutchman never stepped into the box.

Pitchers who can play the outfield and the infield and hit the ball are the rarest of all combinations, and it is as such that Ward, Ruth and Sisler have led the field—with Red Lucas beginning to put in a strong challenge.

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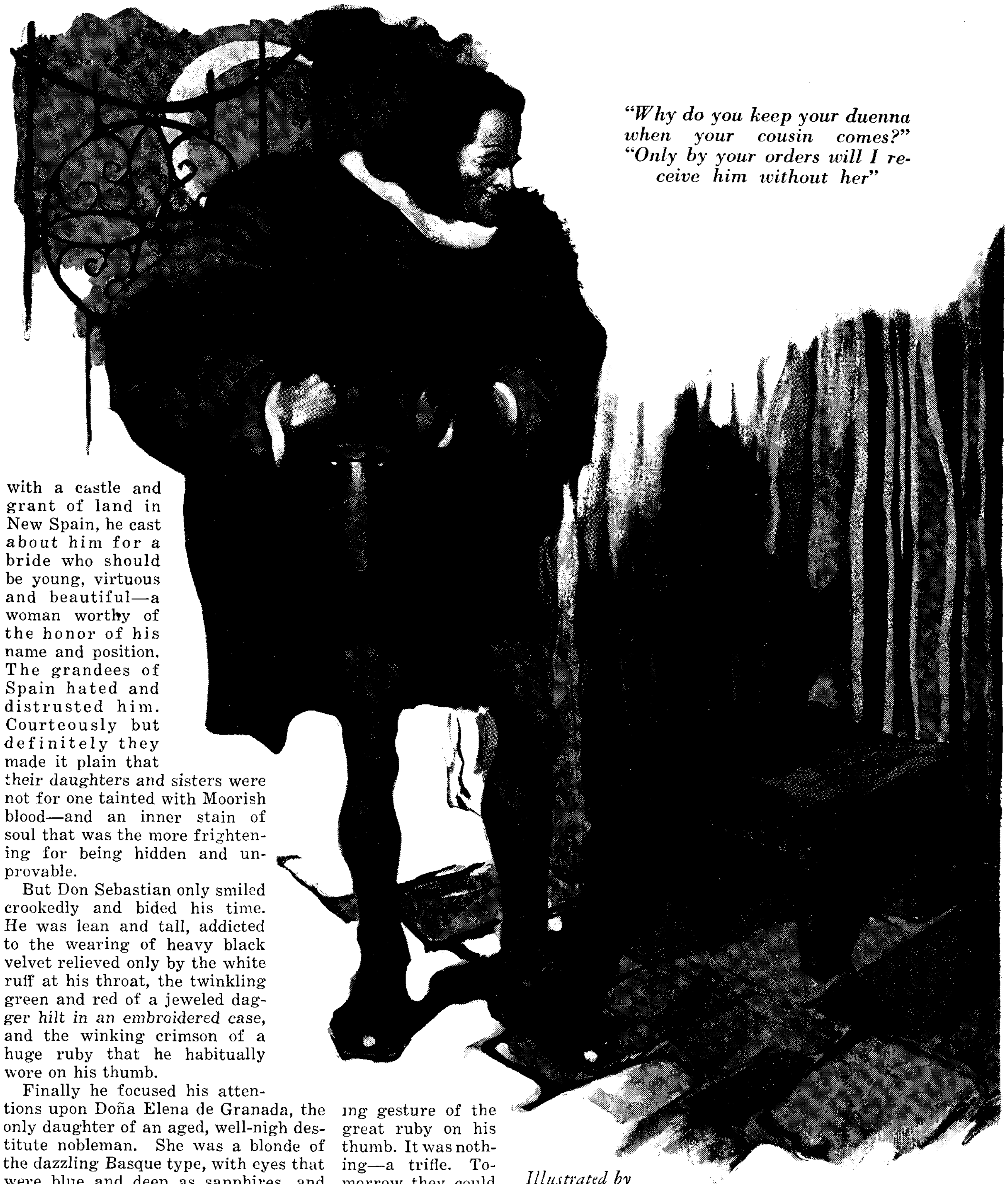
International

John Montgomery Ward (above), all-round wonder, and "Red" Fred Lucas, contender with Ward, Ruth and Sisler for highest place

A Man of Honor

By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

Who attempted to trap Elena in a blazing castle in New Spain



"Why do you keep your duenna when your cousin comes?" "Only by your orders will I receive him without her"

Illustrated by FRANK GODWIN

A CYNICAL Spanish proverb has it that "he who has little virtue makes much of it." It might have been written of Don Sebastian de Alcaraz. Two things he possessed in minute quantities: Moorish blood—and a sense of honor. Of both he was inordinately proud.

There were strange and not altogether pleasant tales told of how he had amassed the fortune credited to him. He had commenced life pennilessly enough, but a certain genius for spying out other men's weaknesses and an uncanny knowledge of how to turn them to his own advantage had brought him to the attention of His Most Christian Majesty the King of Spain. The royal blackguard, avaricious and sullen, insanely suspicious of everything that smacked of virtue and honor, found much use for Don Sebastian's peculiar gifts.

When the old Conde de Saltillo in New Spain failed to send the annual "gift" of gold and jewels expected of him, Don Sebastian was dispatched to the barbarous land that Cortez had conquered to see what truth lay in the conde's protestations that there had been famine in the land and that the Indios had rebelled.

Don Sebastian returned to Spain with an account so skillfully cloaked in words suggestive of treason that the king straightway confiscated the old conde's castle and grants of land and gave a goodly portion of them to Don Sebastian, including the title of Conde de Saltillo. The old man, dispossessed and dishonored, took his own life.

THERE were tales too, obscure and unprovable, dealing with Don Sebastian's acquisition of a string of pearls that for size and luster had not their equal in Spain. It was said that a certain lady of noble birth in Vera Cruz had, without suspicion, given the gems into Don Sebastian's hands, ostensibly to show a mythical sister. He, however, showed them to her husband, allowing the inference to be made that they were a love token. The lady later died of shame and a broken heart, immured in a convent.

Now, when Don Sebastian was elevated to the rank of Conde de Saltillo with a castle and grant of land in New Spain, he cast about him for a bride who should be young, virtuous and beautiful—a woman worthy of the honor of his name and position. The grandees of Spain hated and distrusted him. Courteously but definitely they made it plain that their daughters and sisters were not for one tainted with Moorish blood—and an inner stain of soul that was the more frightening for being hidden and unprovable.

But Don Sebastian only smiled crookedly and bided his time. He was lean and tall, addicted to the wearing of heavy black velvet relieved only by the white ruff at his throat, the twinkling green and red of a jeweled dagger hilt in an embroidered case, and the winking crimson of a huge ruby that he habitually wore on his thumb.

Finally he focused his attentions upon Doña Elena de Granada, the only daughter of an aged, well-nigh destitute nobleman. She was a blonde of the dazzling Basque type, with eyes that were blue and deep as sapphires, and golden hair that shimmered under its restraining netlike treasure, imperfectly concealed. Had she been dowered, she would have been the most sought-after maiden in Spain. As it was, she was extravagantly admired, yet uncourted. And she was glad that it was so. For from early childhood she and her cousin, Don Leonardo de Maltisa, had adored each other with a romantic, selfless devotion that far outstripped their tender years and their actual knowledge of the meaning of love. It was understood that as soon as Don Leonardo should win a competence under the king's banner, their betrothal would be formally announced.

Don Sebastian did not ask for her hand directly. He played the old marqués, her father, as one teases a trout, securely hooked. He professed friendship and high regard, and claimed that he was using his influence with the king to have Don Hernando's estates enlarged so that his competence might be equal to his rank and the obligations attendant upon it. He drew him into games of chance that the nobleman could ill afford. Don Hernando lost heavily. But when he asked for the reckoning, Don Sebastian smiled, and flicked the question away with a winking gesture of the great ruby on his thumb. It was nothing—a trifle. Tomorrow they could count it, and then there would be a settlement. The amount was trivial—come! Another bottle of the spiced wine, and then another go at the cards. This time the marqués would recoup his losses and more!

BUT always the old man lost; heavily, more heavily still. In a panic he agreed to the high stakes suavely suggested by Don Sebastian. Surely he would win this time—the stakes were doubled. He lost. They were redoubled. He lost again. And on a certain night he faced the knowledge that he was ruined. He had gambled away more than all his estates, his house, and his jewels could bring. His daughter would be penniless. He sat stiffly in his chair, trying to smile. But his white, wrinkled hands were shaking.

Then Don Sebastian, newly appointed Conde de Saltillo, smiled gently.

"Most honored friend, it grieves me to see your lordship look so ill at ease concerning the payment of a debt which, after all, may be settled easily and quickly. Particularly as you have in your keeping a treasure which I would consider equivalent to the amount for which you are beholden to me."

The old marqués looked up. And in the lean, vulturelike face above him he saw the unmasked purpose of the man he had trusted. He knew then that he had walked with treachery. His lips trembled with shame and humiliation.

"You spoke—of a treasure, Señor el Conde?" he managed to say.

"Your—daughter."

The old nobleman reared like a wounded stag whose antlers are broken.

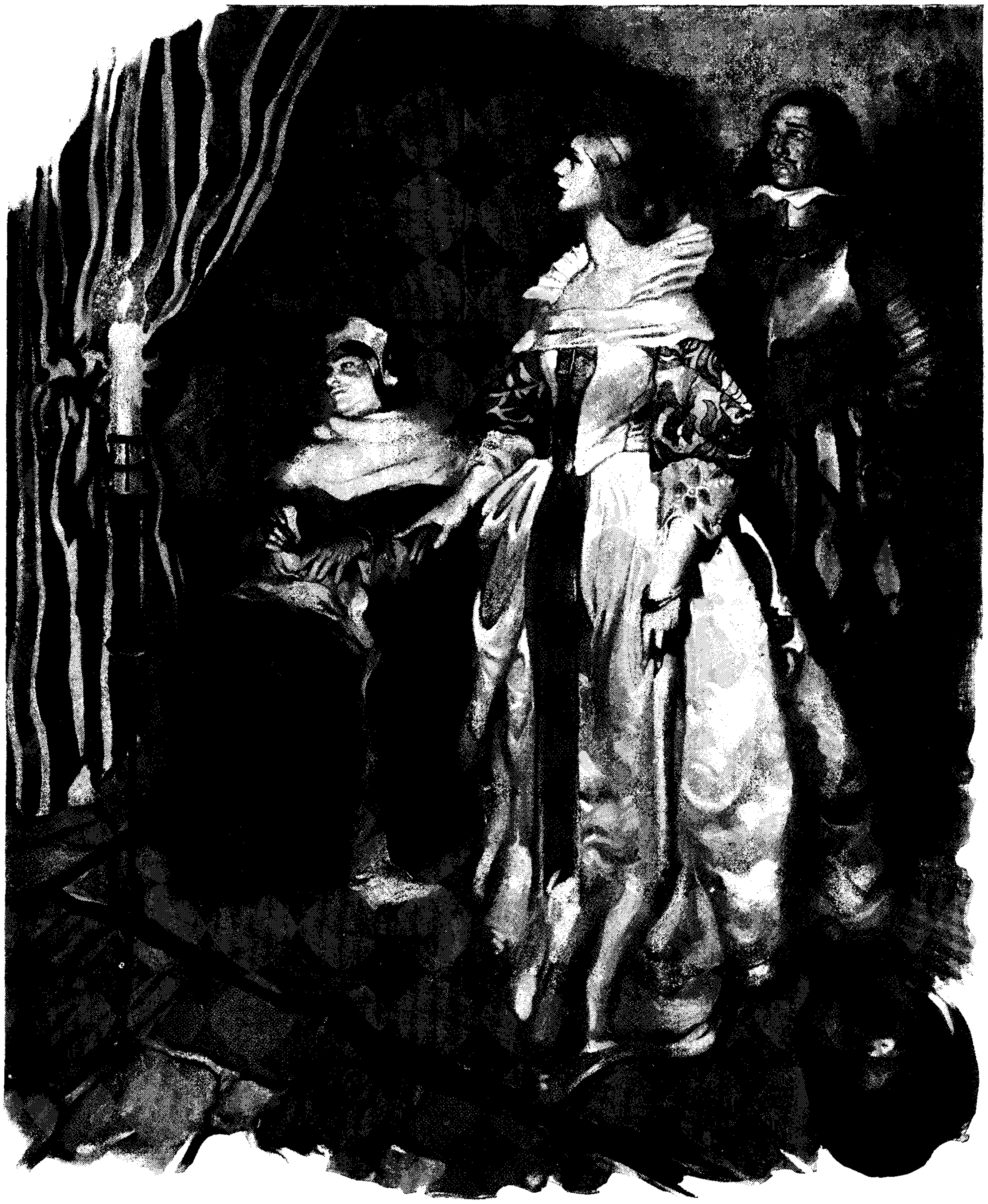
"Señor el Conde, we of the house of Granada do not sell our daughters to pay our debts of honor."

Don Sebastian shrugged. The smile on his lips was still gentle. But his glittering black eyes never wavered.

"Who speaks of selling, muy amigo? My rank is not unworthy of your lordship's consideration, and my fortune is not inconsiderable. I propose an honorable alliance with your house, in exchange for which I will renounce the sum which you have been unfortunate enough to lose to me."

Silken words, but with the edge of Toledo steel behind them. The old marqués slumped in his chair.

"My daughter has been tacitly prom-



ised since childhood to my distant kinsman, Don Leonardo de Maltisa. They love each other."

Again Don Sebastian shrugged, this time a bit impatiently.

"Childhood troths are like bubbles; easily blown, easily punctured. This Don Leonardo as a son-in-law would be of no great assistance in paying your lordship's debts, I take it? Neither does it seem that he could provide your lovely daughter with the setting which her unique beauty demands. Come, my friend! You are a man of the world; you know the sad necessity for gold! I place a fortune at your feet! I make you rich once more. And as for your divinely beautiful daughter—I will place about her white throat a string of pearls such as His Majesty the King does not possess. These gems shall be hers upon the day we wed!"

Don Hernando rose heavily to his feet. He kept his eyes turned away. He fumbled with his cloak.

"I will speak to my daughter this night," he said haltingly.

Thus it was that Don Sebastian brought the lovely Doña Elena to the grim old castle of Saltillo in New Spain. She went to the viceroy's court at the City of Mexico magnificently gowned in shimmering satins, heavy velvets and lustrous brocades. The ruff about her white throat was embroidered with jewels, and she wore a strand of pearls that were worth an emperor's ransom. She was the most beautiful woman in New Spain.

IT WAS only rarely that she smiled. The sight of an Indian child with a basket of flowers could curve her perfect red lips into a brief, tender warmth. Still more rarely did she weep. A strain of music, poignant, passionate, like a breath of orange flowers from Spain, could make her catch her breath sharply and put her hand against her heart as if its beating stifled her. But for the most part she was silent and submissive, with the killed queenliness of an empress who has been sold into slavery.

Don Sebastian, who was inordinately proud of what he least possessed, exulted in his ownership of her. He exhibited her beauty like a mountebank for the adulation and envy of other men.

"No man in Old or New Spain can take her away from me," he boasted, and, though they hated him for his arrogance, they must needs admit that he spoke the truth. The beautiful condesa looked at all her admirers as if she were looking through misty, shadowy forms. It was as if something in her had died, and her body was but its casket.

Now, at the end of the fifth year, the Conde de Monterrey, in the city of that name which he had founded, invited Don Sebastian and the Doña Elena to a fiesta and ball at the imposing castle of Monterrey. He and Don Sebastian had become boon companions through their mutual love of gaming. It was whispered too that he admired the Doña Elena far more than he did his dark, pock-marked wife. But the Condesa de Monterrey was not jealous. She knew, like all the rest, that Doña Elena had no interest in admirers or possible lovers.

And so when the two entered the long, brilliantly lighted hall, all eyes turned toward them, and a wave of whispering, like the soft susurrus of wind across waters, swept through the music's rhythm. She was in white, according to her custom—that is to say, the orders of her husband. Shimmering brocades, set with diamonds and seed pearls, spread out about her like the petals of a miraculous lily sprinkled with stars. Her tight, low-cut bodice glinted with the same precious gems, and her golden hair was covered with a dazzling net of diamonds, strung on silver. About her creamy throat were looped the pearls that were the envy of every woman in New Spain—the pearls about which strange tales were told, but which were only increased thereby in value and desirability.

AFTER the ceremonious greetings were finished, the Conde de Monterrey leaned over her hand with an air of mysterious triumph.

"Most beautiful flower that graces my heart's garden of joy, I present to you one whose coming, I trust, will give you pleasure: a kinsman of yours, but yesterday arrived from Spain, sent by His Majesty the King to quell the insolence of those savage Indios who still resent our conquest—Captain Don Leonardo de Maltisa!"

He produced the young man from the group with a flourish, like a magician drawing forth a nosegay from a basket. And so great was his delight at staging the surprise that his loud laughter covered somewhat the ghastly pallor that swept Doña Elena's cream-white face and the slight swaying of her body like a flower smitten by a sudden wintry gale.

The Conde de Monterrey smote Don Sebastian boisterously on the back.

"*Now* you will have a rival worthy of your steel," he cried with bantering malice. "Come, my friend, are you going to slay him upon the instant or will you welcome him to your house as your wife's nearest of kin, in this land so far from home, and be to him a father?"

Don Sebastian smiled his silken, crooked smile. Inwardly he was raging. For he saw clearly enough his friend's purpose. The Conde de Monterrey had suffered somewhat from Don Sebastian's phenomenal—well, let us say *luck*—at cards. Hence this revenge: calculated to hold him up to possible ridicule, since it exposed his position with pitiless clarity—that of an aging husband whose lovely young wife has been faithful to him only because the chosen of her heart has not been near her.

One thing only did Don Sebastian fear: the laughter that is born of ridicule. They would laugh at him. They would say, "He could buy the beautiful lady, but he could not buy her love. So now he is jealous of her handsome kinsman, to whom she was once betrothed—"

Nay, they should not laugh! They should not mock him. He would find a way—patience, patience: they went openly with their plans like children in the sunlight. His ways were the ways of night and darkness.

He took Don Leonardo's hand familiarly in his own.

"Accept my welcome, together with that of my beloved wife," he said suavely, "and let my humble abode be yours

as long as your warlike occupation keeps you in New Spain."

Don Leonardo withdrew his hand with what grace he could command. His young face was crimson, and his dark eyes burned with a loathing he could not quite conceal.

"A thousand thanks," he said stiffly, "but I am not apt to find these rebellious Indios at fiestas or in civilized cities. I shall be here and there in the wilderness and on the remote Sierras. I shall not tarry here long."

Don Sebastian would not accept the rebuff.

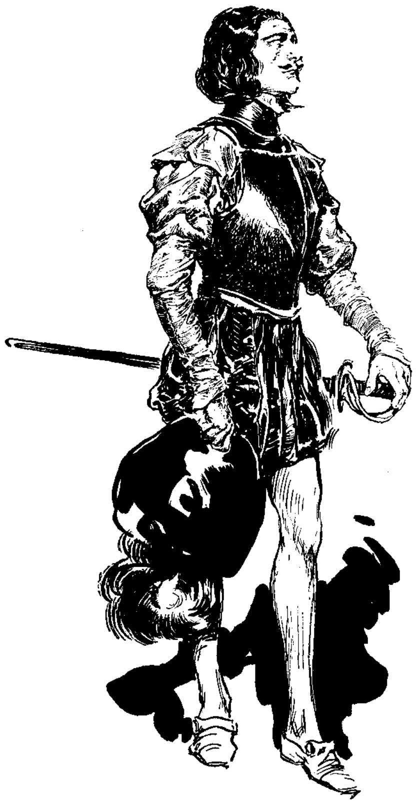
"Be that as it may, my house is yours. I pray you to make use of it when you can conveniently do so." He turned full upon the white, silent figure beside him. "Add your entreaties to mine, fair wife," he said, and there was something behind the tone of his courteous words that made Doña Elena look up into his eyes. She saw there what he thought securely hidden. For his was the craft of guile. He did not know what insight the endurance of suffering can bring. Far back in the glittering points of light she saw the redness of murder. She knew with sickening certainty that he would find a way to kill the man she loved.

"Nay," she answered lightly, "it would be treason to urge hospitality upon our cousin when His Majesty has other plans for him." Her deep blue eyes caught Don Leonardo's and held them. "You said that you would soon be far away from here, did you not?"

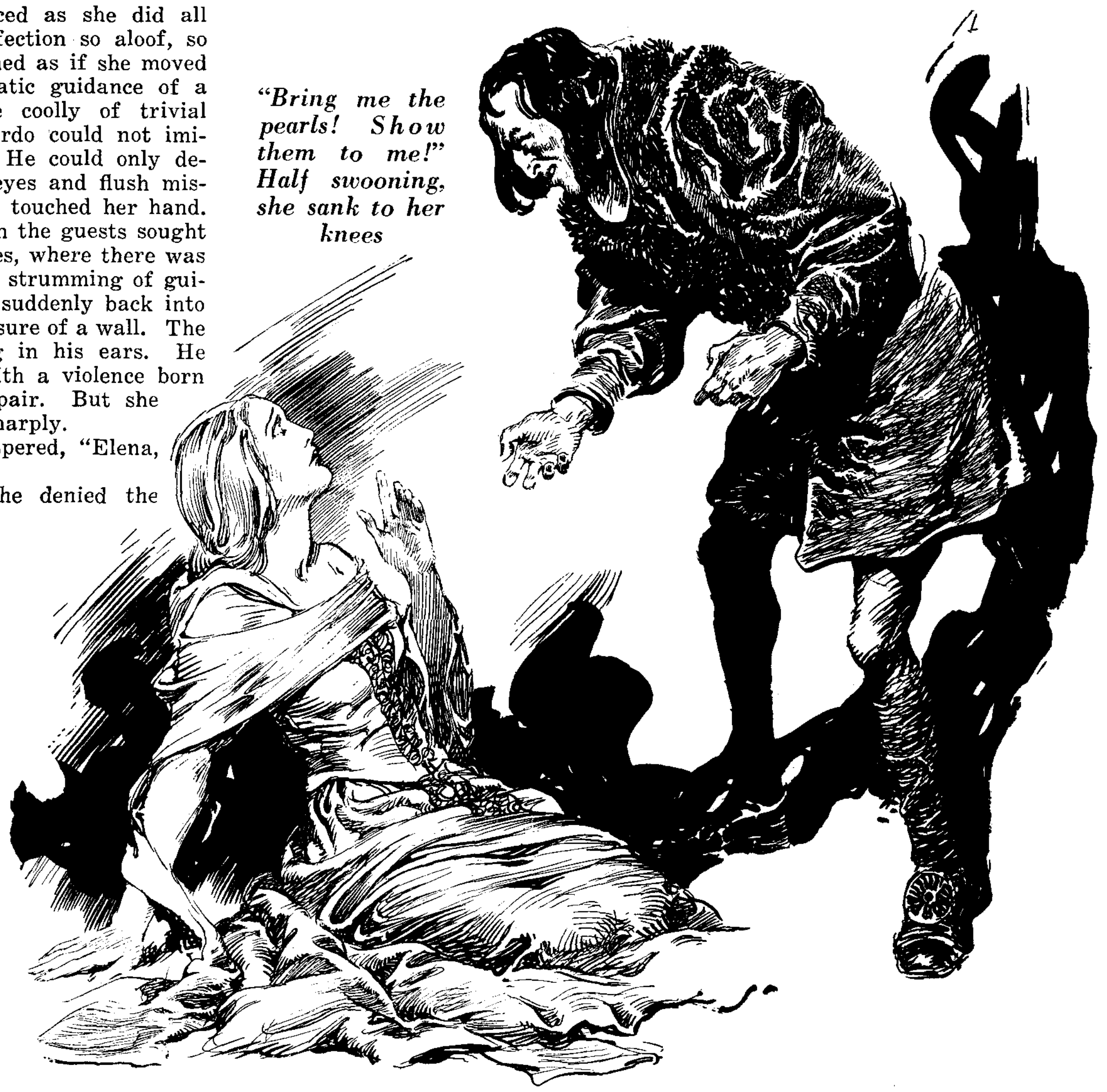
SOMETHING of her implied warning he caught. He stammered a reply, and would have moved away. But Don Sebastian took his hand again and in it laid the cold, trembling fingers of his wife.

"At least you shall dance with your kinswoman," he said heartily. "You will find much to talk of, I am certain. The conde and I will have a go at the dice."

So he turned away laughing, linking the conde's arm in his. But the black fury of his soul all but cried aloud, "I shall strip you both for this! You, my joking friend, of your wealth! And you, my fine caballero, with your stuttering speech and your murderous eyes, I shall strip you—of your life!"



Don Leonardo's eyes burned with a loathing he could not conceal



"Bring me the pearls! Show them to me!" Half swooning, she sank to her knees

Doña Elena danced as she did all things—with a perfection so aloof, so remote, that it seemed as if she moved through the automatic guidance of a trance. She spoke coolly of trivial things. Don Leonardo could not imitate her pretense. He could only devour her with his eyes and flush miserably each time he touched her hand. But afterward, when the guests sought the garden in couples, where there was a moon and the soft strumming of guitars, she drew him suddenly back into the shadowed embrasure of a wall. The blood was pounding in his ears. He drew her to him with a violence born of ecstasy and despair. But she pushed him away sharply.

"Elena!" he whispered, "Elena, my beloved!"

"Ah, no, no!" she denied the searching of his young, ardent lips. "It was not for that I brought you here. Take care, as you value your life—and mine. Even now we may be spied upon. Believe me, you stand in greater peril this night than ever you will stand in the midst of the barbarous Indios. Do not be deceived by my husband's words of friendship. I saw his eyes, and I know that he plots some wicked and horrible thing. As you love me, spare me this one crowning sorrow! All these years—these long years, my beloved—my one happiness has been the thought that you were alive somewhere and that you still loved me. For I would have known it, I think, if your heart had turned elsewhere. Now I tell you that you must go from here—quickly! You must not come to see me; there must be nothing—not the smallest word or look that he can use as an excuse for what I have seen in his eyes. Go, go quickly, querido mio! I can endure all else—but not your death!"

Her head drooped. And in the moonlight he say the slow glitter of a tear upon her cheek.

"Oh, Elena, heart of my heart, these are words, words! I fear no man, not even this one with the taint of hell in his soul! You and I belong to each other. Our hearts were welded together as one before we ever came into this life. Leave this misery, my beloved, and come with me. We will fly to another land where we may take the joy that fate sought to snatch from us!"

SHE lifted her head and gazed at him steadily.

"It is not the custom of either your house or mine to deal thus lightly with honor. There would be no happiness for us did you forswear your duty and your allegiance to your sovereign. As for me—I was sold to pay a debt. Wicked as it was, it could not have been otherwise, since my father fell into a trap. I will not shame my father's word. The only happiness I may now have with innocence and honor is that you, whom I love, shall not die a victim to my husband's hate!"

For an instant it seemed as if he would catch her up in his arms and bear her away. But the whiteness of the moonlight shimmered upon her with an unreal, unearthly light. He dared not touch her. He could only kneel at her feet, his hands clenched upon his breast.

Thus might it have ended, but Don Sebastian willed it otherwise. One thing in the world he feared—laughter born of ridicule. If the young captain departed hastily, people would say, "The conde is jealous. He drove the young captain away for fear his wife would be unfaithful to him!"

So he used his influence skillfully and so subtly that he seemed not to use it, with the result that Don Leonardo was not sent away, but was kept in a position of ornament and idleness in the newly founded city of Monterrey. Thus it was not easy to escape the importunities of the Conde de Saltillo that the youthful captain should be his guest at the gloomy old castle.

Then Don Sebastian took to absenting himself when the captain was coming; he would plead an urgent message from the Conde de Monterrey or a summons from the viceroy of the city of Mexico.

Always his return would be unannounced, unexpected, at late hours of the afternoon or in the dead of night. And always he would find his wife alone; or if Don Leonardo was with her, they would be conversing sedately about impersonal matters—and the duenna would be sitting conspicuously near.

Once, upon such an occasion, the mask of paternal kindliness slipped from his face, and when he looked at Doña Elena she saw again the lurking red behind the blackness of his eyes.

"Why do you keep your duenna always at hand when your cousin comes?" he asked smoothly. "Surely, since you are a married woman and he a near relative, these forms may be done away with—you well know that I have no wish to keep you imprisoned like a heathen woman in a harem."

She swept down before him in a low curtsy that spread the whiteness of her skirts about her like suddenly opening lily petals. Her face was submissive. But her eyes, lifted to his, were bright and hard as sapphires.

"My lord husband," she said calmly, "It was never the custom in my country to receive a young man unchaperoned, and it seems best to me not to relax the ancient formalities in this pagan land which we are trying to civilize. My cousin is made welcome here by your orders; only by your particular orders, sir, will I receive him without my duenna."

The conde stared down at her, biting his lip. He knew when he was checkmated. But he knew too how to wait—how to plan deeper, more deeply still.

"It rejoices me to find such virtues in you," he sneered softly. "It is hardly to be expected from the daughter of a pauper—one who sells his flesh and blood to pay a gambling debt."

SHE made no answer. A wave of hot blood rushed up to her golden hair and subsided again, drawing every trace of color from her cheeks. But she only curtsied as if he had paid her a compliment. And he turned away: raging, defeated.

But if he failed in arousing Doña Elena to a defiant frenzy by insults and increasing cruelties, he found Don Leonardo an easier victim for the dastardly thing he planned. It pleased him to bring the swift flush of rage upon the young captain's cheek by speaking slurringly or brutally to his wife. His eyes were quick to note the spasmodic clutching of the young man's hand upon his sword when Doña Elena turned her cool, unflustered eyes away from some vile insinuation flung in her direction. More than once he had seen Don Leonardo half lean from his chair, as if to leap at his throat. And more than once he had seen the sharp, arresting glance from Doña Elena's blue eyes. There was, then, an understanding between them. The knowledge of it sent a savage triumph through his blood. It mounted as well to that black, twisted mass of treachery that was his brain. The thing he called his honor was at stake. And in brooding over it a madness took (*Continued on page 44*)

America wants Winners

CONSIDER the Chrysler line, sweeping from oblivion against seemingly impossible odds to a point where, today, Chrysler motors, ashore and afloat, represent all that is finest in the modern, high-compression motor. America wants winners and is quick to recognize merit.

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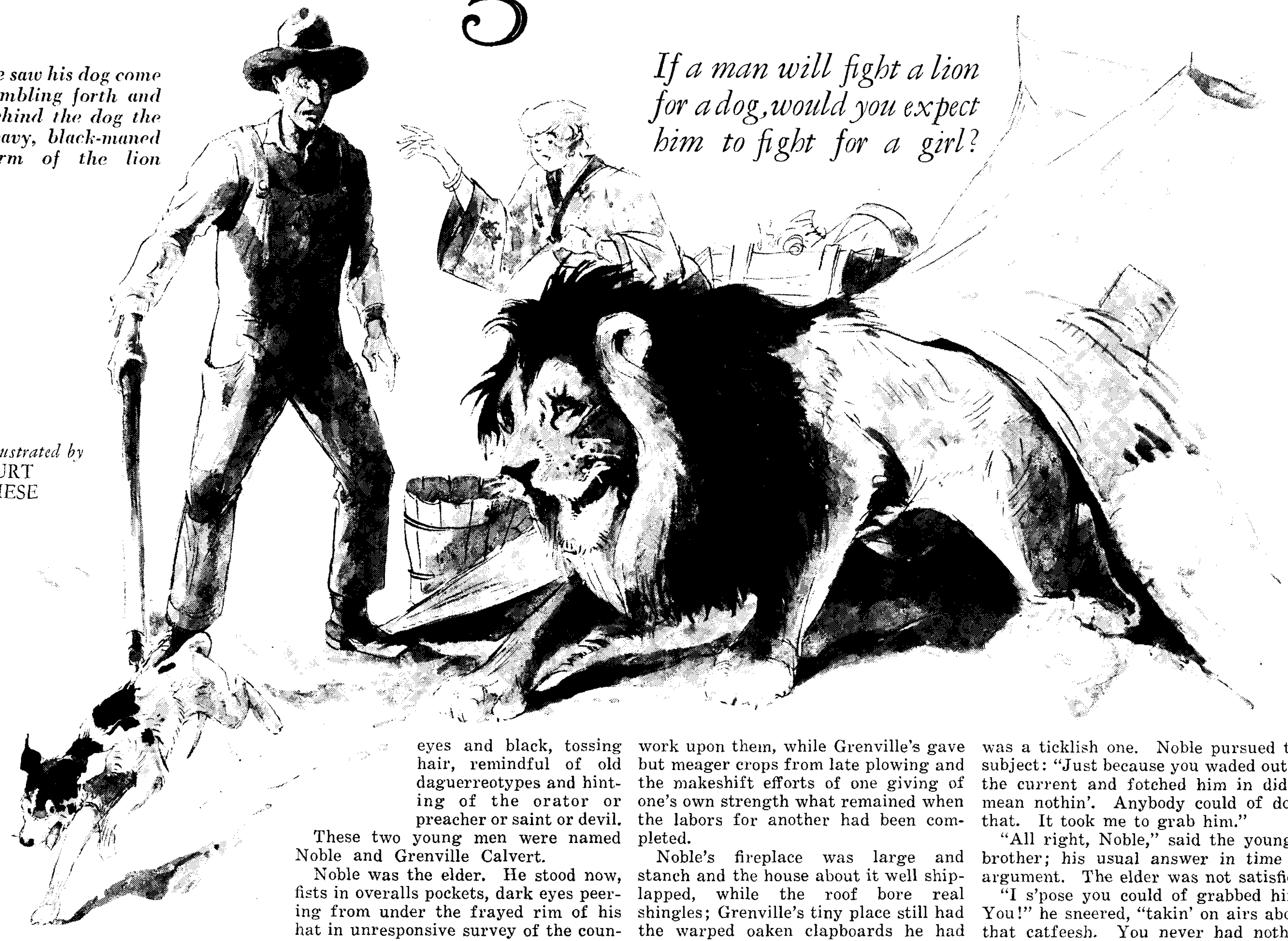
His Weight in Wildcats

If a man will fight a lion for a dog, would you expect him to fight for a girl?



He saw his dog come tumbling forth and behind the dog the heavy, black-maned form of the lion

Illustrated by
KURT WIESE

By COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

THE two young men had paused at the top of the ridge, hesitating silently before parting on divergent trails. They were brothers, strangely alike physically, and dressed in a fashion which made the similarity even more striking. Each wore the battered hickory hat which becomes the almost universal headgear of the Ozark Mountain region of southern Missouri in the blazing months of summer; each too had heavy, weatherbeaten blucher shoes which at some far day might have come from the same box, overalls the front pockets of which were rounded from a peculiar akimbo habit of jamming hands therein, and faded blue shirts of denim, fastened by black buttons sewed with white thread, plainly the work of masculine hands.

Both were of a size, straight, lank, yet alive with the slow power of the mountaineer; their features were those which one finds so often in the Ozarks as a heritage of Kentucky and Virginian ancestry: the high foreheads, aquiline noses, straight, firm mouths, dark eyes and black, tossing hair, remindful of old daguerreotypes and hinting of the orator or preacher or saint or devil.

These two young men were named Noble and Grenville Calvert.

Noble was the elder. He stood now, fists in overalls pockets, dark eyes peering from under the frayed rim of his hat in unresponsive survey of the country before him: the tumbling stretches of the milky-green White River, the haze-softened reaches of Tollifer Knob far to the left, the deep hollows where the blackness of jack-oak mingled with the relieving green of pine, the rocky road, leading between waving fringes of elderberry and pink wild rose, down the ridge and far away, toward the state highway and its means of exit from the inland country. Noble had but little need to do more than merely rest his eyes upon the scenes before him; he had known them always, and he would never know anything else. Grenville was different.

He too stood looking out over the tumbled hills and deep hollows, one shoulder lowered and a hand extended that he might pat the head of a lop-eared fox hound which had just returned from a wandering expedition along the limestone face of the ridge's end.

BUT where there had been mere survey in Noble's eyes there was the moist expression of near-anguish in those of his younger brother; all in an instant, he stiffened and the extended hand caught at the dog's ears until it brought a whimper of pain. Grenville loved these rolling, listless, hazy hills and loved someone who lived within them. But so did Noble, and because of that the younger brother and his dog were going away. Noble was the elder, and the Ozarks have not as yet forgotten the law of birthright. Noble must have what he wanted, just as he always had had it. His forty acres always bore because there were two to work upon them, while Grenville's gave but meager crops from late plowing and the makeshift efforts of one giving of one's own strength what remained when the labors for another had been completed.

Noble's fireplace was large and stanch and the house about it well shiplapped, while the roof bore real shingles; Grenville's tiny place still had the warped oaken clapboards he had helped his father to hew as a boy. And when Noble had said that he wanted Effie Sears, there was an end to it. Grenville had his dog. Together, without even a word of reason or rebellion, they at least could go away. It was imperative; there might be some word or action, indicative of what he really felt, when Effie came to live with Noble. At last the elder spoke:

"Git the hawgs up?"

"Yeh, I fotched 'em, Noble."

"Find my caow?"

"Yeh, I found her. In the bresh on yan side of the crick."

Suddenly Noble turned.

"You never fixed that grin'stone for me like you said you would."

Grenville ceased his petting of the dog and faced about apologetically.

"I aimed to."

"Yeh, you're always aimin'. But you never do it. Why didn't you fix that grin'stone? I tole you I wanted it this mawnin'."

"I knowed you did, Noble. I shore aimed to, honest. But I was so plumb tuckered out last night from fotchin' in that catfeesh, I just laid in longer this mawnin' than I figured on."

"You fotched him!" There was the scorn of superiority in the tone. "Whoever said you fotched him? I fotched that catfeesh!"

"I know you caught him, Noble." The statement was a defense, not an assertion. "But when he was a-gittin' away from you—"

"When was he ever gittin' away from me?" It was as though a lie had been passed. The subject of that catfish was a ticklish one. Noble pursued the subject: "Just because you waded out in the current and fotched him in didn't mean nothin'. Anybody could of done that. It took me to grab him."

"All right, Noble," said the younger brother; his usual answer in time of argument. The elder was not satisfied.

"I s'pose you could of grabbed him! You!" he sneered, "takin' on airs about that catfeesh. You never had nothin' to do with it, 'ceptin' what anybody could of done."

"All right, Noble." Grenville's hand once more was upon his dog's head. "All right, Noble; I ain't tryin' to take no credit."

"See that you don't take none with Effie neither."

A SLIGHT catch in the younger brother's breath was the only answer. The cause of Noble's insistence had become more apparent now. In a land where the proceeds of the gig, the trotline or the grab hook more often than not play their part beside the trophies of the squirrel rifle and the quail gun in the providing of a livelihood, one's prowess often is gauged by the fish upon his string.

"I don't like you tellin' folks you had to he'p me catch that feesh!" Noble continued. "First thing you know, they'll get up some joke about me an' it'll drift to Effie." Then with a sudden thought: "Where you goin' now?"

"Thought I'd go by my house, Noble. I didn't get no chores done yit."

"Well." The older brother removed his hand from his pocket and swerved, with a peculiar rocking gait of the shoulders. "I got to go by the marble game. 'Twon't take you long to do them chores. Then you walk by Effie's. Tell her I'm comin' to see her tonight, about something important. Tell her about that catfeesh, just how I caught him. Sold him for eight dollars this mawnin' —tell her," he grinned sheepishly, "I'm goin' to bring her a present."

"You ain't goin' to ask her?" There was a grayish paleness at Grenville's

Doctor Sun

THE world's greatest physician is located 92,000,000 miles away. He is Dr. Sun. And the one great medicine that he sends is sunlight. On bright, sunny days his free dispensary is open to everybody, everywhere. But in northern latitudes, his treatments—generous applications of ultra-violet rays—are most successful during the summer months.

Sunlight is the finest tonic and health-builder in the world. It works its cures, mysteriously, through the skin. In sunshine there is a wonderful healing power—the ultra-violet rays. These rays are most effective from April to November and are particularly strong from June to the end of September.

Ultra-violet rays do not penetrate ordinary window glass, or clothing except the very lightest in color and weight. Nor do they penetrate, to any great extent, smoky and dust-laden atmosphere. For those who can put on bathing suits and enjoy the sunshine at a beach on ocean, lake, or river, the problem of getting sufficient ultra-violet radiation is solved. But others, too, may receive the benefits of the sun's rays by using ingenuity. At some time during the day the sunshine usually pours into some room in the home where one may lie without clothing in its unobstructed light. A canvas tent without a top, in the yard or on the roof or open porch, will serve.

EDWARD J. STEICHEN

Sun baths, taken regularly, increase the red corpuscles of the blood in great numbers. The supply of calcium, iron and phosphorus in the blood is augmented. Many physical disturbances partially due to sunlight starvation—notably rickets and anemia—can be relieved by daily sun baths. Certain skin diseases can be healed more rapidly when treated by the sun's rays. Sun baths are a valuable tonic for the organs of the body. The ultra-violet rays kill bacteria and germs.

Dr. Sun's best office hours are in the early morning and late afternoon. At mid-day his treatment is more likely to scorch than to heal. Even at the best hours, over-exposure does more harm than good. It is a mistake to try to get tanned too rapidly. Excessive exposure, especially on parts of the body not accustomed to direct rays of the sun, may cause not only painful burns but also serious skin trouble. Exposure should be gradually increased from day to day.

So essential is sunlight to the body that science sought and has found a way to manufacture ultra-violet rays that may be used helpfully in the winter and on days at other times of the year when the sun's rays are weak. But great care should be exercised. Artificial sunlight treatments may be extremely harmful if given by anyone not familiar with their power.

In praising the value of natural sunlight, one eminent physician says, "When we have added together all the healing virtues of the Finsen light and Radium and the Roentgen Rays, and all the uses of heat rays and electrical waves in the care of atrophied or unused muscles—when every particular form of radiation has been tried and exploited to the uttermost—the value of natural sunlight upon us, whether as therapeutic in certain forms of disease, or as hygienic and prophylactic, outweighs all these other things as the Atlantic outweighs the contents of the Olympic swimming pool."

Plan, definitely, to store up health. Get your share of the ultra-violet rays in summer, while they are at their best. A booklet, "Sunlight, the Health-Giver", tells of many benefits to be derived from the sun's rays. It will be mailed free upon request to the Booklet Department, Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, One Madison Avenue, New York City. Send for it.

Haley Fiske, *President.*

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cheekbones. The elder brother straightened his tattered hat.

"Thought maybe I mought," he answered. "That's why I want her to be there. But I'll be late—goin' grabbin' again tonight while them feesh is still runnin'." He started on then, pausing however as he took the down trail to the river, to call over his shoulder: "You tell her about that catfeesh. Hit's bigger'n anybody ever caught."

"All right, Noble."

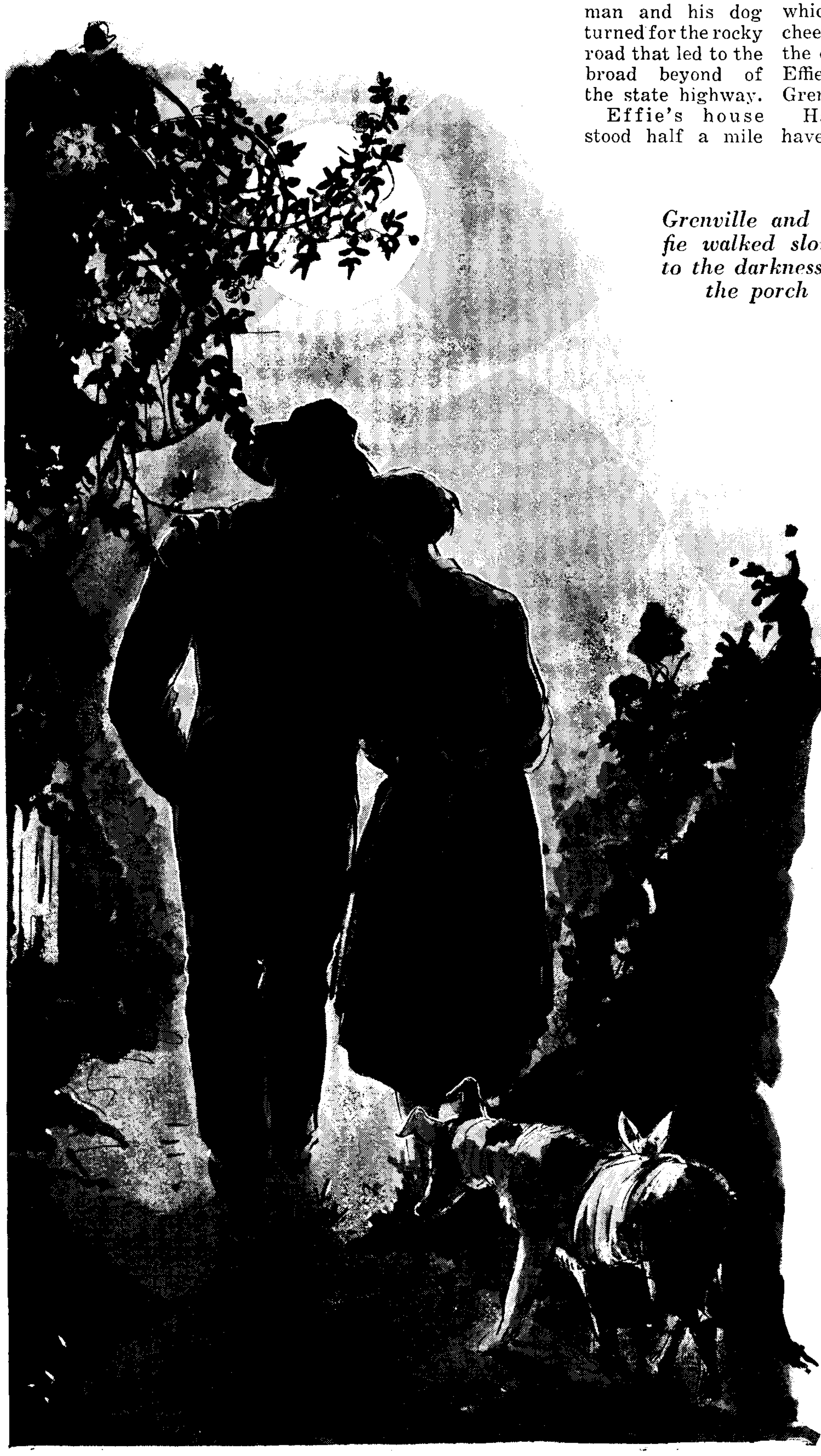
BUT long after the older brother had faded in the rustling underbrush, Grenville Calvert remained at the top of the ridge, dejected, stooped, looking over the serrated clumps of oaks, or merely scowling down at his dog, waiting obediently for his command. This was the biggest of all things, that Noble should want Effie Sears, taking it for granted that he could have her just for the asking, when Grenville would have approached her in fear and worship because of things Noble would never see or even care about.

At last he brightened for an instant with the idea that perhaps Effie herself might have a voice in the disposition of her future. But the thought passed. Noble, he knew, would not permit the possession of something which he, the superior, had been denied. Besides, Noble would get her; had he not always gotten everything he wanted?

"A mule and a shack and a passel of kids," the man muttered bitterly. Then, slouched, shambling, he took to the homeward trail.

Inside his little cabin he stumbled about, opening the drawers of an ancient chest, then closing it again without touching its contents; sinking for a moment into the hickory chair before the black fireplace or again merely wandering. Once he halted by the window and ran a hand along the sash, where, before he knew of Noble's desires, he had dreamed of curtains. Then he spread a coat upon the patchwork quilt of his bed and, tossing things within it, at last secured the bundle with a strand of twine.

"Hyar, Spot!" he called as he closed the warped, unpainted door. Then a man and his dog turned for the rocky road that led to the broad beyond of the state highway. Effie's house stood half a mile away, a three-room place of white paint and a green roof, unusual indeed where paint is a scarcity. The crimson ramblers climbed about it until the doorway represented only a rounded opening in a blooming bower; along the high-picketed fence the sweet honeysuckle bloomed and in a pile of rocks the Ozark columbines, like giant fuchsias, nodded and tossed with the breeze which swept the ridge. Grenville paused at the gate and dropped his bundle, the knowing Spot settling himself beside it in canine guardianship. Then he called, and a voice answered from the rear of the house, followed by running steps. Suddenly she appeared, like a framed picture, in the rounded opening of the crimson ramblers and Grenville was content merely to lean upon the gate and look at her.



Grenville and Effie walked slowly to the darkness of the porch

FAIR-HAIRED, and trim of build, she stood, feet together, hands clasped behind her back, a blue sunbonnet resting upon her shoulders and the ties, caught tight under her chin, giving to her alert features a contrast of color which particularized the pink of her cheeks, the deep turquoise of her eyes, the creamy softness of her full throat; Effie Sears was different from any girl Grenville Calvert ever had known.

Had he possessed the words, he would have said it was her poise, her sprightly air of naïve sophistication, as if this mountain girl knew everything in the world without once asserting the fact. Naturally "pert," Effie had gained something of a world veneer by contact with outside influences, which, while they left her innately Ozarkian at least dispensed with the rough edges of an inland existence. Effie worked extra on Sundays and holidays at the Taneycomo Club, over by the big lake some ten miles away, where gathered the tourists of Kansas City, St. Louis, Springfield and Joplin. There she had been taught trimness in dress, deportment and "manners"; it was interesting to Grenville even to a point of imitation to hear her tell how one must hold one's knife and fork, about the napkins and the meals and the clothes and the conversation. Grenville had thought vaguely of learning all these things himself, when there were curtains at the windows. But that was past and done now.

"Evenin', Miss Effie," he said. Evening begins at one o'clock in the Ozarks.

"Evenin', Grenville," she answered with a smile, and stepping from the porch, dallied her way along the columbines to the picket gate. There her eyes widened at the sight of the bundle. "Where are you going?"

He fenced uneasily:

"Oh, down by the big road a piece."

"But where?" Effie had a habit of penetrating a subterfuge. "Are you going into Bowden?"

"I thought maybe I mought."

"You're not going to the circus?"

"I kind of reckoned I would."

"But the afternoon show will be over, long before you can get there."

Grenville grasped the pickets with tight hands.

"I've kind of been figgerin' on gettin' a job with the circus."

"Why, Grenville!" Effie laughed uneasily and leaned on the gate, her face close to his, as though the better to study him. "You going with a circus! What would you do?"

The youth glanced away. He had hardly thought of this; the posters had suggested a way out, travel to far places and from the first sight of them two weeks before the thought had grown; there must be something for a strong young man. Effie's voice came again, tinged with sarcasm: "So you're going away and leave everything behind! Your house and your forty—"

"Noble kin have that." He passed a hand over his eyes. "He'll be needin' a mite more land pretty soon."

"Oh, will he?"

"Yeh. I figgered to talk to him, but I just didn't git around to hit. Don't make no difference. All the papers is joint."

"That's nice. And Spot?"

"Oh, he kin do tricks," said Grenville.

"Then," continued the girl, the pinkness of her cheeks suddenly a faint gray, "that takes everything, doesn't it?"

"I reckon so." The misery of Grenville Calvert's heart was too acute to take note of the tone of her voice or the pallor of her cheeks. In fact, he viewed her faintly as through a haze; sudden sickness, fever, had swept over him; his hands were hot and dry, his tongue swollen, his throat parched; when he closed his eyes the lids burned as if they had been rubbed with sharp sand. At last he blurted: "Noble's comin' by tonight."

"You're letting him come?" There was a note of pleading, which in his misery he did not recognize.

"How you mean?" Effie Sears half turned from the gate with a gesture of futility. "It was real nice of you to come by and let me know."

"Oh, I wanted to say good-by to you, Effie." Again, with innocent confession: "I ain't told nobody else good-by."

"Why?"

"Oh, I reckoned it didn't make no difference."

"BUT you stopped to see me, Grenville. When you didn't even tell your brother." Suddenly she faced him, eyes blazing. "Why don't you tell me the truth?"

"I've told you the truth, Effie!"

"You haven't! Why are you going away? Is it—because of me?"

"Why, you never done nuthin' to me."

"Is it because of me?" she repeated. He straightened, sudden realization upon him.

"No," he lied. "I—I just ain't been doin' so well up at the forty."

"But you haven't told Noble."

"I figgered he'd try to git me to stay." The girl was not satisfied.

"But he's your own brother. And you didn't even say good-by to him."

"He won't care." The youth laughed vacantly.

"Grenville," the girl asked slowly, "if Noble wanted something and you wanted the same thing, I don't suppose you'd even think of standing in his way."

"Who? Me? Why, no, Effie; he's older."

"Even if it was the biggest thing in the world?"

"Shucks!" Again he tried to laugh. "Then's when I'd shore have to give in to him."

"But suppose Noble couldn't have what he wanted?"

"Oh, he'd git whatever he wanted, all right."

"Would he?" her mouth set firmly. Then, as suddenly, the expression vanished and the prettily rounded shoulders seemed to

(*Continued on page 57*)

at speeds where life *depends* on tires

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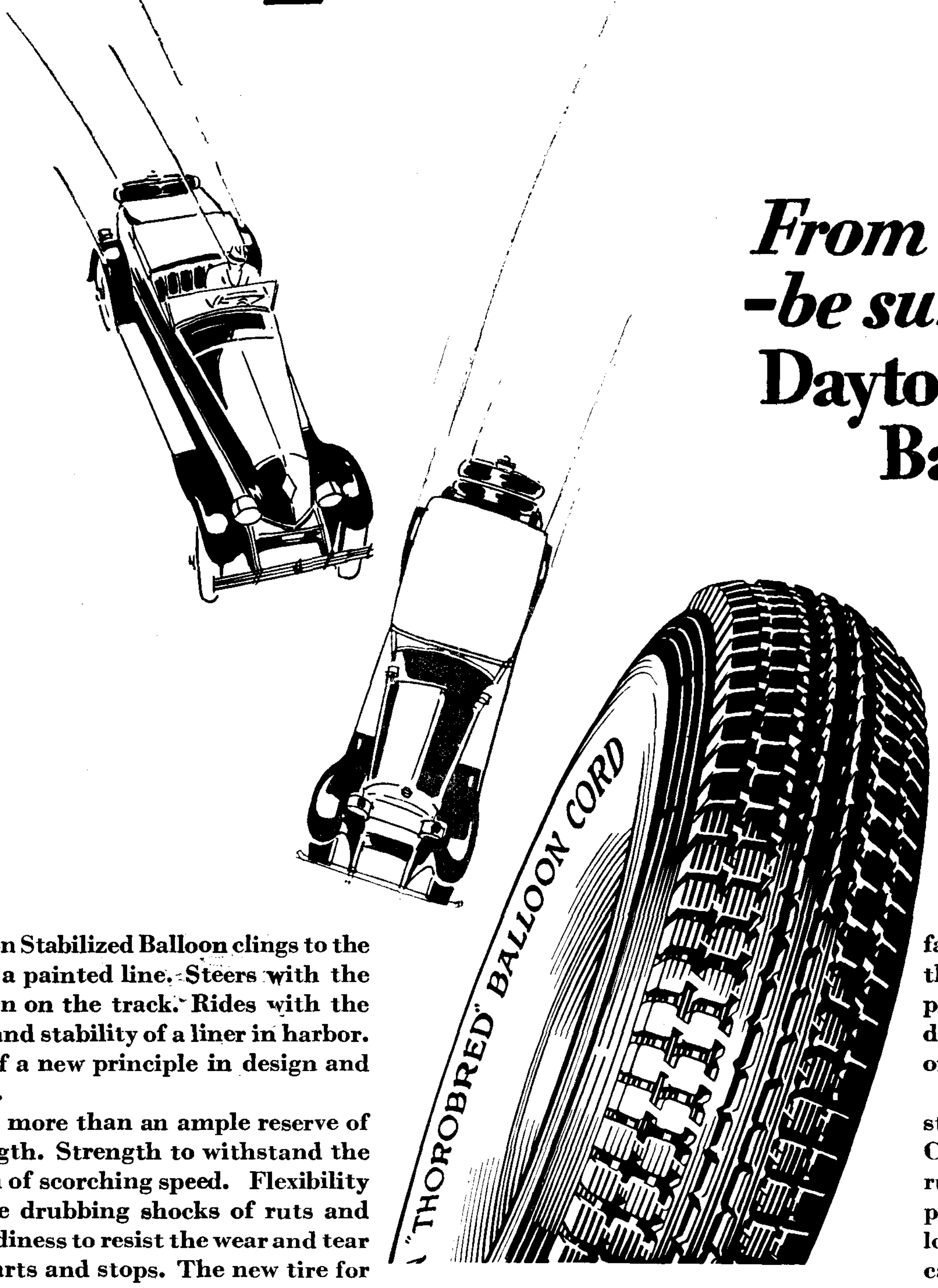

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The Undying Gladiator

By JOHN B. KENNEDY

Ponce de Leon looked in the wrong place for the Fountain of Youth. Jack Britton found it in Chicago. Peter Jackson, that grand old battling black, showed it to him. And it wasn't a fountain at all

The invulnerable Peter Jackson, who gave Jack the secret of life

Brown Bros.

Jack Britton, welterweight world champ of 1922. In his second fighthood at 43

Keystone

"FOOD kills most of the fighters," said Jack Britton. "I remember a fellow my manager, Dan Morgan, had. He hung up a string of seventeen straight knockouts when Morgan started him.

"Dan picked him out of a gas house where he had developed marvelous shoulders shoveling coal and coke. That was in the days when the world was yelling for a white hope to knock out Champion Jack Johnson.

"In the gas house thirty a week was high flying. When this fellow began to rate five and six hundred as his end for a night's work, he went food mad. He'd been accustomed to gas-house district grub done up by these take-it-or-leave-it cooks. Now he made the rounds of the big hotels and restaurants eating tenderloin steaks with mushrooms. That killed him as a fighter. He was too well-nourished.

"There was Frank Moran too. If Frank had stuck to corned beef and cabbage, he might have been heavyweight champion. But going over to Paris and flattening Europeon palookas gave him a taste of French cooking. Frank fed himself out of the profession. Now he's a tailor in Bond Street, London. What a come-down for a fellow with a right hand that knocked Jim Coffey out with one punch!"

These remarks merely hint at the profound knowledge of fighting men and fighting food acquired by Jack Britton, who has been pronounced and duly authenticated the best physical specimen of his years in America by William Muldoon, famous conditioner of physical machines.

Britton, after retiring from the ring and making not more than the customary half dozen farewell performances, wanted to get back. He was past forty, and the rules of the New York Boxing Commission barred any athlete more than thirty-five from frisking with gloves.

Finds Out He's Good

HE SUPPLIED the first known exception when the doctors said that sound diet and careful living had preserved Britton's physique so that he could still take a crack anywhere above the belt without having an undertaker replace a referee in the ring.

The record books give Jack Britton twenty-three years as a boxer, but those who know say that pugilistic license has tucked away four more years.

Jack gives the tip-off himself when he recalls his first fight in Chicago and solemnly asserts that in the distant days when he was a Loop newsy the boys settled their squabbles with their "dukes." Venerable indeed is any man who remembers a Chicago unresounding with the crack of gang artillery!

"I was ambitious to go to Seattle," says Jack.

"Why?" I inquired.

"I don't know," said Jack, "I just wanted to go to Seattle, so I entered an amateur tournament in Chicago. When the announcer asked me my name I said William Breslin of New Britain, Conn., and he introduced me as Jack Britain. The papers the next morning printed my name Britton when they told how I'd won the tournament by licking four other fighters. The prize was a pair of diamond cuff buttons, which I sold, giving my father half the money and using the rest to go to Seattle."

"And when you got to Seattle?"

"I didn't get to Seattle. I met a man in Green Bay, Wis., who had read of my victorious battles in Chicago.

"'You don't want to go to Seattle and fight for the amateur championship,' said this man. 'I'll give you a hundred dollars for a go tonight with a colored lad.'"

Britton didn't know that the colored boy had been given the "run around" by a local boxer, the pride of a local factory. This prodigy had been so good in Green Bay bouts that the promoter had gone far afield to bring in opposition. The colored veteran arrived a week ahead of time to finish his training in a bowling alley where he dined four times daily on beans and watermelon. When the local athlete went to watch him spar he beheld a chunky chocolate man prance for a few moments with a lumbering heavyweight who took a tap on the chin and collapsed. Almost immediately the local light developed tonsillitis. This was the situation when Britton arrived in town.

Jack Britton agreed to meet the Negro for two hundred dollars.

They entered the ring for a twelve-round mill, the first three of which sparkled with action, for the Negro gambled on a quick knockout, and Jack was forced to use all his natural suppleness to avoid a solid blow.

Beginning with the fourth round the Negro wilted, and before the bout ended he sat upon the canvas, utterly exhausted. Jack got the decision on a technical K. O.

"That was a dance," Jack grinned. "It didn't mean anything to me until the colored fellow told me afterward that he had fought Joe Gans and Bat Nelson over long routes and had survived.

"There's two kinds of fighters," Jack continued—"those that absorb shocks and those that avoid them. Know how to duck—that's important!"

Jack returned to Chicago with his two hundred, less the fare from Green Bay, and plus a lively memory of the Negro's implied tribute.

Prunes—Prunes—Prunes!

IN CHICAGO Jack met another Negro. This was the venerable Peter Jackson, who had chased the great John L. Sullivan around half the world and finally retired, disappointed, from the ring. Mr. Sullivan had roared challenges to any man anywhere, but he had always strangely declined to fight the rock-shouldered Jackson.

"Boy," said Peter to Jack one day in the dingy circulation-room of the Chicago News, "watch your food and your drink and your sleep. A fighting man is a fighting animal, and he's got to beware all the time. Beware!"

Flushed with immediate cash, Jack took Peter the Great to a restaurant. His object was philanthropic and selfish. He was willing to feed the uncrowned champion of all fighters in his eagerness to derive additional wisdom.

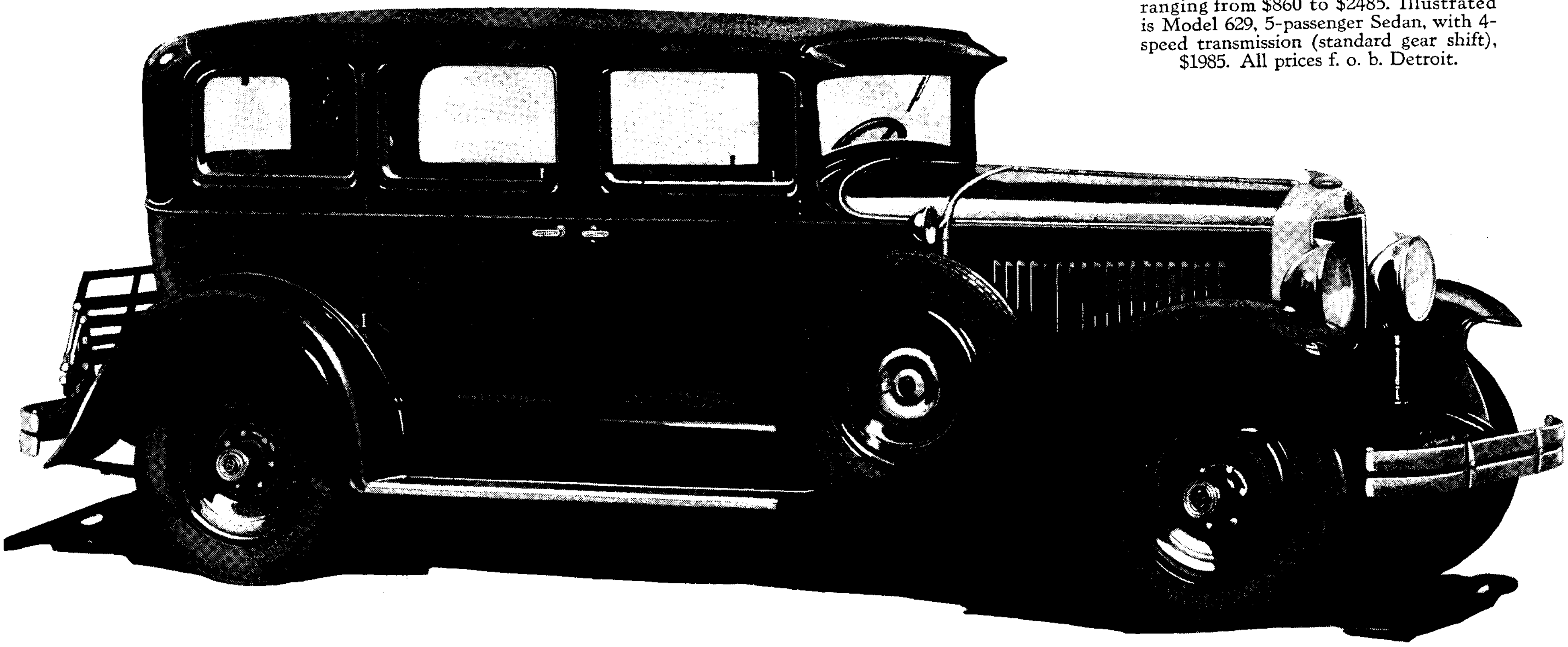
Jackson ate three pounds of prunes at that meal—prunes, black and wrinkled, in natural brown juice, without benefit of cream.

"There hasn't been a day since then," says Jack, "that I haven't eaten prunes. Not three pounds. That's too much. But I start my day with a pint of hot water and a dish of prunes."

For months, even years, Jack's new vocation was a

(Continued on page 60)

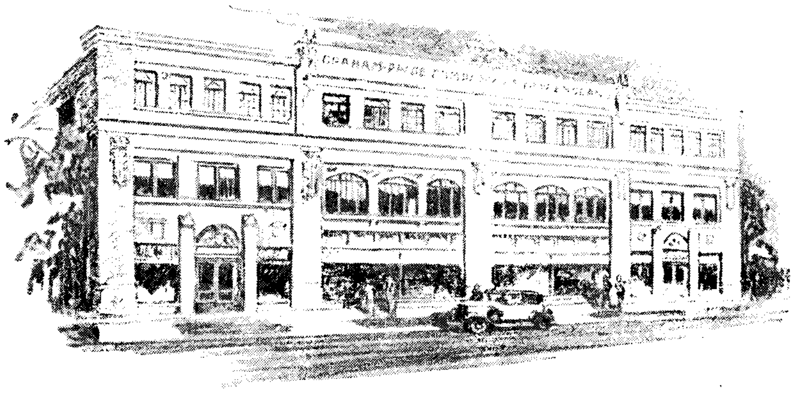
Five chassis—sixes and eights—prices ranging from $860 to $2485. Illustrated is Model 629, 5-passenger Sedan, with 4-speed transmission (standard gear shift), $1985. All prices f. o. b. Detroit.



An Invitation To Fine Car Buyers

We cordially invite you to drive one of the Graham-Paige sixes equipped with *four speeds forward.* You will find nothing new to learn; the gear shift is standard. But there is a *real* difference in performance—in traffic, on the open road, and up steep grades. And we want you to appreciate, and to enjoy, this difference.

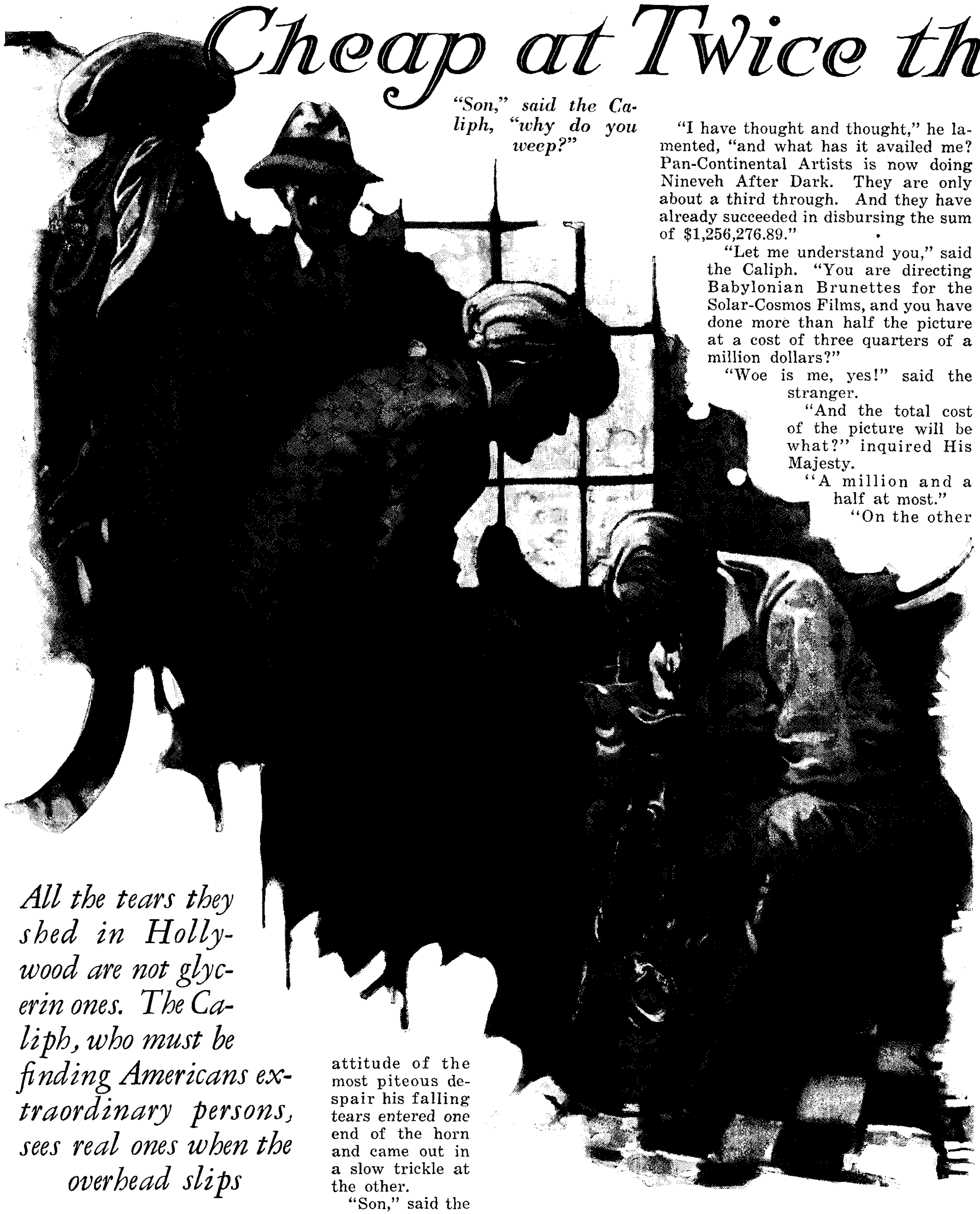
Joseph B. Graham
Robert C. Graham
Ray A. Graham



One of the principles on which this business is founded is that Graham-Paige owners shall be served by distributors and dealers who possess Character, Capability, and Capital. Illustrated is the home of the Boston branch, the Graham-Paige Company of New England.

GRAHAM-PAIGE

Cheap at Twice the Price



"Son," said the Caliph, "why do you weep?"

All the tears they shed in Hollywood are not glycerin ones. The Caliph, who must be finding Americans extraordinary persons, sees real ones when the overhead slips

By SINBAD

IN THE evening cool of his second day in Hollywood, as the Commander of the Faithful was strolling down one of the quieter avenues of that enchanting suburb, in the company of his sword bearer, Mesrour, and the present chronicler, his attention was attracted by a stifled sobbing which issued from the shadows of a stately porte-cochère. Immediately the old habit of authority and the old kindliness sprang to life. Beckoning to us to follow, he strode forward. In the dim light of a Japanese lantern suspended over a Flemish settee on the Colonial porch of a noble Venetian mansion was a man in early middle-age arrayed in flannel shirt, khaki breeches and puttees, and adorned with horn-rimmed spectacles of exceptional dimensions. From his listless hands there hung to the ground a lacquer and gold megaphone, and as he leaned forward in an attitude of the most piteous despair his falling tears entered one end of the horn and came out in a slow trickle at the other.

"Son," said the Caliph, "for every sorrow the compassion of Allah brings surcease. Friendship brings comfort. Confession is good for the soul. Why do you weep?"

"Distinguished stranger," said the man, "since you insist on knowing the cause of my unmitigable woe, I will tell you in one word. It is Competition."

The Caliph nodded. "I understand," he said. "I encounter it everywhere. With the cost of labor and materials going up it becomes increasingly difficult to turn out a picture, such as you are doubtless now engaged upon, for as little as the next man. You are now bewailing your overhead?"

Over the Caliph's Head

"I AM," sobbed the unhappy man. "We are more than halfway through shooting Babylonian Brunettes and up to date it stands the Solar-Cosmos Films the sum of $750,000."

"It is a formidable sum. Still, by taking thought, one might—"

But the face of the stranger was now a paroxysm of grief.

"I have thought and thought," he lamented, "and what has it availed me? Pan-Continental Artists is now doing Nineveh After Dark. They are only about a third through. And they have already succeeded in disbursing the sum of $1,256,276.89."

"Let me understand you," said the Caliph. "You are directing Babylonian Brunettes for the Solar-Cosmos Films, and you have done more than half the picture at a cost of three quarters of a million dollars?"

"Woe is me, yes!" said the stranger.

"And the total cost of the picture will be what?" inquired His Majesty.

"A million and a half at most."

"On the other hand, your competitors, Pan-Continental Artists—pardon me, have I your permission to sit down? The argument grows somewhat complicated and I have walked far tonight."

The stranger drew aside to make room for His Majesty on the marble porch.

"We will begin again. Your picture will cost you a million and a half dollars?"

"If anything," said the other, "considerably less than that."

"And how much will it cost Pan-Continental Artists to complete their Nineveh After Dark?"

"Two and a half millions at the very least. And they may succeed in shoving it up to three millions."

"Yet you grieve because you cannot meet the competition of your rivals," said the Caliph. "Friend, your land contains many marvels, but this, Allah help me, passes all understanding."

"But what is there to understand?" cried the man. "Our Babylonian Brunettes will be just as good a picture as their Nineveh After Dark, and better; but if it costs us only half as much to produce, what chance do we stand?"

"Then it is your comparatively insignificant Overhead that you are bewailing?" said the Caliph.

"We have welcomed ideas for increasing production costs from any and every source. We have a standing offer of a handsome bonus for any suggestion involving unnecessary expenditure, a bonus on a percentage basis, mind you. But always the Pan-Continental crowd has managed to go us one better. Take this, for instance: My original set-up for King Nebuchadnezzar's bedroom called for a chamber 100 feet by 80. When I saw how things were going on the Continental lot I increased the dimensions to 200 feet by 150. It didn't stop Billings; he directs for the Pan-Continental. He made the King of Assyria's bedroom 400 feet by 250 and threw in a private bathroom 60 feet by 40. On that one set Billings beat me by $25,000."

He sobbed and my hand went out to him in commiseration.

"Well," he said, "I didn't lose heart. I thought I had put one over on Billings when I ordered a minaret 300 feet high, from which the muezzin calls the faithful to prayer, you know."

But He Rises to the Occasion

THE Caliph frowned. "In King Nebuchadnezzar's time they had our Moslem minarets and prayers?" he said, and I thought into his voice had crept a shade of irony.

"That was all right," said the stranger. "You see, the Queen of Babylon falls sick and in her fever she foresees the entire future of her city. Well, what happened? Billings ran up two minarets at Nineveh 500 feet high, and he had two muezzins calling from each."

The Caliph nodded.

"Both might be needed, at that elevation," he said quietly.

The stranger thanked him for his sympathy with a wan smile.

"And that is the way it has continued right up to the present moment. This morning I learned that Pan-Continental was half a million dollars deeper in the hole than we, and I thought quick. I shoved in a couple of reels about the assassination of Julius Cæsar."

"The connection between Babylon and Julius Cæsar being what?"

"Nothing," said the other. "But I was desperate, and the thing did promise to set me back $150,000. But what do I learn just before dinner?

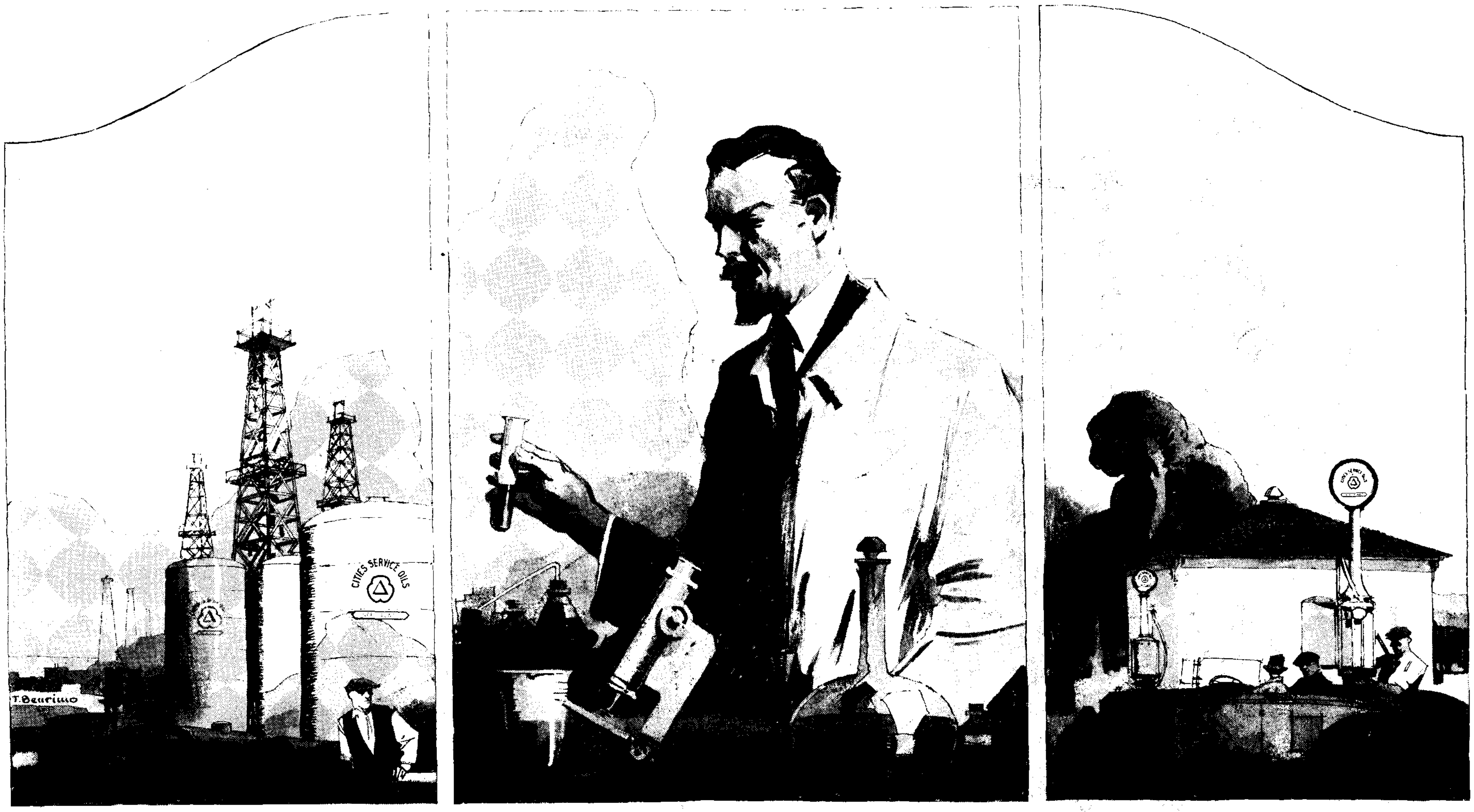
"When Billings heard about Julius Cæsar he got hold of the Nineveh script and wrote in the Crusades, the Discovery of America and the Declaration of Independence. But that was all right. Billings made the King of Nineveh fall asleep over his wine and dream four reels about Richard the Lion-Hearted, Christopher Columbus and Benjamin Franklin."

"You see no hope?" asked His Majesty.

"No hope," replied the other. "Unless I can manage to get in Byrd in the Antarctic and the Battle of the Marne."

The Caliph rose to bid him good night.

"Son," he said—and he spoke gravely enough, I thought—"there is one way, at least, in which Billings cannot score on you. When his four muezzins from his two minarets proclaim the name of Allah they cannot proclaim two Allahs against your one. There is only one, mighty and compassionate, praised be His name. He will lend you comfort in good time."



$1,000,000 YEARLY SPENT ON TESTS

Oil and Gasolene Division of the Cities Service Organization makes daily, hourly experiments to insure perfection.

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In its Petroleum Division, in addition to operating 4,600 oil wells, 7 refineries, 3,000 tank cars, a fleet of tank ships and 800 service stations, it carries on, year after year, a vast program of research.

To insure oil and gasolene of super-quality for automobiles and for industries, over $1,000,000 is spent yearly on laboratory tests and experiments. Thus the highest standards are maintained. Uniformity is insured. No expense is spared in giving Cities Service customers the finest products obtainable.

Cities Service is a $800,000,000 organization with 20,000 trained employees. It includes, not only some of the largest petroleum properties in the country, but also more than 60 public utility companies operating in 17 states, providing electricity and gas for domestic and industrial use. From a small beginning 17 years ago, the Cities Service organization has grown to be one of the leading American industries.

* * *

For your information and to show you why 300,000 investors have faith in Cities Service, read "Serving 3000 Communities," an illustrated, informative booklet which will be sent to you free if you will address Cities Service Company, 60 Wall St., New York City.

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CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

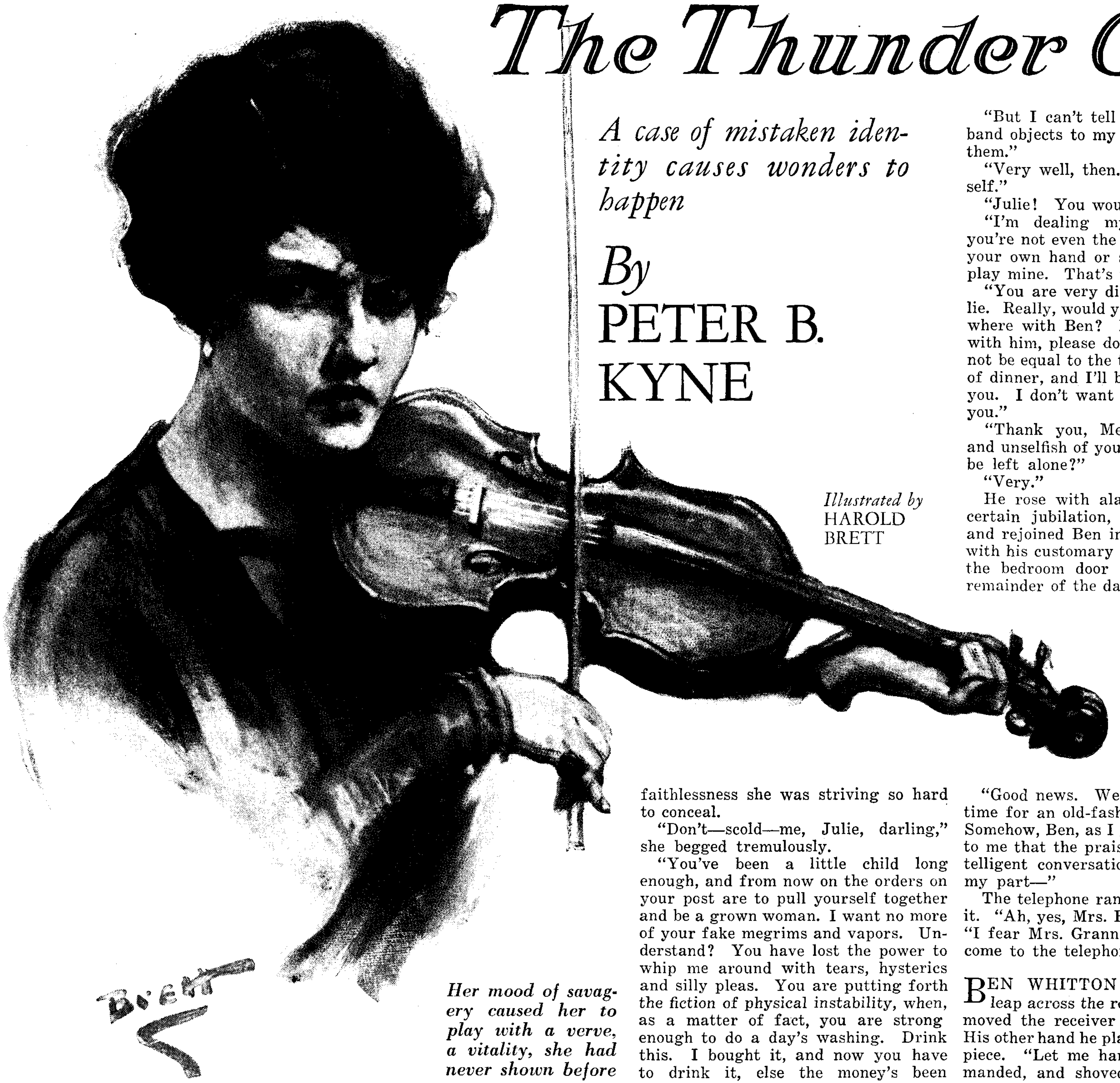
Diversified Interests *Unified Control*

The Thunder God

A case of mistaken identity causes wonders to happen

By
PETER B.
KYNE

Illustrated by
HAROLD
BRETT



Her mood of savagery caused her to play with a verve, a vitality, she had never shown before

The Story Thus Far:

JULIAN GRANNIS, electrical engineer, loves Gloria Justin, but, going with the A. E. F. to France, meets Mercedes Lindberg, Y. M. C. A. entertainer. He forgets Gloria and marries the cold, calculating musician. He is a scientist to whom money means nothing but the opportunity to harness the lightning for the benefit of mankind.

Ben Whitton of Los Angeles is his mentor and buddy. He has engaged Gloria as secretary after her family's reverses. Julian inherits over $600,000 and arranges a partnership with Ben. Mercedes is kept in the dark as to the legacy, but she finds a small secret bank account, and a domestic squall ends in fake hysterics.

Julian seeks out Gloria. They find Mercedes and a stranger dining in a hotel café. She ignores them; Julian suspects nothing.

Julian and Ben, rounding Death Curve, on the great highway, are run into by Jacob Brander, and at Ben's order Julian thrashes him, diverting his attention from the woman in Jacob's car—Mercedes. Brander was the man of the café.

WHEN Julian Grannis returned to his apartment with the sedative Ben Whitton had sent him after, in order to be free for a few minutes to say certain things to Mercedes for the ultimate good of the lady's immortal soul, Mr. Whitton was seated at the piano softly playing a selection from The Chocolate Soldier. His features were as bland and emotionless as those of a feeble-minded person. From the bedroom Julie heard repressed sobbing, so dutifully he went in and comforted his wife, without in the least suspecting the reason for her discomfort. When he endeavored to make her take the sedative she thrust it and him away from her and begged that she might be left alone to recover at her leisure from the shock incident to the so sudden discovery of his damaged face and hands.

"Oh, shucks, my dear," Julie protested. "All men have a fight every so often until they grow old and cautious. There are occasions in the life of a regular man when nothing but physical combat will keep his liver from turning flipflops. If I hadn't worked off my indignation by thrashing the moron who ruined old Ben's nice new car, I would have been deathly ill this minute. You know, Mercy, I lose my temper about once every five years, but when I do hell pops."

"Don't be vulgar—please," Mercy pleaded.

Julie sat down suddenly on the bed. "Snap out of it," he commanded. "I'll not be high-hatted. Don't tease the monkey."

She daubed her eyes, sat up and looked at him in amazement. He was returning her look coolly, searchingly, appraisingly and a little bit angrily; she had the feeling that his gaze was boring through her, searching out each little deceit, each little selfishness, each faithlessness she was striving so hard to conceal.

"Don't—scold—me, Julie, darling," she begged tremulously.

"You've been a little child long enough, and from now on the orders on your post are to pull yourself together and be a grown woman. I want no more of your fake megrims and vapors. Understand? You have lost the power to whip me around with tears, hysterics and silly pleas. You are putting forth the fiction of physical instability, when, as a matter of fact, you are strong enough to do a day's washing. Drink this. I bought it, and now you have to drink it, else the money's been wasted."

She drank it dutifully, wondering what was coming over this mild and patient man. Plainly he was not exactly in revolt, albeit he was ripe for it. Twice within twenty-four hours he had asserted his rights as a husband and provider. On the other hand, she was not ready to have him revolt, so plainly—since something must be done about it and done quickly she grabbed suddenly at him with both beautiful arms and caught him around the neck. "Oh, Julie," she breathed and held him tight, her cheek against his.

"THIS is as good a time to tell you as any," he said abruptly. "I've been investigating your friend Mr. Jake Brander, and have come to the conclusion that we will do without his friendship, Mercy. I do not know Mrs. Brander, so, perhaps, my decision will mean an injustice to her, but that cannot be helped. So many fine men I know are married to cats and so many fine women I know are married to dogs that one has to be careful. You will drop the Branders, Mercy."

"They will be returning to Pasadena in a few days, Julie. Must I be crass about this?"

"You can exercise your woman's wit and avoid being crass while still deferring to my wishes in this matter."

"But I can't tell them that my husband objects to my being friendly with them."

"Very well, then. I'll tell them myself."

"Julie! You wouldn't!"

"I'm dealing my own game, and you're not even the lookout on it. Play your own hand or sit back and let me play mine. That's final."

"You are very distressing today, Julie. Really, would you mind going somewhere with Ben? If you can dine out with him, please do so. I know I shall not be equal to the task of eating a bite of dinner, and I'll be poor company for you. I don't want to spoil the day for you."

"Thank you, Mercy. That's sweet and unselfish of you. Sure you want to be left alone?"

"Very."

He rose with alacrity, not to say a certain jubilation, kissed her good-by and rejoined Ben in the drawing-room, with his customary carelessness leaving the bedroom door ajar. "I have the remainder of the day and the night off, Ben," he announced. "What do you suggest?"

"I suggest," Ben replied, "that we go to my apartment. My Chinese boy will shake us up some drinks and a dinner, and we'll talk."

"Good news. We haven't really had time for an old-fashioned game as yet. Somehow, Ben, as I grow older, it seems to me that the praiseful practice of intelligent conversation is waning. For my part—"

The telephone rang, and he answered it. "Ah, yes, Mrs. Brander." A pause. "I fear Mrs. Grannis will be unable to come to the telephone—"

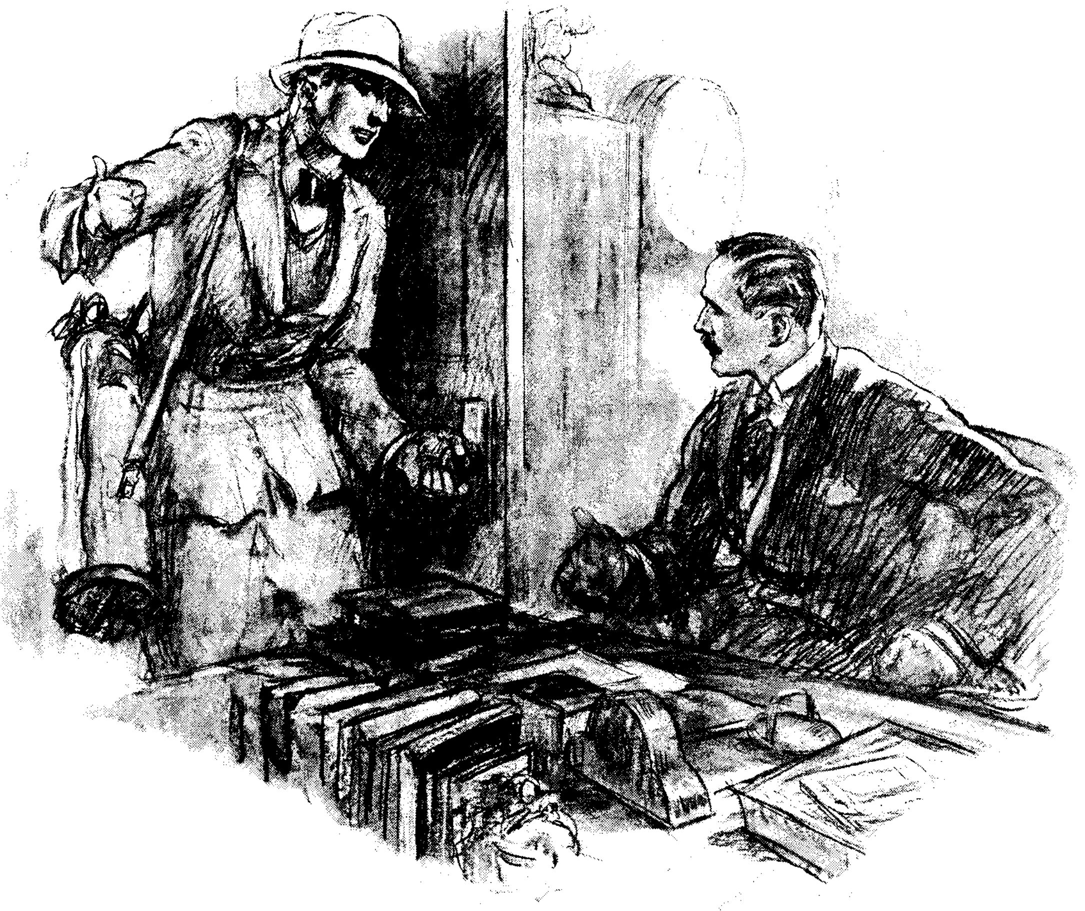
BEN WHITTON made a standing leap across the room and forcibly removed the receiver from Julie's hand. His other hand he placed over the mouthpiece. "Let me handle this," he commanded, and shoved his friend away. "Mrs. Brander?" he almost cooed. "That was a friend of mine who answered the telephone. You wish to speak with Mrs. Grannis? I'm sorry, but Mercedes is abed. She is not at all well and has retired in an effort to have a little nap. Will it be quite all right if I have her call you up, say, in two hours from now? . . . Oh, you wish to see me? . . . That is delightful of you . . . Certainly, Mrs. Brander. Unfortunately there is company here, so if you will excuse the lack of hospitality, suppose I go down into the lobby to meet you? . . . O. K.? Thank you so much. I'll be down directly."

He hung up the telephone and glanced toward the bedroom door. Mercedes was standing just inside it, where she could see Whitton; from her position, however, her husband could not see her. Her face was chalky white, and she trembled as she placed the tip of her fingers on her lips and tried to smile at him gratefully. Casually he crossed to the door and pulled it shut.

"What the devil's the meaning of this?" Julie demanded suspiciously.

"Mrs. Jake Brander is in the lobby. She wanted to call upon your wife, and when I blocked that she expressed the hope that she might meet me. I didn't exactly lie to her, Julie, but I inculcated in her the belief that I am Mr. Julian Grannis because (*Continued on page 48*)

The Medical Profession's latest theory



John Rivers, hard worker, but good player too, stepped into Bill Martin's office with his golf clubs. *"Come on, Bill, you need an afternoon in the country."*

"Well, I suppose I do, John, but I just haven't the energy to play. I just can't seem to get going nowadays."

(From "Telling Fortunes with Foods" offered in coupon below.)

SCIENCE has reached a new conclusion regarding the cause of many common ills. It may mean new freedom from mental and physical restrictions that are interfering with the business and social success of thousands who are, otherwise, quite capable. Discuss it with your doctor.

[Every statement verified by high Medical Authority]

POSSIBLY you are always somewhat tired even when you get up in the morning.

You must force yourself to work or take part in social activities. You may even feel a slight inferiority.

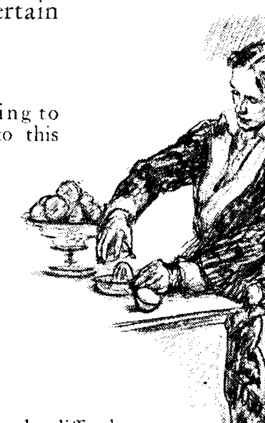
You don't feel ill. But neither do you feel that you are quite as well as you should be.

You know that you have greater possibilities than you are utilizing to the best advantage.

Something's wrong, that's certain—but you don't know what.

* * * * *

THE Medical Profession is coming to a new conclusion with regard to this condition.



"Acidosis" is the word on almost every modern doctor's tongue.

According to the authorities, nearly half the people who are suffering from "low vitality" and other ordinary ailments, are afflicted with it in varying degree.

It keeps the body nagging at the brain. Clear thinking, profitable concentration, sustained effort and an attractive, natural personality are made difficult by it.

It is one of the most frequent causes of headaches, "biliousness" and sour stomach.

Constipation, indigestion, nervousness and sleeplessness are often closely linked with it. It is present with each common cold.

Persons who have been reducing in wrong ways are almost always subject to it.

ACIDOSIS Symptoms

The following are some of the common symptoms of Acidosis:

Headache
Sour Stomach
"Biliousness"
Nausea
Children's "Upset Stomach"
Nervousness
Sleeplessness
High Blood Pressure
Acid Perspiration (*the most frequent cause of body odors*)
Acid Mouth (*the tooth destroyer*)
Acetone Urea (*with unpleasant breath odor*)
Acid Urine

Coma, in both diabetic and non-diabetic cases.

Of course, not every case of headache, "biliousness," nervousness, etc., is due to Acidosis, although it is one of the most frequent causes of these ailments. Women and men desiring to reduce must be doubly careful to avoid Acidosis. There are special diets for them that doctors can recommend which will prevent Acidosis while safely reducing weight.

If you feel "under par," send at once for a free copy of our book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods." If your case is in any way abnormal, consult your physician.

"Acid mouth," the tooth destroyer, is one of its results. Pyorrhea cannot be successfully combated until Acidosis is controlled.

Recent experience indicates that the treatment of it, as one of the most frequent contributing factors, is having more effect in the correction of "high blood pressure" than any other method known.

It must be subdued in every case of diabetes before these patients show very much improvement.

So Acidosis seems to be an underlying factor, or a beginning, or result, or complication of many of our common and some of our most serious and dangerous ills.

"Behind it," doctors say, "is our American diet"—lack of proper balance between the alkaline-reaction foods (vegetables, fruits and milk) and the acid-forming (cereals, bread, fish, meat and eggs).

DIETETIC RESEARCH DEPT.
California Fruit Growers Exchange,
Div. 1605, Box 530, Station "C", Los Angeles, California.

Please send me without charge, a copy of your book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," explaining Acidosis in more detail and including Important Chapter on Safe Reducing, together with Safe Reducing and normal anti-acidosis *diet menus*.

Name ....

Street ....

City ....State..............................

One of the most interesting facts in this connection is the so-called "Orange-Lemon Paradox." Oranges and lemons, although *acid in taste*, are two of the most potent correctives of Acidosis that the Medical Profession knows.

While some people still refer to them as "acid fruits," Science has demonstrated in thousands of tests that their effect in the body is *alkaline*, the opposite of acid.

* * * * *

Three full glasses of refreshing, luscious orange juice per day; the same quantities of lemon juice and water, as delicious sweetened or unsweetened lemonade; the frequent use of fresh, dainty orange salads and desserts (in which other fruits are included also if desired) with zestful lemon juice in place of vinegar in the salad dressing—all these are simple and attractive anti-acidosis measures, that any home can follow easily.

However, if your case is in any way abnormal, *do not try to treat yourself*. See your physician. He will best determine what your type of Acidosis is.

To you who are not definitely ill, we will send a free book, "Telling Fortunes With Foods," with important chapter on Safe Reducing approved by an authority on diet, complete lists of acid-forming and alkaline-reaction foods used daily in the home, and ideal menus for both normalizing and reducing. Mail coupon below for your free copy. Clip it now before you turn the page.

"The Orange-Lemon Paradox"

Although referred to frequently as "acid fruits," a fact well known to Science is that oranges and lemons have an *alkaline* reaction in the body, and thus actually function to *correct* Acidosis rather than aggravate it, as thousands once mistakenly supposed. Persons who wish to prevent or offset Acidosis should use oranges and lemons freely. Ask your doctor. He will verify this truth.

* * * * *

Sunkist (California) Oranges and Lemons, are by chemical analysis, exceptionally rich in the soluble solids that give these fruits their beneficial qualities. Sunkist Oranges and Lemons are selected for the general public and the Medical Profession according to standards that insure superiority, so always ask for them by name. The trade-mark "Sunkist" appears on the skin and on the wrapper of oranges; on the wrapper of lemons.

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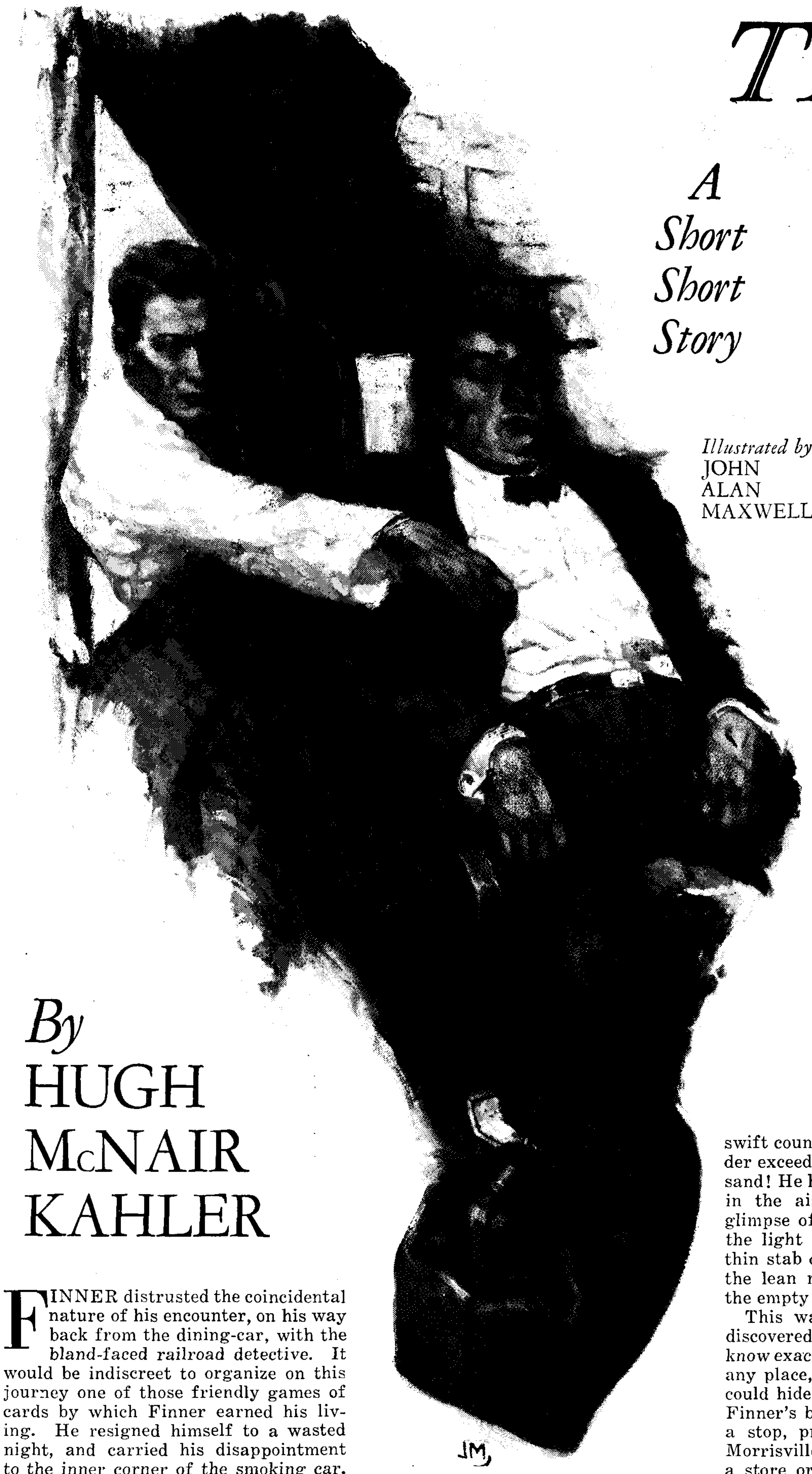
The Long Arm

A Short Short Story

Illustrated by
JOHN
ALAN
MAXWELL



Finner's arm slid past the partition and he withdrew the fat leather wallet

By HUGH McNAIR KAHLER

FINNER distrusted the coincidental nature of his encounter, on his way back from the dining-car, with the bland-faced railroad detective. It would be indiscreet to organize on this journey one of those friendly games of cards by which Finner earned his living. He resigned himself to a wasted night, and carried his disappointment to the inner corner of the smoking car. Here, over a soporific story in the magazine of his habit, he drifted presently to sleep.

When he woke he had a sense of grievance against the voices to which, it seemed, he had been uselessly endeavoring to close his ears for an interminable time: voices which had trespassed rudely and noisily upon the outer fringes of his consciousness for so long that he was wearily and hostilely familiar with them. He opened his eyes just as the fat, purple-faced man beside the window slapped the bulge of his wrinkled coat.

"C'lect? You bet your life I c'lected! No check either—got the hard cash!" Again his puffy hand struck above his coat pocket. Abruptly Finner reclosed his eyes. The other voice snickered in admiring envy.

"Trust you for that, Mr. Peevey. Guess you just about cleaned him out, didn't you? Thutty-two hundred's a pile of money for him to raise, spot cash, that way."

Finner's nerves jerked taut. The wheezing voice spoke sharply. Business, it declared, was business; its owner had c'lected, that was all he knew. He had a legal right to every cent. Finner lay back against the leather cushions, thinking hard. A mellow Ethiopian voice broke in on the conversation: the porter announced suggestively that the gennelmums' buhths were raidy.

"Not mine?" The fat man spoke quickly. "Asthma," he explained, as he moved ponderously into the aisle. "Can't breathe if I lay down."

Finner's spirits lifted. Feigning drowsiness, he stumbled past the open section: coincidence again! His own berth was next to the seat in which the fat man had already prepared to sleep sitting up. It was going to be possible after all—even easy. He pulled off his outer garments behind the latched curtains. Half an hour should be enough.

Very carefully, when it had elapsed, he unfastened the edge of the curtain and peeped out; at the far end of the dark aisle the porter sprawled on his stool; the fat man was unmistakably asleep, breathing noisily through his mouth.

Finner's arm slid past the partition; fingers trained to deal surely with playing cards withdrew the fat leather wallet from the sagging pocket; under the feeble slice of light that came between the curtains Finner slipped out the thick wad of bills; more cautiously he restored the looted wallet to the pocket. Peevey might not discover the theft, now, till he'd left the train.

Finner refastened the curtains and switched on the berth light. A swift count informed him that the plunder exceeded his hope: almost four thousand! He held his breath as steps passed in the aisle; peeping out, he had a glimpse of the railroad detective under the light at the end of the car, and a thin stab of panic went through him as the lean man turned and sat down in the empty section, facing down the aisle.

This was bad; if Peevey woke and discovered his loss, that dick would know exactly where to look; there wasn't any place, either, in a berth where you could hide a fairly bulky sheaf of bills. Finner's brain moved fast. There'd be a stop, presently, at Morrisville; but Morrisville was just a water tank and a store or two, and he'd have to wait there for hours; the dick would wire back as soon as Peevey found out. There must be a better way.

Finner laughed soundlessly as the thought came to him. The fat magazine lay on his blanket; he fumbled for his pocketknife in his coat; the flattened sheaf of bills fitted snugly in the hollow he cut out of the inner pages; he rolled the magazine so that an envelope, slit at each end, would circle it; there were plenty of stamps in his pocketbook; he cut a shoe lace in half to make the bundle secure. The station agent at Morrisville always came out on the platform while the train waited; he'd be glad to mail a package for a passenger, especially if the passenger slipped him a dollar by way of thanks!

On the point of addressing the wrapper to himself at the room he called home, Finner hesitated; if anything went wrong, he might easily be held on pure suspicion; he was pretty sure that the police knew where he lived. It would be safer to mail the plunder to an alias at another address.

He concentrated on the problem; the difference between success and failure in these enterprises, he told himself, lay in such trivial details as this. Let's see—a little town, not too near and not too far, where people called for their mail and the postmaster wouldn't be suspicious. Ganawanda, for instance; he grinned as the word came into his mind; the old bean was working fast tonight! And he'd better call himself something that sounded just as honest and homely.

Wesley would be a good first name; he grinned again. Wesley—let's see—Wesley Fenstermacher! He chuckled softly as he printed it plainly on the envelope. Nobody'd ever suspect a man of making up a moniker like that!

Luck played on his side; his window opened easily and without sound; at Morrisville the station agent gladly received the packet and the dollar.

Finner lay awake, waiting almost hopefully for trouble. None came. Peevey evidently did not investigate his wallet: he left the train at the terminal in the morning under Finner's amused, unloving eye. Finner himself booked passage on the night train back. It would be safer to give that package ample time. He spent a happy day and, returning on the late express, actually declined an invitation to join in a friendly game with three salesmen.

HE WAS in high favor with himself; the whole play had been perfectly handled; he dwelt lovingly on the retrospect as he walked up from the dingy Ganawanda station in the morning. Most contentedly he contemplated the brilliancy of that invented alias.

He leaned his elbows on the shelf before the window in the tiny post office.

"Anything for Wesley Fenstermacher?"

"Heh-heh-heh!" The postmaster cackled thinly. "Wish't there was! D'know but I'd take it and light out, myself! Always claimed Wes Fenstermacher had ought to be lucky—they say it takes a fool for luck, and that cert'n-ly'd ought to cover Wes' case—"

Finner's ears heard, but his mind refused to believe. It wasn't thinkable! *It couldn't possibly happen!* Of all the names in the world, of all the places, possible and impossible—his gambler's instinct tried dimly to calculate the odds against the fantastic, incredible coincidence. He'd invented that name, made it up out of his own imagination . . . a cold, dawning doubt woke in him; he couldn't have invented it—he must have heard it somewhere, must have—

The postmaster's envious drawl penetrated once more to his consciousness.

"Yes, sir—they's no rhyme nor reason to it, nor jestice neither! A man had ought to suffer for it when he's fool enough to leave himself get swindled out of house and home, 'stead of gettin' back all he's lost and more, without knowin' where it come from!"

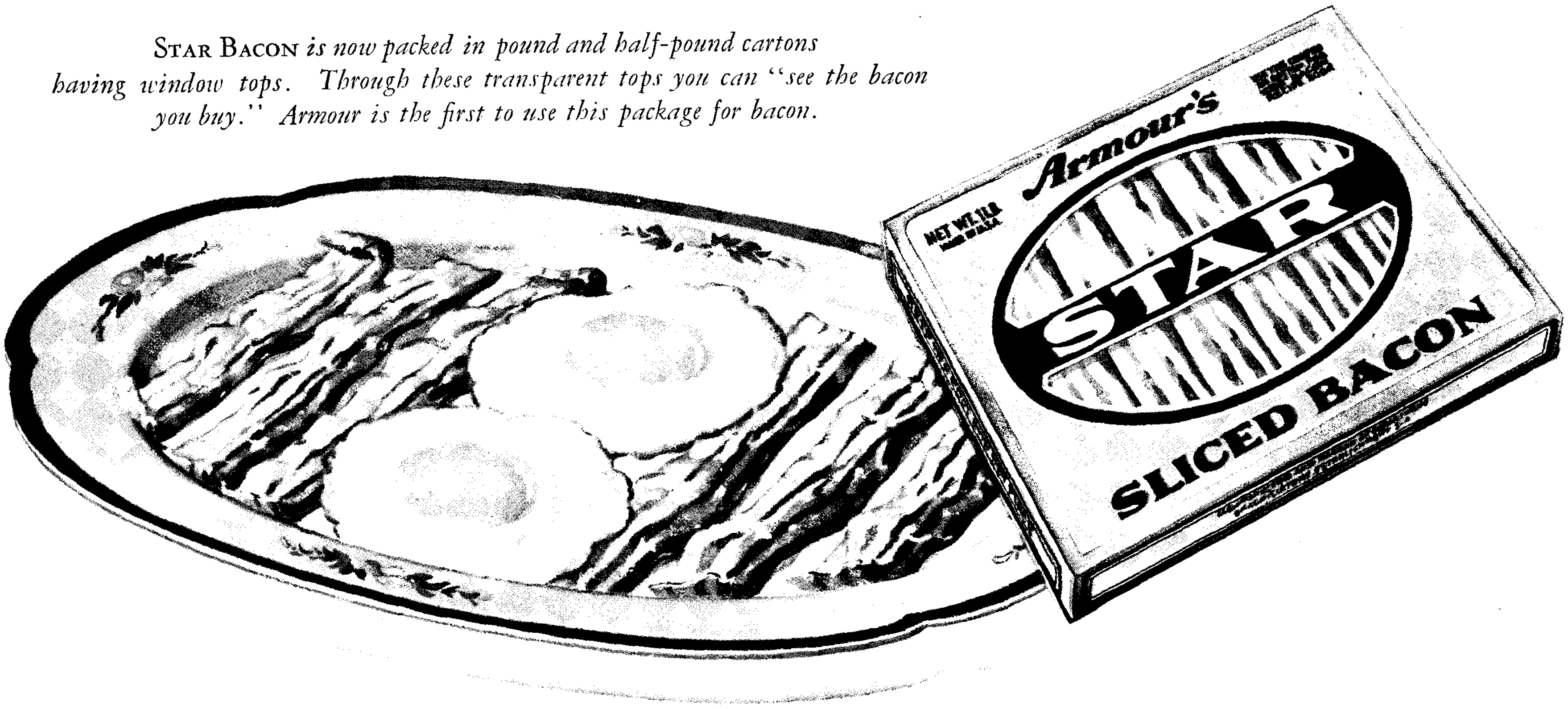
Memory stirred remotely in William Finner. He seemed to hear voices that persistently disturbed him at the border line of sleep. Voices—

"I don't claim to be no Solomon," the postmaster was admitting, "but it'd be a cold day, I tell you, when I'd leave myself get took in by a knowed slipper tongue like Homer Peevey!"

Armour

In perfecting this new package for Star Bacon we have carried out your orders

Star Bacon *is now packed in pound and half-pound cartons having window tops. Through these transparent tops you can "see the bacon you buy." Armour is the first to use this package for bacon.*



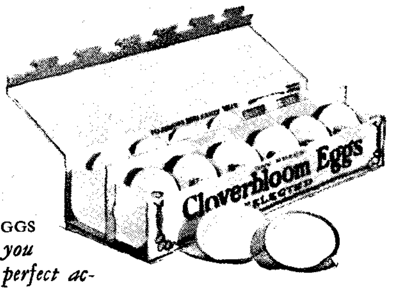
You have said, "We like our Star Bacon evenly fat and lean," and Armour has been preparing it that way for years. Then you said, "We would like our bacon in uniform slices and ready for the skillet," and we packed it that way in pound and half-pound cartons.

And then you said, "This package would be ideal if it could be made so we could see just what we are buying." Now we are glad to announce a wonderful new package with a window top—the only bacon package of its kind on the market.

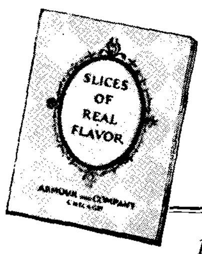
How did we learn what you wanted? Your meat dealer, the editors of the food departments of leading women's magazines, women's clubs, domestic science teachers in schools and colleges, thousands of letters from home-makers all over this country, told us.

These letters, these reports, these opinions come to the domestic science staff in charge of the Armour Kitchen in Chicago. It is their business to know how you like your bacon and it is their business to see that we prepare it that way. The Armour Kitchen is a clearing house for ideas, and from it radiates an influence felt by everyone who contributes anything to the goodness of Star Bacon—the buyers who select the choice young porkers in the corn belt, the butchers who dress the meat, the laboratory where the formula for the cure is established—and now it has been felt by the men who are responsible for such things as packages.

Meat is the most necessary item in the daily diet. For 60 years Armour and Company has been perfecting methods to safeguard this essential food. Because of this constant effort Armour and Company have won a place among the world's leading provisioners and "Armour on a food product is an assurance of quality." Armour and Company, Chicago.



Cloverbloom Eggs *—the finest eggs you could buy and the perfect accompaniment for Star Bacon. Always sold in cartons.*

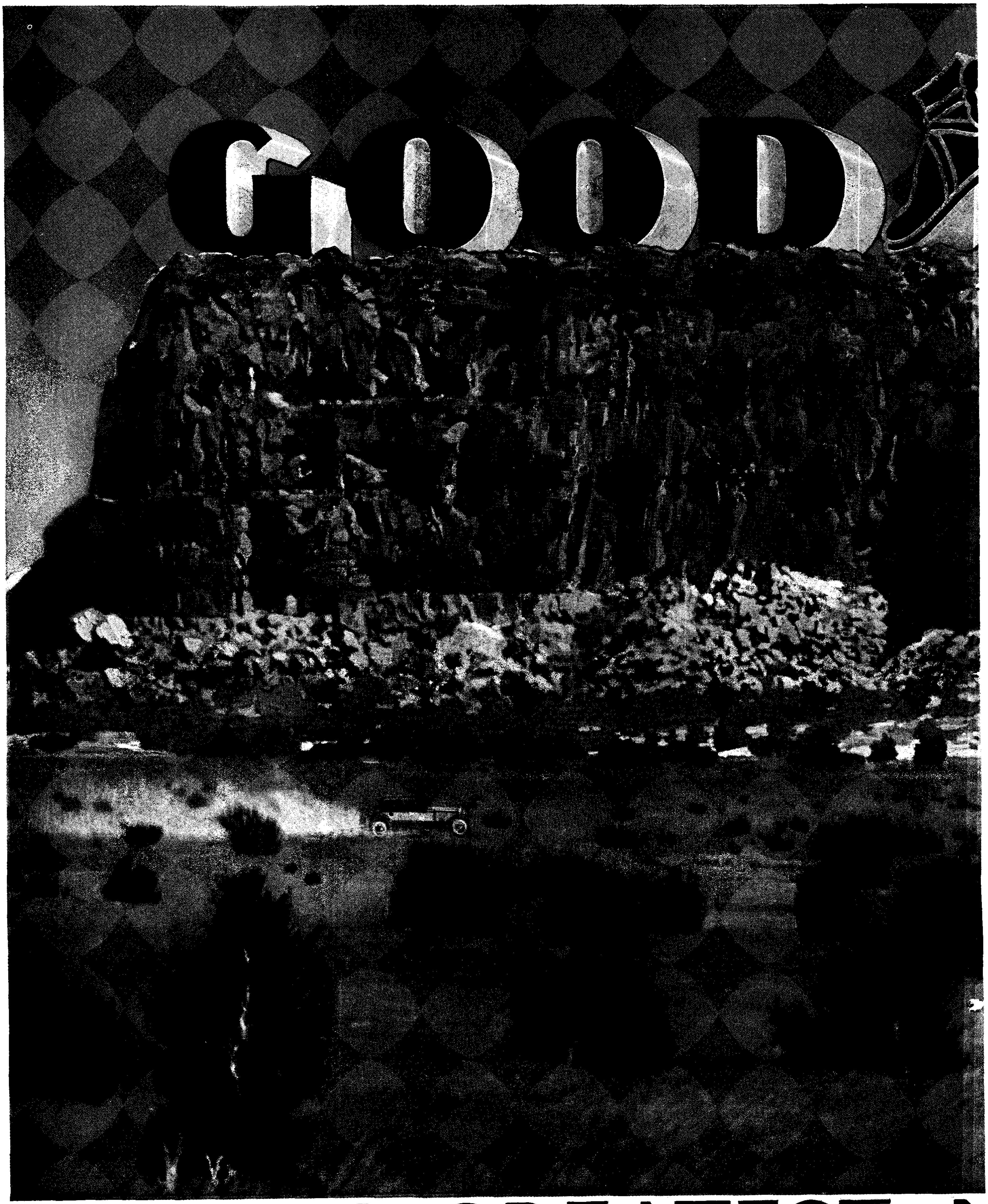


"Slices of Real Flavor," *the unusual recipe book prepared by the Armour Kitchen, tells 36 delicious ways in which Star Bacon can be served. Mail the coupon for your copy today.*

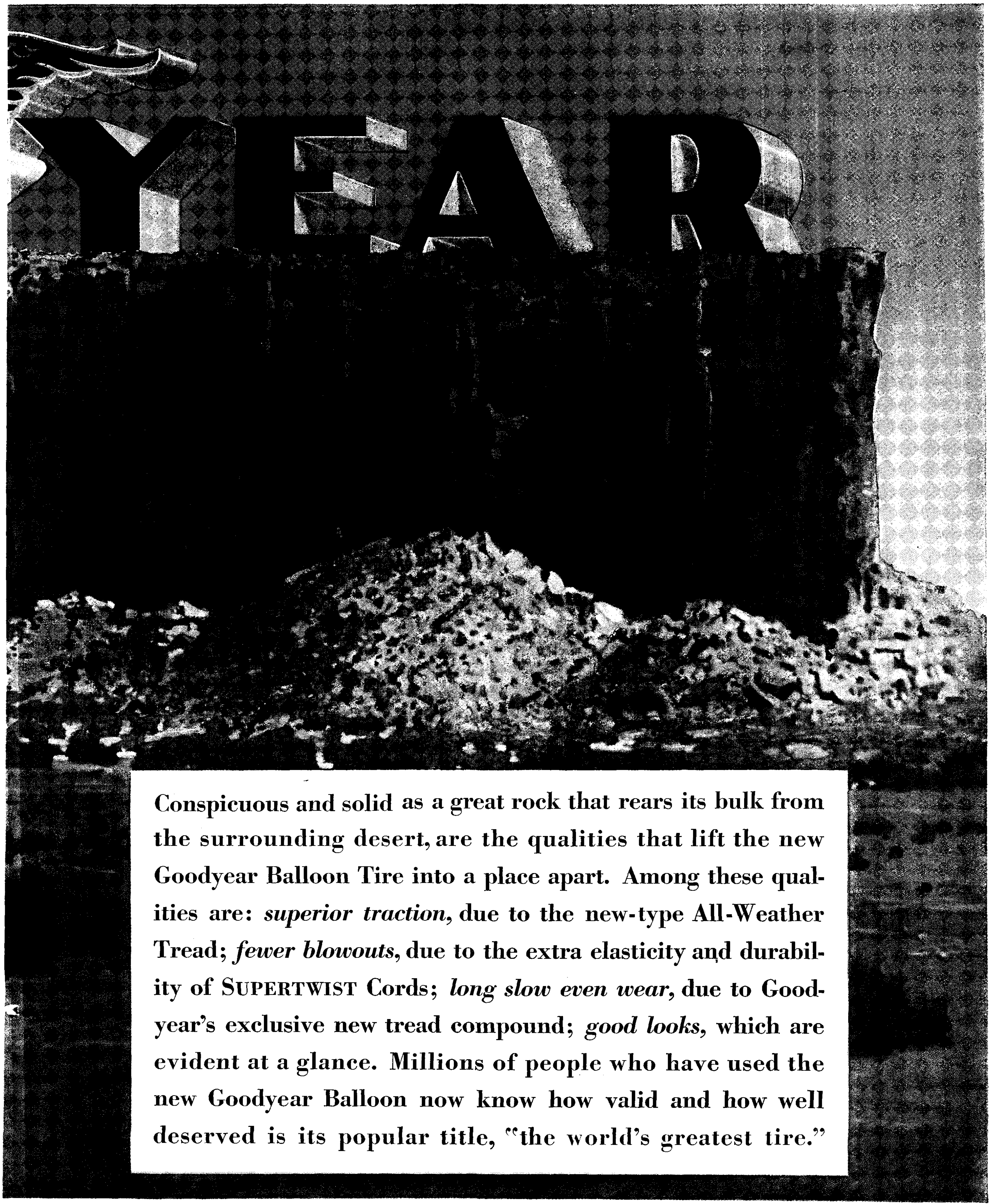
Dept. 85, Div. Food Economics
Armour and Company, Chicago, U. S. A.
Please send me Free Recipe Book, "Slices of Real Flavor."

Name______________________________

Address____________________________



THE GREATEST N

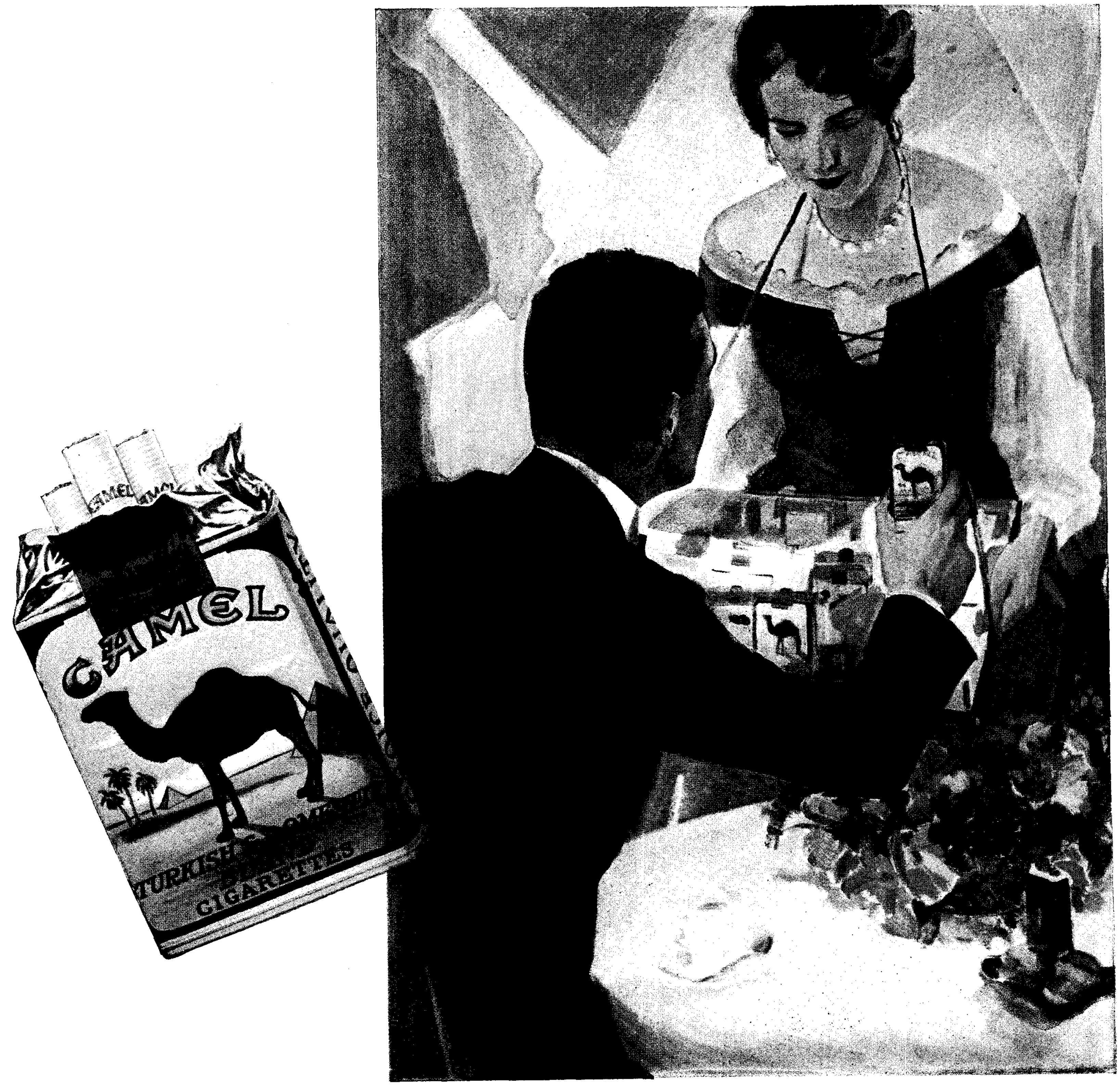


Conspicuous and solid as a great rock that rears its bulk from the surrounding desert, are the qualities that lift the new Goodyear Balloon Tire into a place apart. Among these qualities are: *superior traction,* due to the new-type All-Weather Tread; *fewer blowouts,* due to the extra elasticity and durability of SUPERTWIST Cords; *long slow even wear,* due to Goodyear's exclusive new tread compound; *good looks,* which are evident at a glance. Millions of people who have used the new Goodyear Balloon now know how valid and how well deserved is its popular title, "the world's greatest tire."

AME IN RUBBER

© 1928 G. T. & R. Co

HAVE A CAMEL


CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

It's the favorite.

WHEN smoking is recognized as a pleasure, Camel has the call.

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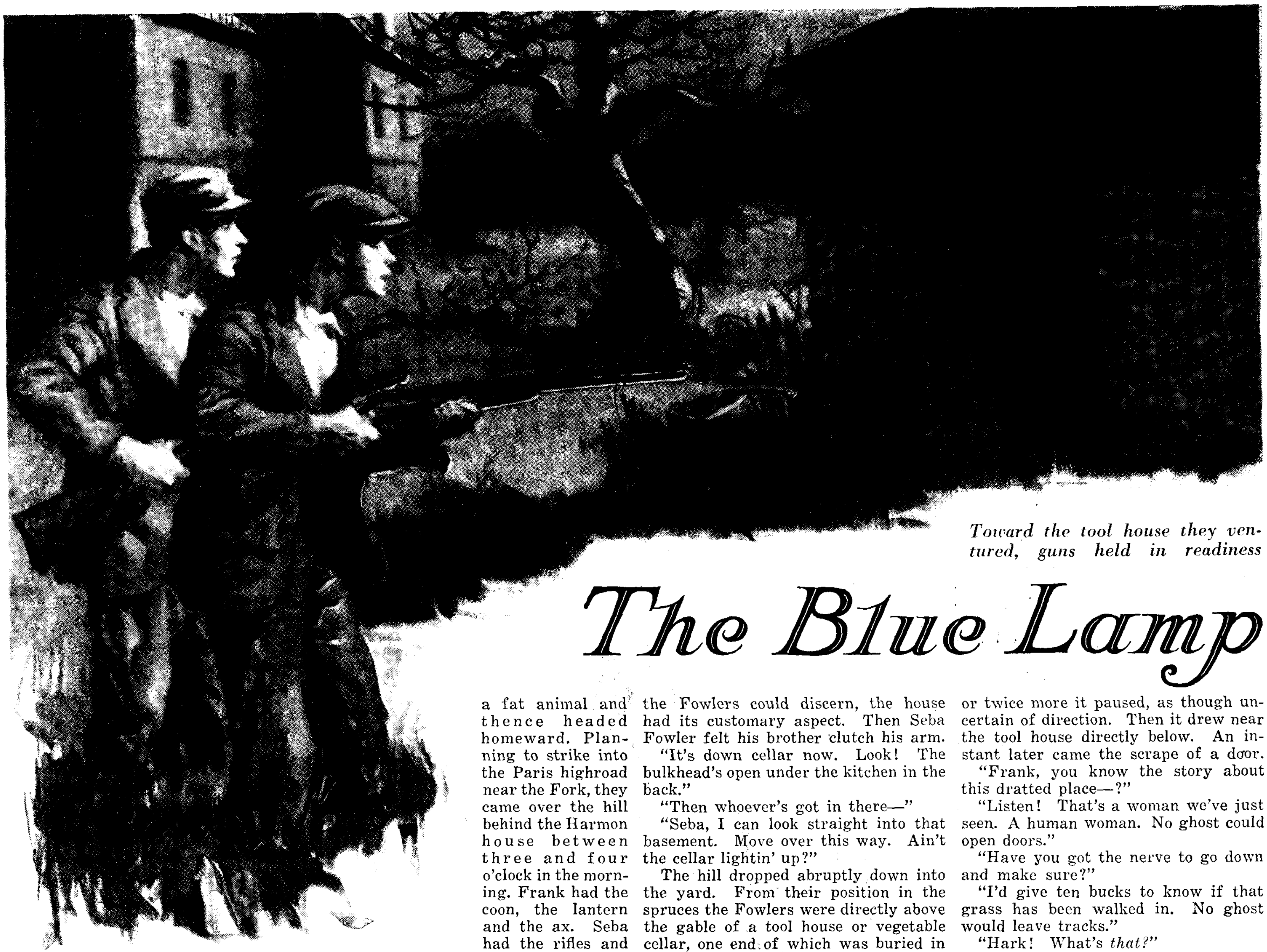


Toward the tool house they ventured, guns held in readiness

The Blue Lamp

By WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY

Illustrated by COURTNEY ALLEN

The Story Thus Far:

TWENTY years ago a wealthy girl, Mary Harmon, and her fiancé, Count Briskow, dined with Dr. Hawkins, a struggling bacteriologist. Returning home she was seized by a strange lethargy, and was in bed the next day. Briskow called and, at her request, Hawkins, with whom Briskow then had a violent quarrel. Mary and Hawkins disappeared. "Abduction," was the Count's verdict. Ajax Hubbard, the family attorney, who refused to talk, soon died. He died before the investigations were completed.

In Vermont a woman passing the empty Harmon country house saw a light, but search revealed only a humpback sent by Hubbard to make alterations and dig a well. Then Briskow, returning to Europe, saw Hawkins on the boat. Hawkins jumped overboard.

Later a letter from Mary Harmon to Hubbard was found in the Harmon house in Vermont. She alluded to mysterious spells and said that "Dr. Hawkins has done all he can," and that she "prefers to go quietly."

Twenty years after, Jacob Gleason, driving past the house, was frozen with fear. The voice of a black figure calling for the body of her daughter floated up to him. A few minutes later a blue light gleamed inside the house and a voice wailed.

FRANK FOWLER and his younger brother Seba were the next two persons to behold the blue lights. Strangely enough, they saw them the same night as old Gleason.

The Fowler boys had been off hunting coons. On a stretch of deer bottom near the Wickford town line they had treed a fat animal and thence headed homeward. Planning to strike into the Paris highroad near the Fork, they came over the hill behind the Harmon house between three and four o'clock in the morning. Frank had the coon, the lantern and the ax. Seba had the rifles and three beagles on a leash. Topping the hill, they were about to weave a path down through sear, stunted spruces when the younger man halted and stared down the grade.

"Frank!" he called softly. "Do you see what I see? Look!"

"See what? Where?"

"A light in the Harmon house! Frank, there's some sort of lamp being lighted in the cupola!"

The brothers drew together and peered through the boughs. Frank cried nervously:

"It's *blue!* What is it?"

"And why's it lighted up there at this hour of the morning?"

They waited, watching tensely.

"It's gone!" cried Seba, squatting down weakly.

"Someone took it away. Good Lord, Seba, do you s'pose it's a *haunt?*"

Frank likewise crouched down. The three beagles fretted.

"This place has been closed ever since we were kids. You remember the story about the missin' heiress?"

"There it is again, Seba! The northwest window. Above the ell roof."

They saw the glow plainly between the shutters of the blinds. A moment it stayed, and then it died away. But again it reappeared in the room on the east.

"I've got a mind to bang off one of the guns," said Seba, "just to see what happens."

"No, keep quiet. Plenty may happen without us inviting it."

The glow died completely on the floor above stairs. Whereupon, in so far as the Fowlers could discern, the house had its customary aspect. Then Seba Fowler felt his brother clutch his arm.

"It's down cellar now. Look! The bulkhead's open under the kitchen in the back."

"Then whoever's got in there—"

"Seba, I can look straight into that basement. Move over this way. Ain't the cellar lightin' up?"

The hill dropped abruptly down into the yard. From their position in the spruces the Fowlers were directly above the gable of a tool house or vegetable cellar, one end of which was buried in an embankment. Straight in line with this gable the cellar's depth was visible. In it that eerie blue flame was now floating. One of the beagles started to yowl. . . .

"Stop it!" cried Frank. He cuffed the dog sharply.

But cuffing the dog did not keep it from growling. The other two beagles lifted their voices. Instantly, with this canine chorus resounding in the Fork, the glow in the basement was drowned in swift darkness.

"Seba—did—someone—blow it out?"

"I'd say so, yeah!"

"Look, Seba! My gawd! *Somethin's risin' from out that cellar bulkhead!*"

THEIR hearts throttled down; Seba's nearly stopped. From that bulkhead's pit a wraith was coming out. It was whitish, vague, hesitant. It paused halfway out and stood searching the yard. Frank cackled softly:

"If that ain't a spook, then we'll never see another!"

"Shush! Let's see what it d-d-does."

"Seba, it's a woman. An old woman! Her hair's all white. Lord, oh, Lord!"

"That's not hair. It's some sort of veil."

The figure mounted higher. It moved out in the yard. There it stood for a time in ear-splitting silence, looking at the fixtures between ell and rear hill—two or three apple trees, a pile of old lumber, the roofed-over well which Wrightson had dug, a matted grape arbor, some weather-grayed crates.

Slowly from one to the other of these the "specter" finally floated, brushing rank grass that came to its knees. Once or twice more it paused, as though uncertain of direction. Then it drew near the tool house directly below. An instant later came the scrape of a door.

"Frank, you know the story about this dratted place—?"

"Listen! That's a woman we've just seen. A human woman. No ghost could open doors."

"Have you got the nerve to go down and make sure?"

"I'd give ten bucks to know if that grass has been walked in. No ghost would leave tracks."

"Hark! What's *that?*"

"Sounded like she'd tipped over something in the tool house—or run against something and mebbe fallen down."

TENSELY they waited for the spook to reappear. The minutes ticked away—three, four, five. . . .

"What the devil's become of her?" Frank cried at length.

"I say we go down. We've got guns and the dogs."

Frank laughed nervously. "A lot o' good these pups 'd be, trackin' down a ghost."

"Thought you claimed it was a woman? Well, s'pose we tie 'em up. We can leave 'em here with the coon and the lantern."

No ghost recurring, they tied up the beagles. With the coon in a spruce tree, they picked up their guns and crept down the grade.

The back yard was choked with rank vegetation; gnarled pear and plum trees in addition to the apple, thick clumps of briers, frowsy lilacs, coarse rhubarb, wild mustard. But no more phantom or other signs of life. Seba faced his brother.

"Then she's still in the tool house!"

"Let's get in [illegible]ose. S'pose we call out."

They entered the yard, hearts bumping their ribs. Toward the tool house they ventured, guns held in readiness.

"Don't forget, Frank, that the humpback named Wrightson—"

Seba never finished. He fell over a tub.

In that instant, from the interior of the tool house, *the night stillness was shattered by a scream.*

It was high-pitched, long-drawn, horrible; the shack might have held a banshee in torture.

The Fowler boys froze. Frank dropped his gun.

The scream came again.

It lifted the hair, throttled the heart, curdled the blood.

FRANK and Seba Fowler found themselves in action. They did not stand on the order of their going. Neither did they bother to return up the hill. Their sense of direction failed utterly to function. To get from those premises with swiftness and dispatch galvanized them madly and sent them leaping obstacles.

The chief of these obstacles was the fence along the road. Seba clutched his brother as they sprinted toward the "tunnel."

"Frank—the dogs—the coon—"

"Devil take the dogs! They can't get away."

"But the coon—"

"The last thing I can use right now is a coon. *My gawd, what a yell!*"

Not till the tunnel was behind them did the two slow for breath. Halfway up the grade they lighted cigarettes. Then eastward toward Paris they began walking briskly.

The first factory whistles were blowing as a puzzled and somewhat disgruntled attorney came down in a dressing gown to confront two Fowlers.

He was a tall, lank, grizzled old Vermonter, Squire Butterworth, with moth-eaten hair and bushy gray eyebrows. A battered skullcap was set on one temple. He heard the story with a scowl down his forehead.

"If it's any human woman," he declared, sitting on the railing with his back against a post, "I can tell you right now she's there without my knowledge."

"We thought it was a human woman when we heard her open that door," Frank responded. "But after that yowl—!"

Squire Butterworth's wife appeared at the door.

"Jake Gleason is on the tellyphone," she announced to her husband. "Seems all crazed up 'bout seein' a ghost."

"A what?"

"At the Harmon place last night—at Echo Fork."

The three exchanged glances. So Jake had seen it too!

"You'd better come in and talk with him yourself. He's so plumb excited he's all tied in his tongue."

The squire went indoors and remained several minutes. When he came out his eyes showed concern.

"I'm goin' out there myself! You boys grab some breakfast and let me eat mine. Then hunt up Sheriff Crumpett. If you get anyone else to go along, mind they keep their traps shut. We don't want all Paris to be botherin' any woman who might prove she's got the right there."

The Fowlers found the sheriff opening Boland's cigar store. They likewise picked up Paul Lyman, local reporter on the Paris Daily Telegraph. Three quarters of an hour later, in the Fowler flivver, they added the squire on their way out East Main Street.

Arriving at the Fork at a quarter after seven, they discovered Jacob Gleason; his shaggy white mare was tied by the gate, her tail swishing flies as she nibbled at the bushes.

"Th' back bulkhead's open!" old Jacob greeted them.

"We know it," answered Frank. "*She* came out of it last night."

"Let's look to the front doors first," Squire Butterworth suggested, averting a rehearsal of the Fowlers' experience. "If a lady's asleep on the premises, we shouldn't be takin' her too much by surprise."

They entered the yard.

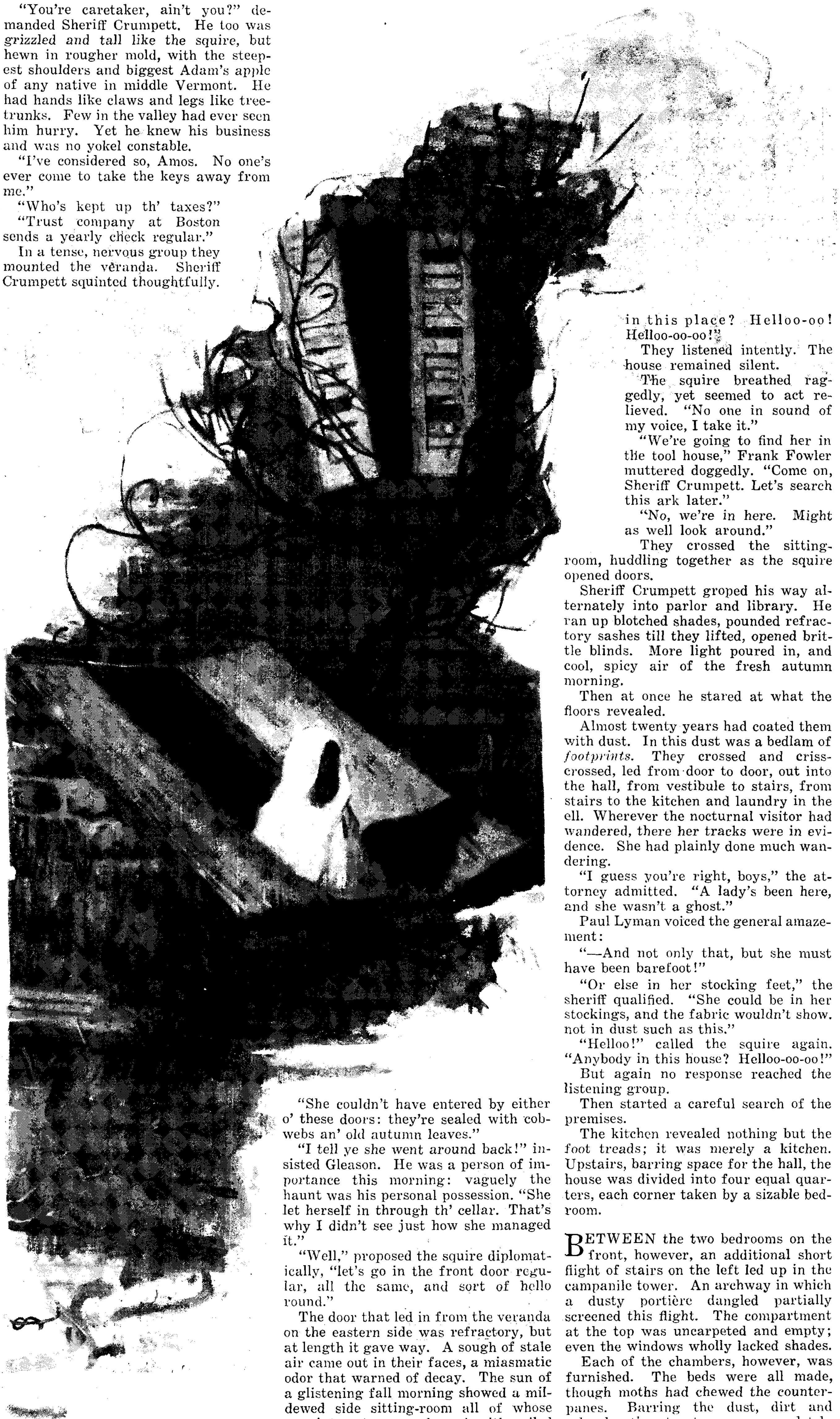
"You're caretaker, ain't you?" demanded Sheriff Crumpett. He too was grizzled and tall like the squire, but hewn in rougher mold, with the steepest shoulders and biggest Adam's apple of any native in middle Vermont. He had hands like claws and legs like tree-trunks. Few in the valley had ever seen him hurry. Yet he knew his business and was no yokel constable.

"I've considered so, Amos. No one's ever come to take the keys away from me."

"Who's kept up th' taxes?"

"Trust company at Boston sends a yearly check regular."

In a tense, nervous group they mounted the veranda. Sheriff Crumpett squinted thoughtfully.



Seba's heart nearly stopped. . . . The wraith paused halfway out and stood searching the yard

"She couldn't have entered by either o' these doors: they're sealed with cobwebs an' old autumn leaves."

"I tell ye she went around back!" insisted Gleason. He was a person of importance this morning: vaguely the haunt was his personal possession. "She let herself in through th' cellar. That's why I didn't see just how she managed it."

"Well," proposed the squire diplomatically, "let's go in the front door regular, all the same, and sort of hello round."

The door that led in from the veranda on the eastern side was refractory, but at length it gave way. A sough of stale air came out in their faces, a miasmatic odor that warned of decay. The sun of a glistening fall morning showed a mildewed side sitting-room all of whose appointments were draped with soiled sheeting. Dust covered everything. Some plaster had fallen.

"Helloo!" called the squire. "Anybody in this place? Helloo-oo! Helloo-oo-oo!"

They listened intently. The house remained silent.

The squire breathed raggedly, yet seemed to act relieved. "No one in sound of my voice, I take it."

"We're going to find her in the tool house," Frank Fowler muttered doggedly. "Come on, Sheriff Crumpett. Let's search this ark later."

"No, we're in here. Might as well look around."

They crossed the sitting-room, huddling together as the squire opened doors.

Sheriff Crumpett groped his way alternately into parlor and library. He ran up blotched shades, pounded refractory sashes till they lifted, opened brittle blinds. More light poured in, and cool, spicy air of the fresh autumn morning.

Then at once he stared at what the floors revealed.

Almost twenty years had coated them with dust. In this dust was a bedlam of *footprints*. They crossed and criss-crossed, led from door to door, out into the hall, from vestibule to stairs, from stairs to the kitchen and laundry in the ell. Wherever the nocturnal visitor had wandered, there her tracks were in evidence. She had plainly done much wandering.

"I guess you're right, boys," the attorney admitted. "A lady's been here, and she wasn't a ghost."

Paul Lyman voiced the general amazement:

"—And not only that, but she must have been barefoot!"

"Or else in her stocking feet," the sheriff qualified. "She could be in her stockings, and the fabric wouldn't show. not in dust such as this."

"Helloo!" called the squire again. "Anybody in this house? Helloo-oo-oo!"

But again no response reached the listening group.

Then started a careful search of the premises.

The kitchen revealed nothing but the *foot* treads; it was merely a kitchen. Upstairs, barring space for the hall, the house was divided into four equal quarters, each corner taken by a sizable bedroom.

BETWEEN the two bedrooms on the front, however, an additional short flight of stairs on the left led up in the campanile tower. An archway in which a dusty portière dangled partially screened this flight. The compartment at the top was uncarpeted and empty; even the windows wholly lacked shades.

Each of the chambers, however, was furnished. The beds were all made, though moths had chewed the counterpanes. Barring the dust, dirt and cobwebs, the structure was completely fitted for occupancy. Between the two bedrooms at the back the paper showed spoilage where (*Continued on page 38*)

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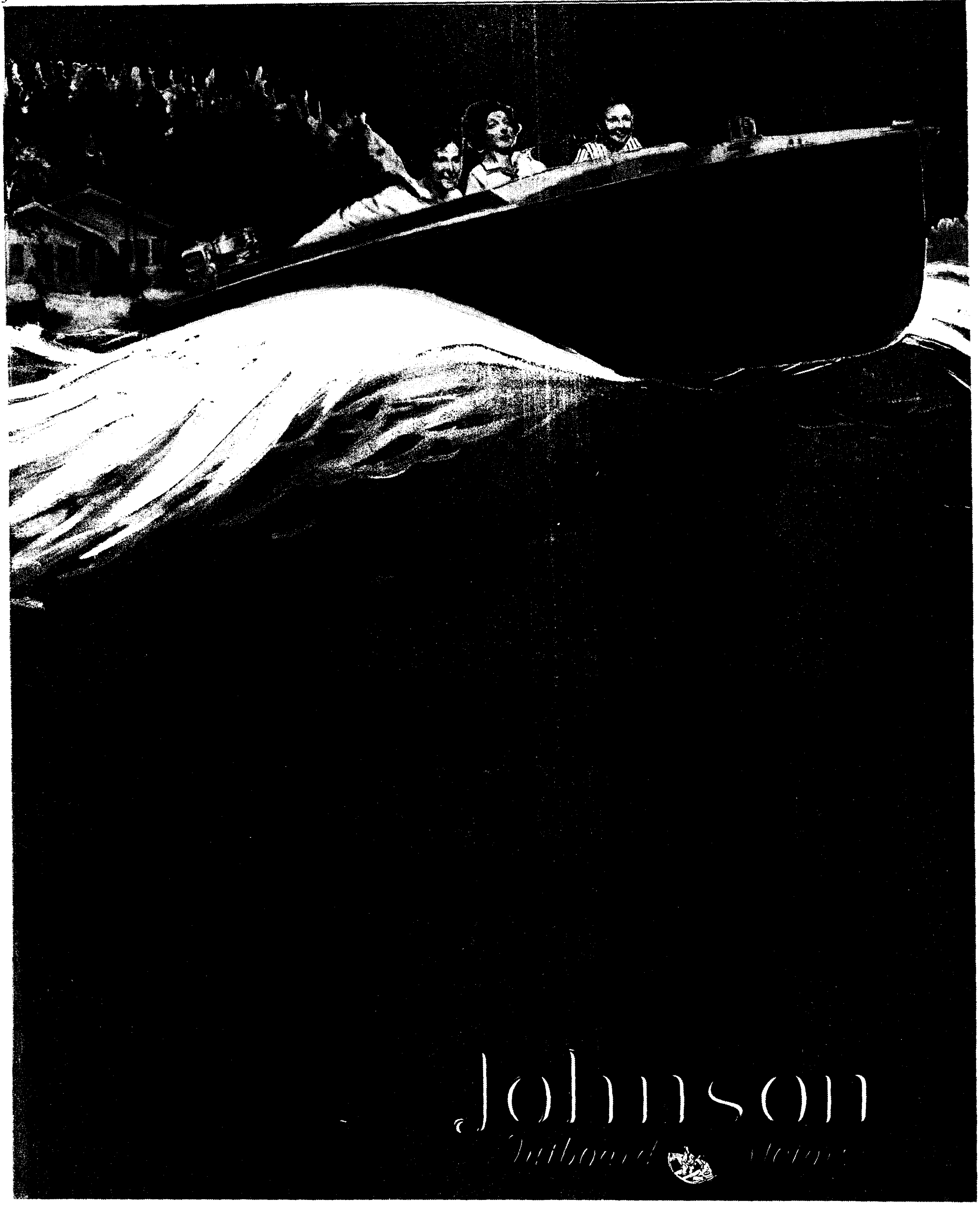
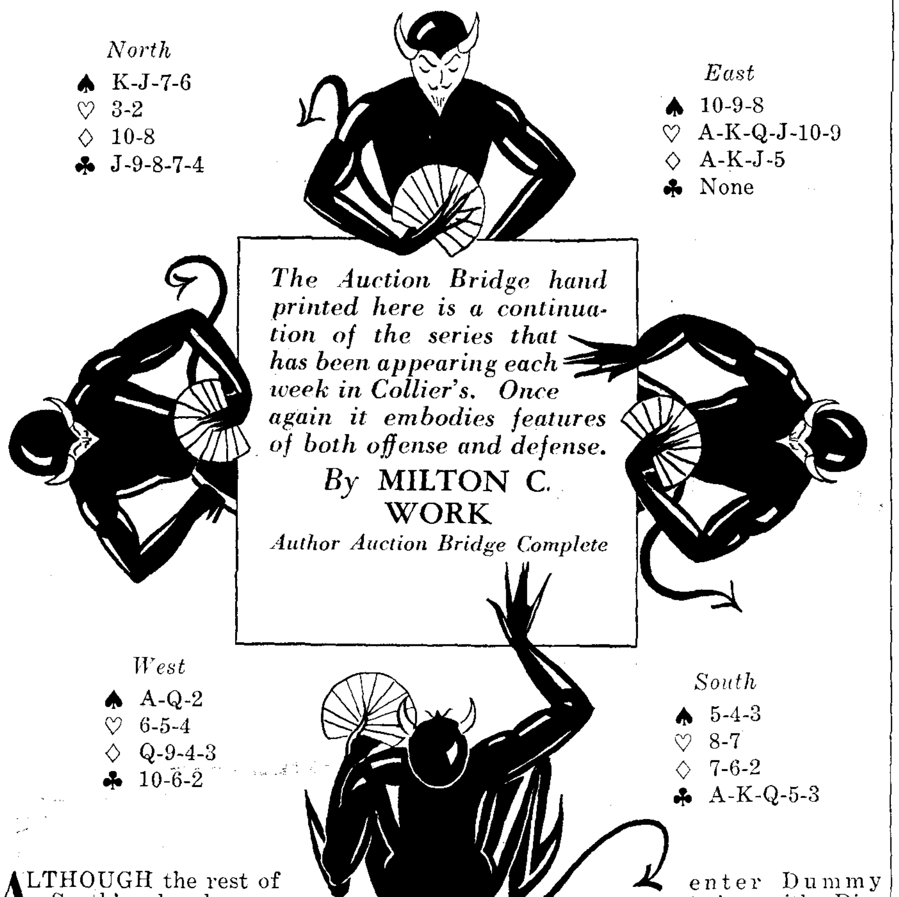
JOHNSON HAS GIVEN WINGS TO WATER TRAVEL


Johnson
Outboard Motors

MORE THAN HALF THE OUTBOARD MOTORS THAT ARE SOLD ARE JOHNSONS

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?



North
♠ K-J-7-6
♡ 3-2
◇ 10-8
♣ J-9-8-7-4

East
♠ 10-9-8
♡ A-K-Q-J-10-9
◇ A-K-J-5
♣ None

The Auction Bridge hand printed here is a continuation of the series that has been appearing each week in Collier's. Once again it embodies features of both offense and defense.

By MILTON C. WORK

Author Auction Bridge Complete

West
♠ A-Q-2
♡ 6-5-4
◇ Q-9-4-3
♣ 10-6-2

South
♠ 5-4-3
♡ 8-7
◇ 7-6-2
♣ A-K-Q-5-3

ALTHOUGH the rest of South's hand was worthless, he bid one Club, which would have been justified even if the Queen of Clubs had been a small card of that suit. With his Ace-King-Queen at the top and one more small Club at the bottom, he might have made the initial two-bid which announces a suit of six cards or more headed by Ace-King-Queen. This two-bid is particularly advantageous when the remainder of the hand is valueless; when the strong six-card suit is a Major and some strength is held in the other Major, a one-bid probably is better, as partner then is more apt to announce himself if strong in the other Major. However, South had only five cards in his Club suit and therefore did not have a two-bid.

West passed and North, for several good reasons, made a preëmptive bid of four Clubs. North's hand was hopelessly weak at any declaration but Clubs, and, in spite of West's pass, South's bid combined with North's cards unpleasantly suggested game-going strength in the East and West hands. It was tempting to try three Clubs, but three of a Minor is apt to whet the bidding appetite of the adversaries by showing them that their opponents are trying to keep them from bidding; four is far more apt to preëmpt, but of course is correspondingly more dangerous.

In this hand East of course bid four Hearts and obtained the contract; he was much too strong to permit the preempting bid to shut him out.

The Play

SOUTH, opening against East's contract, led his King of Clubs, which East ruffed. East then led two rounds of trumps and was gratified to find that doing so exhausted all the adverse trumps and still left one in the Dummy hand; this proved to be most important.

The Declarer could see that the only tricks he might *lose* would be two Spades. He could not locate the King and Jack of that suit, although the preempting bid suggested that North held them. If both were held by South, Declarer could make a Grand Slam; if one by South and one by North, a Small Slam; if both by North (and this was what Declarer feared), he could make the Small Slam only by the aid of "elimination," which he could try without burning any bridges. In order to eliminate, he must exhaust Dummy's (West's) Clubs; and to do this he must enter Dummy twice with Diamonds. The chances were that this could be accomplished and without risk.

To tricks 4 and 5 Declarer led the Ace and King of Diamonds; when both adversaries followed, it was very simple for him to lead the Jack of Diamonds to trick 6 and overtake it with the Queen in Dummy. As the last adverse Diamond fell on this trick, an extra Diamond entry was established in Dummy without any risk. Trick 7, Declarer led a Club from Dummy and trumped it in Closed Hand; trick 8, the Five of Diamonds from Closed Hand won it with the Nine in Dummy; trick 9, Dummy's last Club for Closed Hand's third ruff.

Declarer now had reached the position at which he was aiming. He then proceeded (trick 10) to lead the Ten of Spades from Closed Hand, and when South did not cover, played a small Spade from Dummy, passing the trick up to North. This play insured a Small Slam for the Declarer. If North led a Club, Declarer would trump in one hand and discard in the other. If North led a Spade, it would be up to Dummy's Ace-Queen. If North refused to take the tenth trick, the Small Slam was at once assured. Declarer also was fortified in the event that South held both the King and Jack of Spades. If South covered the Ten with one of them, Dummy would win and put the Closed Hand back with a trump for the second Spade finesse.

The hand is an eminently practical illustration of the beauties of elimination. The player who did not understand this play, as soon as he exhausted the adverse trumps, would lead Spades twice from the Closed Hand, finesse both times, lose both times, and then complain about his hard luck.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North	*East*
S. 7-5-2	S. 6-4-3
H. A-Q-5	H. 10-7-4
D. 8-6-5	D. A-Q-10-4
C. K-J-7-4	C. 8-6-2

South	*West*
S. K-J-9-8	S. A-Q-10
H. K-J-3-2	H. 9-8-6
D. K	D. J-9-7-3-2
C. A-Q-10-9	C. 5-3

The Blue Lamp

Continued from page 36

a door had been cut, plainly the aperture effected by Wrightson.

"Well?" drawled the squire. He looked at the group.

Their failure thus far to apprehend an intruder now made old Jacob an ally of the Fowlers.

"You gotta admit we seen somebody," he argued. "An' most likely we'll find her down in the tool house."

"All right. Let's go down there."

Crushed weeds about the door showed plainly enough where the tool house had recently been opened. The squire grasped the hasp and jerked the door open.

White faces peered in.

The outhouse was empty. Nothing met their gaze but a badly rusted wheelbarrow, a pair of ancient barrels, a portion of a door—a shed door apparently—that had been thrown in there flat and been buried by old leaves. The walls were half stone for three or four feet; they were coated with moss and greenish with mold.

"I'll grant you the house was entered," said the squire. "But, natural or supernatural, the visitor's departed."

OF a week in autumn when news throughout New England was woefully sparse, an obscure rural hamlet leaped into metropolitan notoriety. Paris, Vt., burst out on the front pages of great daily newspapers with a wham! The country seemed due for a resuscitation of the notorious Harmon disappearance, now a score of years old.

Was the person whom Jake Gleason had encountered Mary Harmon grown old? She would be about forty-eight in that current year, rewrite men calculated. And yet they always came back to her pronouncement to Jacob—that she was searching for the "body of her child."

Wherefore it happened that a youth named Battles, son of the Joshua Battles who found the famous last letter of Mary Harmon, made his advent in the valley and promptly at his coming the mystery's aspect altered. For young James Battles met with an experience in the "haunted" premises beside which all others were as preface and prologue.

An agile lad in his twenties was Jimmy, with wavy brown hair and clean girlish jaw. Precociously wise in the ways of humankind, as he considered it behooved a militant young newspaper man to deport himself, trimly tailored, magnetic, aggressive, he crossed Boston Common of a morning in October, the day of his introduction to the mystery at the Fork, and got into Tremont Street.

With soft hat aslant over eager eyes, he reached a door in Summer Street and went whistling up worn stairs. An inimitable odor compounded of printer's ink, damp newsprint and paste permeated this building, and the lad breathed it deeply. He loved it, that smell. It was the physical exudation of a newspaper, epitomizing drama, exploration, excitement. Down a length of upper corridor was a door with glass panels. In block letters on this glass the words were visible:

SUNDAY SUPPLEMENT

Young Battles entered

An office in the northeast corner of this Sunday Room, partitioned off with windows, bore the designation:

MR. QUIGLEY

A young man came from it and saw Jimmy Battles.

"About time you showed up!" he bawled across the desks. "Quig's been layin' duck eggs, waitin' for you to get here."

A bony, undersized man, with greenish eye shade aslant his forehead, took a cob from his teeth at James Battles' entrance. He had mothy grayed hair and a queerly flattened nose. A thousand wrinkles puckered his countenance, and the stubble on his jowls showed a faint awn of white. He worked in his shirt sleeves. His vest was unbuttoned.

"Jimmy," he demanded, "how much nerve have you got? Real nerve? To face down a good scare?"

The boy had helped old Cassius Quigley home on too many nights to stand in much awe of the pug-nosed Sunday editor. "Well, every six weeks or so I generally find the grit to survive your threats to fire me—"

"No wise-crackin', Jimmy. I'm serious this mornin'. Haven't I heard that you came from Vermont?"

"*My folks lived there once, when I* was a kid."

"Paris, wasn't it?"

"A little burg northeast of Paris. Wickford!"

"H'm!—I s'pose you were too young to recall much about the famous Harmon mystery some twenty years ago?"

"Betcha life I recall it. Wasn't it my old man who found Mary Harmon's last letter?"

"Have you ever seen the Harmon place out at Echo Fork?"

"Yeah, I've been past it. My uncle, Sheriff Crumpett, pointed it out to me no later than last summer—"

"*Sheriff Crumpett's your uncle?*"

"Yeah, he's my mother's brother—or he was till she died—"

"What do you think about this so-called phantom who's appeared on the premises?"

"A lot of hokum. These haunts always are. Hunt down the rappings, and you find a loose shutter; run down the groans, and you bag some smart Aleck—"

"There's no rappings to this case or any groans either. A human woman, for some reason or other, has taken to stalking that abandoned summer place. I've got a hunch we haven't heard the last of the Harmon disappearance after all."

"That old woman the incubator inventor saw couldn't have been a real ghost. Ghosts never leave footprints."

"I don't say it's a real ghost, nor a disembodied spirit." The editor set the horrible stuff in his pipe bowl afire and waved out the match. "But some woman's gotten into that ark and why she's around there has the vitals of a story."

"She might be anyone from escaped lunatic to bootlegger."

Quigley cogitated.

"Yeah, that's very possible. But no matter. There's a Sunday story in this too good to pass up. Jimmy, I want you to go to Paris. *I want you to sleep in that house—alone—till you've got the mystery solved.*"

The youngster jolted.

"Sleep there! *Alone!*"

"You don't imagine ghosts walk for a grand stand?"

"WHO else has seen the ghost lately?"

"A man named Prouty, driving to Wickford one night in a flivver. Then a woman who took refuge on the porch to get shelter from a freak thunderstorm. At last Squire Butterworth saw her himself. He'd gone out there alone to tack up some signs."

"Where was she when the squire spotted her?"

"Climbing into the spruces on the hill behind the house. He dropped his No Trespass signs and took after her. But he lost her in the trees."

"Well," the lad laughed wryly, "I've gone up in airplanes for this Sabbath Fly-Swatter, and down in submarines. I've tried to solve murders and sat in at executions. I might as well end my brilliant career attempting to bag a she-ghost. Can I lug along a gun?"

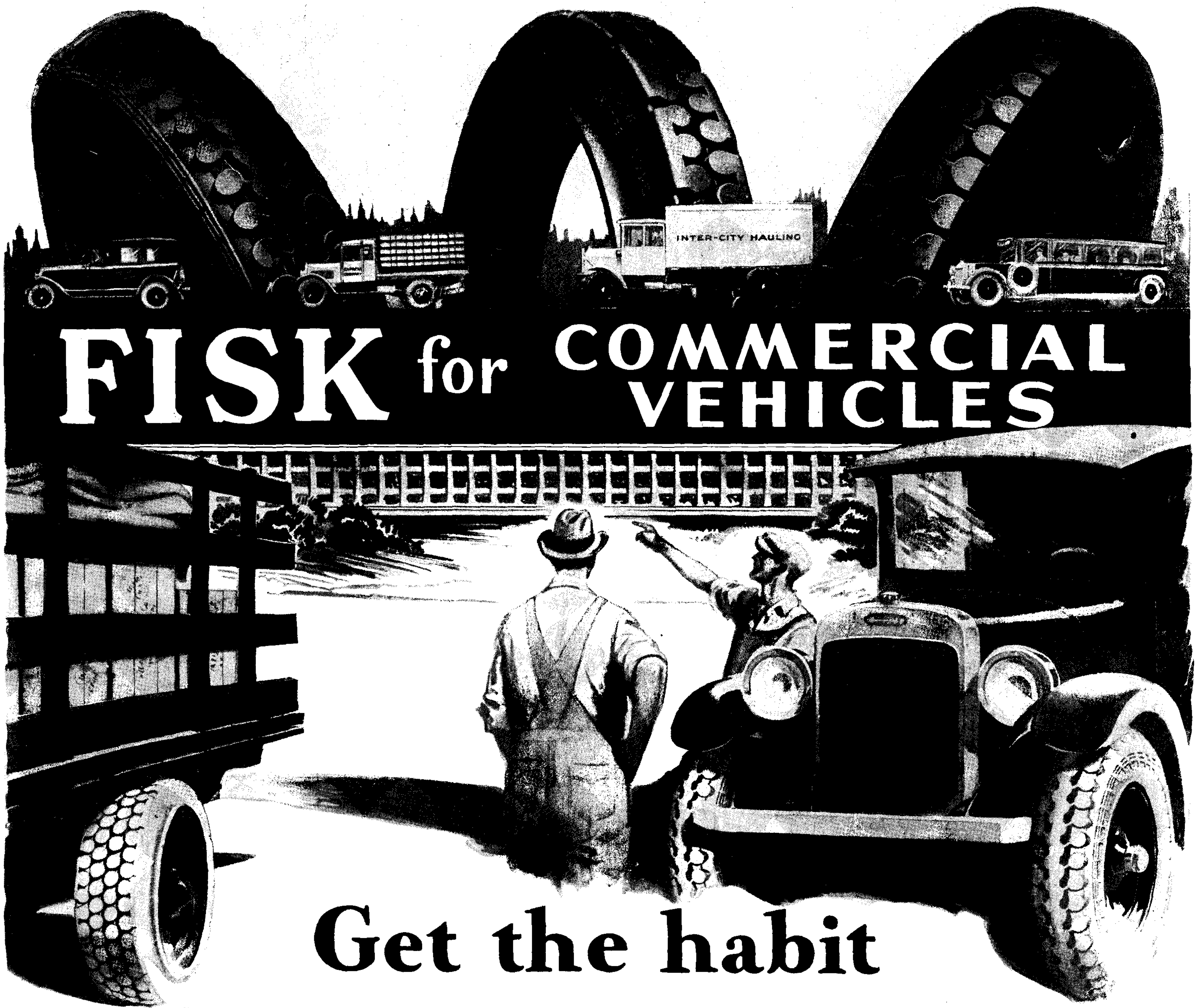
"Yes, if you've got one. But be careful how you use it."

Twenty minutes later Jimmy Battles descended to Summer Street, sought out a pawnshop and bought an automatic. He likewise bought cartridges and a strong pocket flashlight.

He caught the 10:15 train that left the North Station.

(*To be continued next week*)

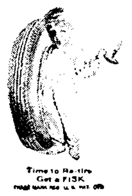
FISK Transportation Cord	**FISK** Solid Cushion	**FISK** Motor Coach Balloon


INTER-CITY HAULING
FISK for COMMERCIAL VEHICLES

Get the habit

LET the buying habits of big fleet operators guide you to real tire economy. Judge tires as they do, on a cost per mile basis.

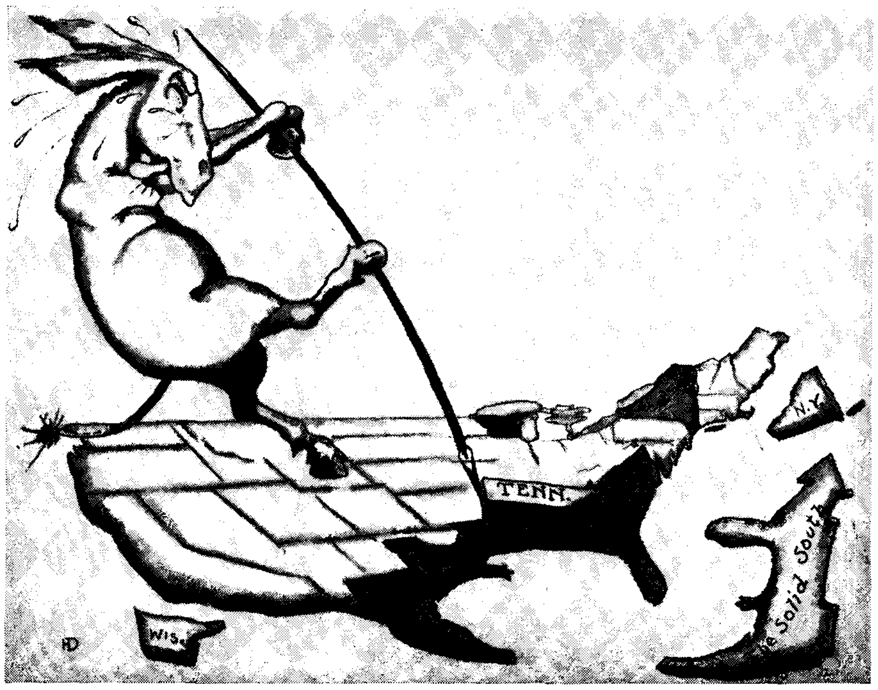
This habit will lead you to worth-while savings in operating expense, when it is "Time To Re-Tire".


Time to Re-tire
Get a FISK

Especially when you form the habit of saying "Put On Fisk"... Only a transportation specialist can advise you in the selection of the most suitable tires for commercial vehicles and the service in which they operate. Consult the nearest Fisk distributor.

Listen to the "Time to Re-Tire" Boys over WEAF and 36 stations every Monday evening

FISK TIRES



BY THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

The Luck of the Election

THE prospects of Governor Al Smith have changed astoundingly. A few months ago many people thought he could not be nominated at all. At this writing it seems certain that he will be nominated not later than the third ballot, and it may be clear by the time this is being read that he will be nominated on the first ballot to be taken at Houston, Tex.

He will carry all the Southern states, and he has a good chance to carry both Kentucky and Tennessee. A year or so ago I wrote that his nomination was likely but that it was impossible to see how he could be elected.

Today he has at least a fair chance of carrying the following states: Alabama, 12 electoral votes; Arizona, 3; Arkansas, 9; Connecticut, 7; Delaware, 3; Florida, 6; Georgia, 14; Illinois, 29; Kentucky, 13; Louisiana, 10; Maryland, 8; Massachusetts, 18; Mississippi, 10; Missouri, 18; Montana, 4; Nevada, 3; New Jersey, 14; New Mexico, 3; New York, 45; North Carolina, 12; Rhode Island, 5; South Carolina, 9; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 20; Virginia, 12; Wisconsin, 13. Total 312, which is 46 more than is necessary to elect.

In addition, with the disturbed situation in the farm states, Governor Smith has at least a chance of carrying Nebraska, 8; North Dakota, 5; South Dakota, 5; and Minnesota, 12.

Taking only the first list, with a total of 312 votes, Governor Smith may lose Kentucky, Tennessee and Wisconsin and still win. Or he may lose Illinois and either Kentucky, Tennessee or Wisconsin and win. He may fail to carry any combination of states on the first list with less than a total of 46 votes and win. And he has possibilities among the farm states on the second list which make it possible for him to lose even more than 46 votes on the first list and still win; that is to say, his candidacy presents very large possibilities of success.

The power with which he is sweeping on makes you wonder if quite a few people won't want to see him President.

Democrats Getting All the Breaks

THE election may turn on a couple of trivial circumstances, as trivial as Charles E. Hughes' failure to shake hands with Hiram Johnson in California on which the election of 1916 and a good deal of world history turned. One of these is the placing of the two "pineapples" (as Chicago calls bombs), one in Senator Deneen's doorway; the other in that of Judge Swanson.

Those two pineapples beat Big Bill Thompson's forces in Illinois and left Big Bill interested chiefly in hating his Republican opponents. So Illinois is now likely to be carried by Al Smith.

Another incident is Hoover's order ending the segregation of colored employees in the Census Bureau. That order is likely to lose for Mr. Hoover whatever chance he had of carrying the border states of Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri.

Those two incidents make Al Smith a formidable candidate for President. They may be set down as "breaks of the campaign." All the breaks so far have been against the Republicans. Besides the two just mentioned, there are the increase of unemployment, the further revelations in the oil scandals, the impossibility of passing a farm-relief measure and the complication in the Republican party which makes it virtually impossible for the Kansas City convention to choose a candidate for President who will be reasonably acceptable to all sections.

"President Hoover"

THERE is, of course, a big nominal Republican majority for the Democrats to overcome, and the religious issue works against Al Smith. But one can say that the New York governor is moving up toward a position in which he will have an even chance.

If you have any doubt of it, you have only to see how the Republicans are tearing their hair over farm relief.

From happy people who thought they could carry part of the South against Al Smith, the Republicans have become a worried lot, fearful that Al Smith will carry part of the West. What may turn out to be a good-sized panic in the party over the farm disaffection and the mess in Illinois is under way.

But the greater the panic the more determined the Administration forces will be to bring about the nomination of Secretary Hoover. The President confers with him on farm relief. His unconscious slip in referring to the Secretary as "President Hoover" recently reveals that he looks upon him as his inevitable successor. Most of his Cabinet is supporting Mr. Hoover. Mr. Mellon and Mr. Butler, the two most important Administration politicians not yet committed, realize that there is nowhere for them to go but to Mr. Hoover. The attack of the corn belt upon Mr. Hoover is an attack upon the Administration, and compels the Administration Republicans to support Mr. Hoover.

The party must either repudiate Mr. Hoover or take its chances on affronting the West. It won't repudiate the Administration.

The Lobby Shop

Continued from page 9

on earth was the use of giving widows and orphans sleepless nights by threatening their meager incomes? Also it's always fair weather when good fellows get together. Only a fool prays for rain when the crops are beckoning to the reaper.

And so more senators listened too long to reason and lined up with the side which was eager to let well enough alone—including the public utilities. The obnoxious resolution was almost done for. But wait.

Facts Were Coy

NOW, it must be understood that nothing tangible had been brought forward against these public-utility corporations. The Walsh faction talked of watered stock and excessively high rates. They talked at great length about electric power supplied from Niagara Falls by the Hydro-Electric Power Company of Ontario for two cents and the eight-cent juice provided by the American plants. They compared what government power from Muscle Shoals would cost and what electricity manufactured by the Alabama Power Corporation was costing. Quite a difference too. Four cents a kilowatt hour, in fact.

But there was no definite evidence that anybody was plain crooked. Senator Walsh could only hurl innuendo. Facts remained characteristically coy.

He looked, not unnaturally, for the stanch support of his fellow Democrats. He saw his fellow Democrats, Southerners and Northerners, desert him. Now, what happened to some Southern Democrats who abandoned him at the last moment I leave to a Southern senator who told me.

"They came to me," he began.

"Who came to you?" I interrupted.

"Oh, not the lobbyists," he said. "Not the lobbyists, but folks from down home. Who got them together is of no consequence. They came to me and said that twenty-five million Yankee dollars were in our state electric-power corporation, and that while it was getting eight cents a kilowatt hour and was probably a bit watery in its books, still and all the state couldn't afford to have those twenty-five million Yankee dollars fooled with. Well, sir, I can listen to reason of that sort.

"But that isn't all. Y'see, there's a heap of Democrats who are thinking that the party's got a chance this coming fall. Not the men who are always hollering the party's got a chance, when it ain't got the chance of a rabbit around Thanksgiving, but men with money and interests at stake.

"They put it to me this way: 'If Walsh's resolution went through and we got digging around, the chances are that any public-utility corporations that had anything to hide would hide it before we got near it. Also there'd be a bad slump in the stock market, anyway. We just had one, although that wouldn't have been a circumstance to what could happen if the big public-utility corporations decided to reorganize, or something, and play hell with its outstanding common stock.'

"Anyway, they put it like this: 'If anything like that happened, the country'd say that's what comes of letting the Democrats fool with business.' See? Well, they said to me that there was no use aiming at the moon when the White House was so handy, and the moon not even out. Not this year, anyway. Of course the opposition paper's saying that I was bought up by the public utilities. Huh, I ain't bought up! Nobody was bought up. They just back-fired us."

"Who back-fired you?"

"Well, sir," pondered the senator, "to tell the truth, damned if I know. I don't know that any more than I know what's going on in the public utilities. Just naturally back-fired, I was. That's all. My friend, a senator don't amount to shucks at times. If you ask me how I'm feeling, I'd say I'm feeling just sorta swept up."

I have mentioned the Anti-Saloon League as a back-fire lobby. Grouped with that efficient, persuasive body, in this indirection in politics, are such as the Woman's Christian Temperance Union; the various congressional and legislative committees of those Protestant churches most closely allied with the prohibition movement and standing for drastic moral reforms (blue laws); the women's organizations—the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the Women's Congressional Committee and so on. Until it elected to retire its sheets and hoods for woodbine and leafy garland, the Ku Klux Klan practiced the back-home menace upon its legislators. In brief, almost all of the large organizations reared on social foundations use the back-fire method in stalking results.

The social lobby! Here is the delicately brutal scene. Here we behold men bedeviled into voting contrary to their convictions. Here we have indirect attack of the most insidious, the most infuriating sort. Here, if you want to know it, lies the secret of the hatred of the congressional small fry for lobbies in general. And no wonder.

For the most part the social lobby works upon the women and children first. It is perfectly true that only a limited number of congressional aspirants strain to that farthest north of Washington society, that Alice Roosevelt Longworth set; but, then, many of our socially ambitious congressional wives are not only well stocked with wisdom but are content with lower latitudes of social achievement. There is no wisdom like that of knowing oneself.

Politically the social lobby is a bone-angling affair. Your little town's big man is elected to Congress, and he moves into Washington with the home trumpets still blaring in his ears. With him are his wife and daughter, and while the former has manifested no sign to her neighbors, she is nevertheless rioting in her heart at the prospect of indulging social desires of long standing.

You hear in Washington sundry tales, all converging to a main point, which is that the socially ambitious wife will be catered to, flattered, presented and otherwise captured by men and women who have as their objective a control upon the husband in Congress.

A situation arises where votes are hard to command. The congressman's wife is filled with the arguments of the side for which the social lobby is working. It is not hard to win her. She has been squired by noblemen and Social Register lions who may not be working units of the social lobby, but who are, nevertheless, present at these functions to which she has been invited through the social lobby.

Madame is Humiliated

SUDDENLY she is dropped. She finds herself not invited to an affair upon which she has set her heart. She learns why and it is rarely that she does not pass the bad news to her husband, who has resisted all the pressure on Capitol Hill. There are instances when he too has enjoyed social favor, and he with his wife laments this sudden coldness where once they enjoyed warmth.

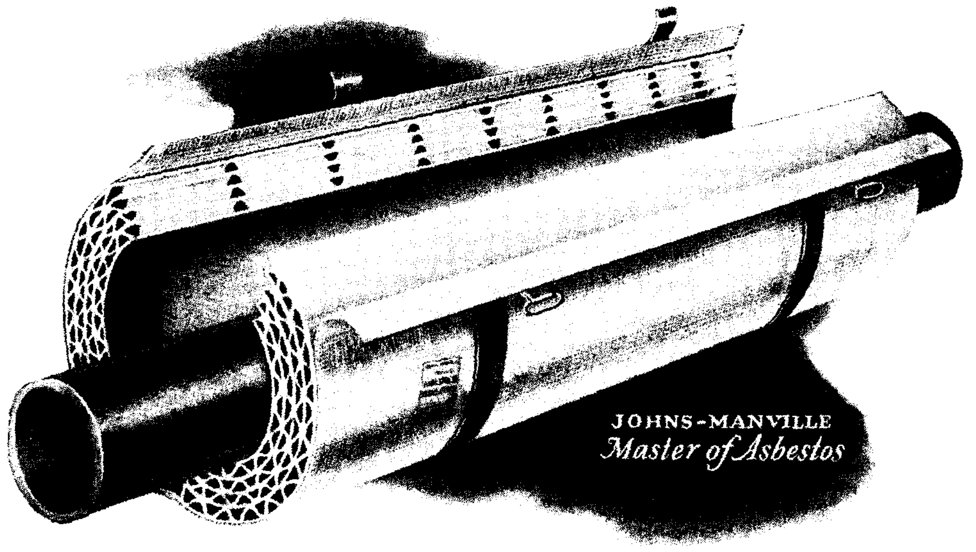
Frequently the beset statesman yields. He may scoff at first, unthinking that others have tried to scoff off the Washington social lobby, but Madame is crestfallen, humiliated. Not wholly in her own behalf (although heaven knows she is suffering); but think of the menace hovering over the children—particularly the débutante daughter—who are in schools so exclusive that entrance is achieved by bribery. Even they might suffer social ostracism. And all because Father won't vote for the abolition of the inheritance tax, which assessment must be wrong because such desirable people are against it.

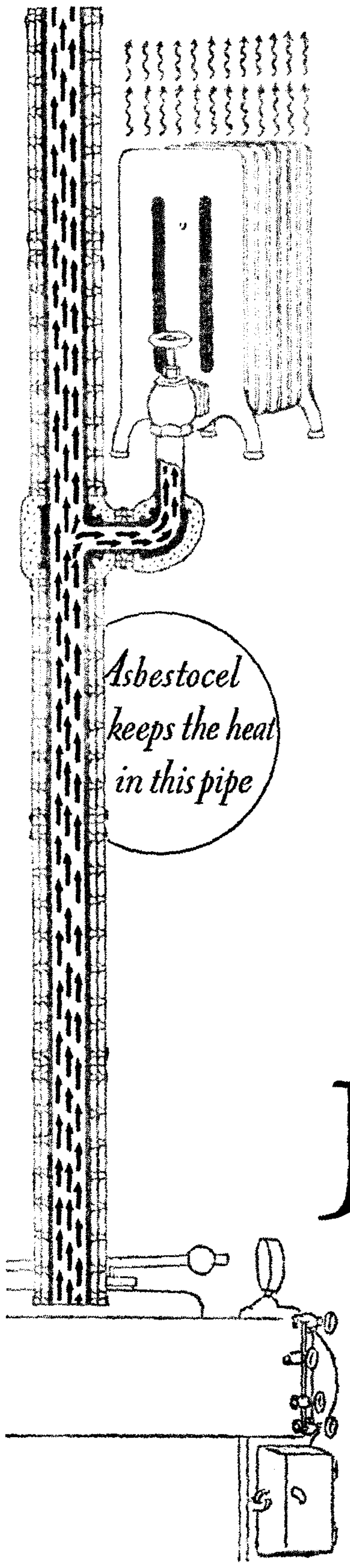
No one knows how many times the badgered statesman yields simply that

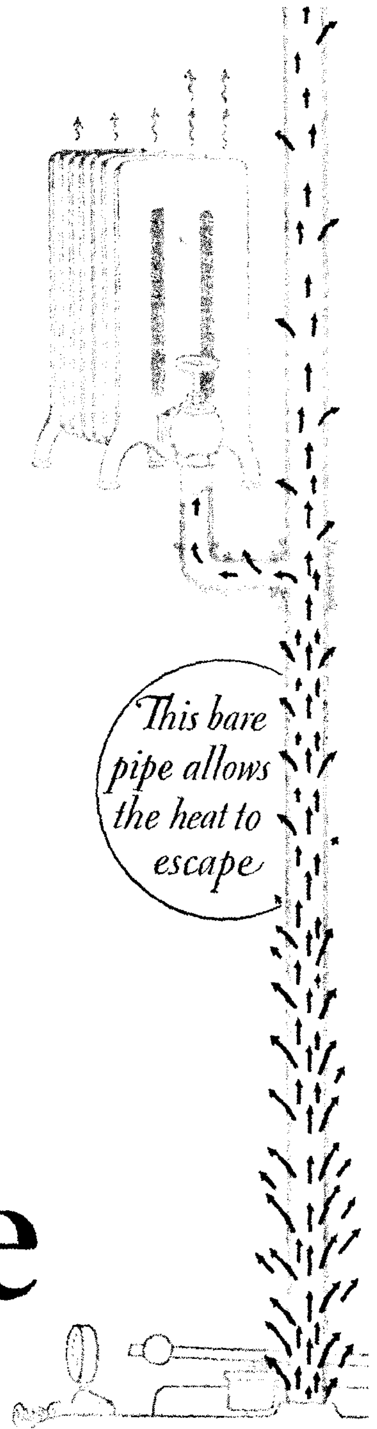
(Continued on page 42)

Can Your House be kept Warm at Reasonable Cost?

Improved Asbestocel is an insulating covering for heater pipes. Dead air cells, enclosed in asbestos by a patented construction, reduce fuel costs




Asbestocel keeps the heat in this pipe


This bare pipe allows the heat to escape

YOU naturally must consider the location, the general appearance and many other points before you decide to buy a house.

Among those of first importance—yet often overlooked—is this question—can the house be kept warm at a reasonable cost?

The boiler may be of the newest design. The steam or hot water pipes may be properly placed. Yet you cannot heat the house without wasting fuel, unless the pipes are insulated with Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel.

When you build your house you will, of course, see that the heater pipes are insulated. But when you buy a house the Improved Asbestocel may have been left out. That will mean many dollars loss, through fuel wasted, many hours of discomfort due to improperly heated rooms.

A pipe alone is not really a passageway for heat. The metal radiates the heat into the cellar, the walls or other useless places. Without insulated pipes you may sometimes keep a house warm, but you will pay for it and pay a stiff price in coal that is as much thrown away as if you tossed it into the ash pile direct from the bin.

With Improved Asbestocel applied the pipes become a confined highway for heat. Held in by asbestos fibres and air cells the heat flows without waste to the radiators—it is just the same whether you use hot water or steam. Asbestocel means more heat from less fuel. Something white wrapped around a pipe does not necessarily mean Improved Asbestocel. Johns-Manville, pioneer developer of asbestos, makes this insulation. It is scientifically designed. It is made of real asbestos. It insures the maximum of heat saving. Insist upon Improved Asbestocel.

The Red Band Identifies It

Before insulation is applied, look for the red band in the inner surface of the end of each section. That shows it is Asbestocel. No other product has the same arrangement of air cells separated by Asbestos.

A heat pipe without Improved Asbestocel is like a porous water pipe. It is one continuous leak. If buying or renting, be sure also that the boiler itself has a proper coating of asbestos cement.

Johns-Manville

Improved Asbestocel

SHINGLES AND BRAKE LININGS
OF ENDURING ASBESTOS

Roofs that never fail... From Asbestos rock Johns-Manville fashions sturdy shingles, colorful, everlasting and fireproof. These shingles are the logical roofing for every home. As a new roof they make the first roofing cost the only cost. For repairing you re-roof for the last time if you use Johns-Manville Asbestos Shingles. The colors of these shingles never fade; rain, sun and fire will not harm them. They give a cottage greater charm, or add to the distinction of a house.

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Gentlemen:
Send me your free booklet, "More Heat from Less Fuel."

Name ____________________

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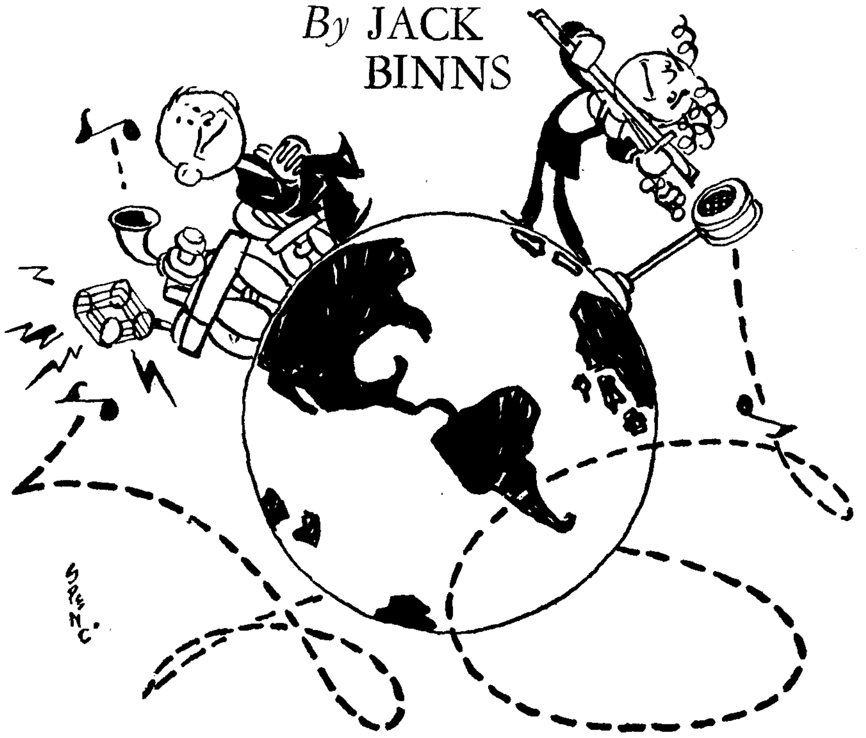
By JACK BINNS



Hitting *the* High *spots*

ONE of the peculiarities of very short wave radio is the tendency of the wave to travel completely around the world so that the second lap signal interferes with the first lap through the slight time difference between them. The waves travel at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. *Another peculiarity is the "skip-distance effect."* For instance, a 20-meter wave may be received very strongly 2,000 miles away from the transmitter and not be heard at a distance of 200 miles.

It is here again that the Heaviside Layer gets in its real work. Among scientists it is now generally believed that the short waves shoot off at a tangent and penetrate the layer very deeply before they are reflected back again to hit the earth at a tangent in accordance with the angle of reflection.

In two-thousand-mile skip-distance, therefore, a wave going completely around the world would hit the earth in twelve places during the first lap. On the second lap it might be twelve different places. So you see we never know how many times a short-wave signal has danced around this mundane sphere when we pick it up on our pet short-wave Perplexodyne receiving set.

Decisive Decision

THE radio critic of a New York newspaper in reviewing a radio debate concludes thus: "The figures with which both speakers strengthened their arguments were in every case diametrically opposite, so that the discussion could only be decided by doubting one or the other."

The Tribune may have a fine critic, but the World is losing a born arbitrator.

It's No Thrill to Him

A NOTED Frenchman, Edouard Branly, discovered that electro-magnetic, or Hertzian, waves caused metal filings that were lying loosely between two conductors to cohere. This observation, thirty-six years ago, resulted in the "coherer," the first radio detector, and ultimately led to the brilliant work of Marconi in developing wireless communication.

Branly is truly one of the pioneers of radio.

Today this famous Frenchman does not own a radio receiver, and in an interview declared he is not even interested in one.

Topsy-Turvy Talk

HERE'S some good news for the members of the Society for the Suppression of Sopranos. A machine has been devised that inverts speech in such manner that a soprano automatically becomes a deep bass and a basso-profundo is turned into a coloratura soprano. All that the S. S. O. S. has to do now is to switch the machine on the sopranos and let the bassos take their natural course.

The ingenious device has been perfected in the Bell Laboratories and is described by Clyde R. Keith in the Record of that organization. He suggests that it is now possible to make an entirely new language by means of the inverted speech. By way of example he says that the phrase "Illinois Telephone Association" after inversion sounds thuswise: "Oyaneon Playafiend Accilofin."

What happens is that the voice is completely turned around so that normal low frequencies become high-pitched tones and the high tones become grunting sounds.

There is no doubt the device offers real possibility of developing a secret telephone system that might be valuable for such services as those involved in the transatlantic radio telephone, since the inverted speech is readily reverted back to the original.

Persuasive Purchasing

NANCY ANN of WMCA, New York, has established a new feature known as "The Air Shopper." She makes purchases for radio fanettes who find it impossible to come into town.

It's a great scheme, but I can see where Nancy isn't going to be so popular with those suburban husbands who have just arrived at the irreducible minimum after weeks of agonizing toil with income-tax blanks and violent conflict with their consciences.

Were Again Together

FOR the past couple of weeks I've been looking all over town for some of the Pastafazoola the radio duos and quartettes are singing about.

If it will do all the things the song alleges, it ought to help me put new life in the column and revitalize my poor old Complexodyne.

The Lobby Shop

Continued from page 40

unity, peace and concord may continue to abide in his house. He may continue to persevere until wrangling sets in at home, and he may even fling his hand ceilingward and protest that he wants to go back to Bull's Bridge even if he doesn't mean it; but it occurs to him that after this even Bull's Bridge affords no sanctuary if his disappointed wife is there too.

Their Incomes Vary

THE reverse of the picture is not less entertaining. The social lobby can adopt a self-willed member of Congress and in the process so turn his head and soften his character that he not only loses contact with his constituency but roams out of touch with himself—wanders far from his original convictions. Often his constituency remedies this, but while he remains in Washington he plays and votes with the social lobby whether he realizes it or not.

The shyster lobby shop includes the free lances—former members of Congress, discards from larger lobbies, press agents, political riffraff, former secretaries of congressional committees, lawyers and former newspaper men.

Their incomes vary from the impressive to small grafting, according to their former positions in politics, their physical presence, the persuasiveness of their voice, their daring, mentality and gift for grafting.

Here you find a lawyer whose sole client is a business firm which hopes to regain millions from, say, the alien property custodian. He is paid enough to permit him a fashionable residence, a couple of expensive clubs and a luxurious existence for his family. He has been able to convince his client that he has the influence, that he has the knowledge, that he has the methods to wring money from the government. And he is able to maintain his bluff for quite a while.

Here is a former member of Congress who didn't earn $5,000 a year at home practicing law but who is making $25,000 in Washington by taking small retainers and fees from country postmasters who have lost government property, stamps principally, and seek to avoid reimbursing the Post Office Department as stipulated by law; from women seeking pensions and who lack the credentials required by the Pension Bureau; from rural manufacturers who yearn for water concessions from the War Department; from men who have failed to pass civil-service examinations and hope to be placed, anyway.

How can these simple clients know that this quack hasn't much more, if any more, influence than any one of them would have? He tells the pension seeker that he will have her pension passed by special legislation; that one of his former colleagues in Congress will introduce the bill. How can she know that every congressman comes to Washington every session with from twenty to fifty pension applications in his trunk, that he is allowed only two by special legislation, and that from this bale of applications his constituency has handed him he will have to select the two which in his opinion will do him the most good at home?

Here is a former secretary to a congressional committee who specializes in hopeless patent cases, taking care, however, never to let the prospective victim know, until there is no more money in sight, that the case is hopeless.

To their clients they are lobbyists; they whisper the word. In Washington they protest that they are not lobbyists but special representatives—or, if they have certification—lawyers. They operate on the contingent-fee basis, or, where they know the commission is hopeless, they will take retaining fees of whatever size they can get and then forget the whole business except to write an occasional letter to the victim.

"Here in Washington," said Senator Caraway, "there are lobbyists who are men and women of high character and who have valuable information to impart. Frequently they are helpful.

"But there is a large number of people who pretend to represent associations, or what not, and who are lobbyists in the most offensive sense of the word. They prey on the credulity of those who have an interest, or hope to have an interest, in what Congress shall do. They are utterly without influence; they obtain money under false pretenses and in their reports to their unfortunate clients resort to despicable lying.

"In the telephone directory in Washington you will find between 300 and 400 alleged associations. Many of them are fakes organized for the sole purpose of grafting a livelihood from well-intentioned people to whom they have sold themselves.

"Of every $100 contributed to these associations $99 get no farther than the pocket of the lobbyist. Outside of a dozen of these queer organizations, virtually every penny given to these promoters—lobbyists—is wasted.

"If the individual business man or the high-minded citizen who wishes to right what he thinks a wrong would investigate these lobbyists, to whom they give money so readily, they would understand that not only have they no chance of realizing on their investment, but that they are in a fair way to discredit their businesses and their causes. These lobbyists are offensive to every branch of the government.

"Fake agricultural associations, fake scientific bureaus, fake religious societies, fake temperance organizations, fake associations opposed to prohibition—graft and grafters and thousands of suckers to catch.

"We have former members of Congress preying on constituencies who have refused to reëlect them. Former members of the Senate have the privilege of the Senate floor, and there are those who misuse this privilege in the interests of lobbying. I have in mind one of these ex-senators in particular. He has become so offensive that it may be necessary to disbar him alone if we do not amend our rules and deny all of them the right to come and go as they elect. The House of Representatives is more fortunate; its former members do not have the privilege of the floor in that chamber. Yet they throng the corridors around the House doors.

"What have these former members to sell? Only this: by various methods they learn something of what Congress contemplates doing, and they rush out, consult their sucker-lists and bucket-shop keepers, sell to these gullible ones hopes of realizing something. God knows what."

The Answer is Evasive

THE question arises naturally: Why, if this is true, hasn't Congress adopted legislation which would force the lobbyist to register and give an accounting of his interests and his financial activities?

The answer is an evasive one. After all, you know, men and women have a constitutional right (and should have) to present their views to the legislatures. You can't forbid a constituent to address his congressman, and he has a right to speak as vigorously as he chooses.

Your lobbyist, they assure you, will not register. It is a matter of first catching your lobbyist. He will deny the appellation. Regulatory legislation, they say, will simply drive him to more mysterious ways. In New York State there is a lobbyist-registering law, and there are numerous complaints that it is openly flouted. California and Georgia have passed laws calling lobbying a felony; yet there are lobbyists in their capitals.

However, you find no opposition to the Caraway resolution in the legitimate national lobbies. Such organizations have nothing to hide.

Amazing! new REVOLUTIONARY $1,000,000 RAZOR

To give you the finest razor ever built, we spent a million dollars. Shave tomorrow with a $1,000,000 Valet AutoStrop—the new revolutionary razor that 21 years of research and effort developed. This is not just "another razor," but a completely new shaving principle. Self-adjusting, it fits the face and cuts the toughest beard without roughing the tenderest skin. Perfectly balanced. Feels good—*is good.* Use the new, long-life, Valetite-processed blade. Insert or remove instantly by pressing a button. It is locked in a non-flexing, vice-like grip that eliminates all vibration and "pull." New type guard lets you use the full shaving edge, set at a friendly angle. It sharpens itself on the improved strop. We want a million men telling other millions what an amazing razor the new Valet AutoStrop really is. For 30 days we are giving the razor and strop absolutely free with each purchase of 10 blades at the regular $1 price. Go now to your nearest dealer. Get yours before stocks are exhausted or offer expires and full price becomes effective. Supply is limited. Demand will be great. If your dealer cannot supply you during these 30 days, write to us direct. Never before has there been a razor like this. Get the true story yourself in front of your own mirror tomorrow morning.

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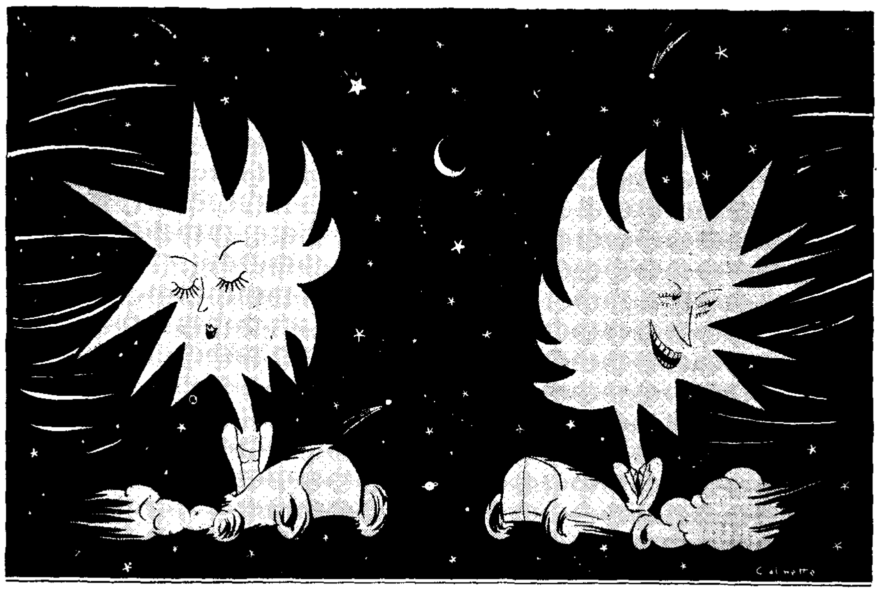


New Heavens?

By EDWIN E. SLOSSON

Director Science Service

THE universe appears to be running down like a clock. Every star we see in the sky is scattering its beams in all directions all the time. Otherwise we could not see it. There are multitudes of dead stars we cannot see that have scattered their light—to roam through space, frozen forever.

Occasionally, two stars carrying no lights will collide in the dark. Then they will flare up but only for a time.

All the other stars shine continuously upon those that have passed out, but the radiation thus received is never sufficient to warm them up once more.

A shining star is losing more than its heat energy. It is wasting away its substance. Its mass is transformed by actual annihilation of matter into immaterial radiation. Our sun is estimated to be losing weight at the rate of 4 million tons a second in the form of sunshine. In the course of 10 million years at this rate the sun will lose a millionth of its mass. From this we may figure how much longer the sun will hold out to burn if it is all convertible into energy.

The "fixed" stars are, therefore, not eternal: their "lifetime" is about a million million years. In that time the star will have lost much more than half of its original mass. In a thousand times that period all the stars which we now know will have wasted away most of their substance. The universe will then be run down and ended forever—unless, indeed, we may suppose that the universe is wound up by some unseen agency when it needs it, or that it contains some unknown machinery for self-winding.

What such machinery might be we cannot yet guess. In the stars where the temperature runs to 70 millions of degrees, it is now believed, matter may disintegrate into energy and pass away in waves such as those of light and X-rays. Other rays of much shorter wave length have recently been discovered by Kohlhörster and Millikan coming to earth from outer space. The shorter the wave the greater the energy. These mysterious cosmic rays are millions of times shorter than any rays we can see as light, and therefore their penetrating power is enormously greater than any we have hitherto known.

Radio Messages from Space

ACCORDING to Professor Millikan's measurements, some of them correspond in wave length to the amount of energy that would be released if hydrogen were turned into helium. It had long been surmised that the helium atom was made up of four hydrogen atoms, but this seemed impossible so long as it was believed that matter was indestructible, for one atom of helium weighs a little less, eight tenths of 1 per cent less, than the four hydrogen atoms out of which it might be built.

But Einstein's estimate of how much energy would be evolved by this loss of mass is the same as the energy carried by some of Millikan's cosmic rays. Other of these rays correspond to the amount of matter that would be annihilated if hydrogen and helium atoms were in turn the blocks out of which were being built oxygen, nitrogen, magnesium, silicon and iron, chemical elements common in the stars.

So it seems that in these great cosmic crucibles elements of higher atomic weight are continually being constructed out of the lightest of all atoms, hydrogen, and the surplus energy resulting from the combination comes to us out of a clear sky in the form of these invisible rays. They are radio messages announcing the birth of new atoms.

They are assurances of the continuity of creation. Possibly at certain points in space these scattered rays may again be congested in hydrogen atoms to serve as the foundation stores of new construction.

Ultra-Violet Hogs

THE modern pigpen is more luxurious than the ancient palace. The Iowa Agricultural Experiment Station installed mercury-vapor quartz lamps that give off ultra-violet rays. These rays were shed upon the backs of 6 young pigs for 17 minutes every day for 134 days while the pigs grew from 47 pounds to 250 pounds weight.

The pigs that had the benefit of this irradiation grew faster and required less food. The weightless and invisible waves reduced by 45 pounds the amount of corn and tankage necessary for a gain of 100 pounds in body growth.

The financial advantage per hundredweight was—in the language of this new swine science—"3.7 cents per pig hour of irradiation." But, since the cost was 6.1 cents, the experiment was a failure—no, a success, since it answered the question that gave information wanted. But the procedure was not recommended to farmers, at least not at the price paid for current, which was 12 cents per kilowatt. But if the cost could be cut in half the treatment would show a profit.

The feeding of high-grade cod-liver oil to another bunch of pigs did prove a profitable investment. Cod-liver oil contains the same Vitamin D which is necessary for bone building and is developed in the skin by the action of ultra violet rays of sunshine of the mercury-quartz lamp. Sunshine is the cheapest, but there is not enough of it in Iowa in the winter.

A Man of Honor

Continued from page 18

possession of him. They must die; they must both die—Doña Elena as well as her lover! The price of possession was thwarted in him while one of them remained alive.

But it must be skillfully arranged, so that his hand was hidden. If he could but catch them together in one guilty moment! If only his servant Ignacio, paid to spy upon the two, could report to him one embrace, one single kiss! Then he could kill them openly; thus might a trusting husband avenge his honor.

And yet—people would laugh. They would say, "Don Sebastian welcomed the young caballero. Is the wolf to be blamed for taking a sheep if the watchdog slumbers?"

Nay, they must not laugh. Some other way. It must seem as if the vengeance of Heaven had come upon them. There was dignity in that; it was worthy of the name he bore and of his pride. Yes, it must seem to be Heaven's will. And his hand, guiding the celestial vengeance, must be well hidden.

He flung himself with fresh abandon into orgies of gaming and drinking. The Conde de Monterrey was an unsuspecting tool in all that he planned. For the conde's ruling passion was dicing. There were wild nights at Monterrey, wilder ones at the grim old castle of Saltillo. Drunken voices roared obscene songs; lascivious jests were shouted; there were fierce, wine-heated quarrels, nausea, undignified stupors. Always Don Sebastian sat smiling and urbane, seeming to drink with the rest, yet never yielding to drunkenness.

It was not often that he lost. But when he did he demanded of Doña Elena some of her jewels to pawn. It was an unnecessary insult. For he was a wealthy man. But she, without comment, stripped the glittering ornaments from her arms and her bosom and placed them in his hand. More and more he hated her. He could not make her cry out against him or drive her into her lover's arms. He began to suspect that his wife, whom he had bought as an ignorant, beautiful chattel, was a clever woman, defying him with a silent, watchful guile that matched his own. He laughed at the thought.

THE Conde de Monterrey gave a magnificent fiesta to celebrate his saint's day. All the hidalgos of New Spain were bidden to it, and it was understood that the drinking and gaming would last until the rising of the sun.

Early in the evening came Don Sebastian to Doña Elena, where she sat in the lingering red glow of the sunset, staring unseeingly into the deepening shadows.

"Señora la Condesa, I go to the feast of the Conde de Monterrey, and I will be gone all night." He paused an instant. She did not speak. "Yes, we will play without interruption until the dawn. I will need better securities than I have at hand, for the stakes will be high. Give me your pearls, sweet wife—the strand of perfectly matched gems I gave you for a wedding gift."

He had thought only to shame her once more. But she drew back, trembling strangely. Her face in the dusk was a white patch of terror.

"My lord," she said in a voice that all her will power could not steady, "I have given you my other jewels gladly and dutifully. These alone remain to me. Surely you would not take from me the gift you placed about my throat upon our wedding day?"

The breath caught in his throat, and when he released it, it came in a slow hiss between his teeth. His body shook with a sudden spasm of triumph. So! At last! It was here! The proof he craved, the valid reason for the deed that should avenge his honor. He leaned forward and caught her arm with a savage, clawlike hand.

"You! You!" he spat out. "Spin me no webs of false words, you harlot—you have given them to *him!* To Don Leonardo! To your lover!"

She tried to pull away from him. But his nails sank deep into her flesh.

"No, no," she gasped. "I swear it, sir. I have given him naught!"

"Then bring me the pearls! Show them to me! Lay them here in my hands!" Half swooning, she sank to her knees.

"I—I—cannot, my lord—they—they were stolen from me!"

"You lie, you foul, dishonored thing! They would have been sold, but no dealer in New Spain would buy them and be silent concerning them. The King of Spain has not their equal in his crown! You gave them to your lover!"

She moved faintly.

"No, my lord," she whispered. "I did not." There was a strange, secret stubbornness behind the terror in her eyes.

"YOU still think to save him, eh?" He snatched his stiletto from its embroidered case; then stopped suddenly. "Well, why not? After all, I would not wish this story to get abroad. It is not befitting my dignity—or yours, señora." He stirred her with his booted foot as he would a cringing dog.

"Get them back before morning when I shall return, and we will say naught of it. But if they are not here then—" He picked up her white, limp hand. Deliberately he drew a sharp, thin line across it with the point of his jeweled dagger. He laughed as he felt the hot blood spurt out under his fingers. "Sign your message with that ink, and see if it brings not the 'stolen' gems!"

It was late in the evening when the Conde de Monterrey rose from the gambling table to receive Don Sebastian. The ruffled and jeweled caballeros and swaggering young grandees looked up resentfully. They had hoped he would not come. Don Sebastian stood like a shrunken black vulture, his thin, hook-nosed face sallow and drawn. His black, glittering eyes went slowly about the table and alighted upon the unmasked loathing in the face of Don Leonardo. Don Sebastian smiled.

"Greetings, friends," he croaked, "and a thousand pardons for this unseemly delay. The truth is, my friends, I am sore distressed because it seems my wife, the condesa, has been put upon by a thief"—he paused for their startled attention—"and her pearls stolen from her. A trifle, no doubt, señores, and yet there was sentiment attached to them—my wedding gift to her. And then, too, they were worth some small amount—but that, of course, does not matter."

The Conde de Monterrey exclaimed in astonishment and sympathy:

"Their worth was fabulous, and their beauty of a kind to turn a saint into a thief. Who could have been bold enough to do such a thing?"

"Alas, who knows? At any rate, I was, perhaps, unduly sharp of speech to the condesa, my wife, for her carelessness in leaving the jewels unguarded. She remains in terror, poor creature, lest I return at dawn and kill her! A foolish thought, naturally. I would kill only—for cause."

Don Leonardo leaned forward suddenly in his chair. His face was white.

"Señor," he said in a choking voice, "there is blood upon your hand."

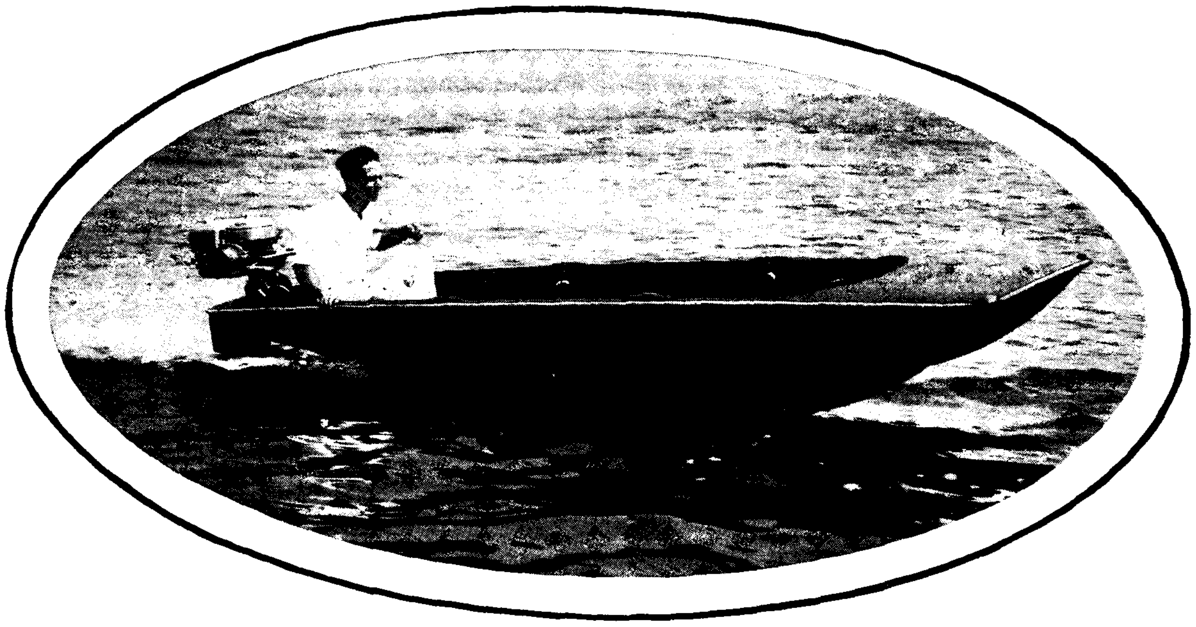
Don Sebastian looked down and shrugged.

"A scratch, nothing more. Do not distress yourself for my welfare, dear cousin. Ah, well, let us play! What is the saying, 'Wine and dice are memory's strongest foes.' Come, señores, let me in gaming and drinking forget my loss!"

The Captain Don Leonardo played badly, won and lost without knowing or caring. His eyes were bloodshot, staring. His lips twitched like a man undergoing secret torture. And two hours later, when Ignacio, the burly, rat-eyed servant, sidled unnoticed into the banquet hall and stood behind his

(*Continued on page 46*)

Whaddaya Mean, "*Seaworthy?*"



Much more speed than any work boat and many more years of use than any speed boat

PLENTY of pleasant spoken folk will let you infer that whether a craft is seaworthy or not is no concern of yours, because *nobody* would be fool enough to want to go offshore when it's rough.

And you buy your boat feeling that you have a rain-check entitling you to play only on inland water—on sunny days—and in a flat calm.

All right—consider the Hudson River. There is a fine inland body of water for you, with the Catskills and the Palisades fencing it in for miles and keeping it presumably as calm as a mill pond. Then observe what happened on April 13th and 14th.

Most of the outboard motor enthusiasts who could get there gathered off the club float at Albany for four days of racing down the river to Dyckman Street in New York City. The first day, Saturday, the newspapers reported 28 starters, although something like a hundred hovered around the starting line.

Of the first section of boats to finish, Sea Sled Model 13 was fourth, having logged the whole distance at an average of 26.7 miles an hour, driven by an amateur, equipped with a new stiff motor and without a racing wheel. Considering the fact that Model 13 is not a racing craft, and that the water was smooth and the three boats which beat her in were light single-step hydroplanes built just for racing, it was a neat performance.

This race was split into two sections. Ten boats got off to an early start, had no engine trouble and flitted down on flat water. The second bunch, numbering eighteen, had private troubles of their own which kept them from getting under way until the weather was changing, and of these eighteen only one finished, a Model 13 Sea Sled which butted its way down the 133 miles in spite of head wind, Hell and high water.

Sunday, with the wind still up, the river was rough and the first craft to finish was a Model 13 Sea Sled, "Miss Richmond," driven by an amateur, carrying two men for crew, a whale of a big gasoline tank, and reeling off the distance in 17.3 miles per hour—which for 133 miles of head wind and head seas was pretty smooth capacity for a 13 foot open boat.

The moral, of course, is that you never have to go looking for weather. If you are out in a small craft half a mile from shore, the weather is likely to come looking for you, and if you are out in anything but a Sea Sled, the very weather you care least about may attempt to make friends with you and even try to sit in your lap.

And it's then you realize that "seaworthy" is a heap more than just a mere word in the dictionary.

The Sea Sled line ranges down from luxurious Model 28 with 200 H.P., which is an ideal commuting craft for a man of means, including Model 23, the sportsman's pet—Model 16, the swaggerest little full-decked outboard runabout going—and last but not by any means least, little Model 13, which has been winning such golden opinions.

From time to time somebody is moved to imitate Sea Sleds regardless of patent infringement, but no imitation is as good as the original—or as safe.

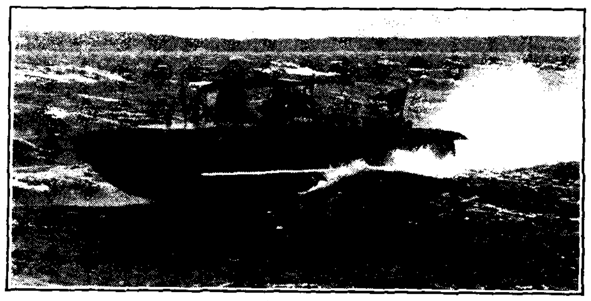
Model 16 is a fast outboard runabout, all mahogany, full deck, double cockpits, double-planked bottom, and complete equipment with the exception of motor.

List Price $475

Exclusive features

Dependable as a fine car
Will not roll
Will not stick her nose under
Planes on her own spray
Does not drag aft
Navigates shallow water
Safe and dry at speed in rough water

Model 28—200 H.P.
Sedan Top - - $8,500



Model 23—The Sportsman's pet

THE SEA SLED CORPORATION
Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents
226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York
All Prices F. O. B. Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

TRADE-MARK REG. **SEA SLED** U. S. PAT. OFFICE
SPEED · · WITH COMFORT AND · · SAFETY

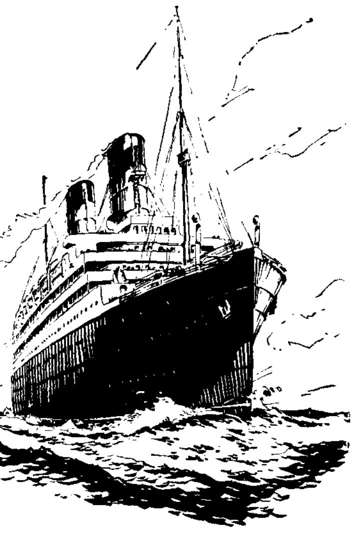
Model 13 was the only hull to finish out of 38 in the Catalina Ocean Sweepstakes. All mahogany hull, double-planked bottom, the ablest thing of her size afloat.

List Price $218

Exclusive uses

Commuting marine motor
Class racer for youngsters
Fast marine runabout for women
Day Cruiser for family
Tender for racing yachts
Harbor tender for sea-going yachts

Model 23—75 H.P.
Sedan Top - - $2,700



The rewards of Those Who Go Abroad In August . . . September

Those . . . who must! . . . go abroad in June and July . . . the height of the travel season.

Those . . . who can! . . . prefer the more leisurely travel months . . . August . . . September.

It's the gentlemanly time to tour . . . the perfect time on the Continent . . . the weather is divine.

And . . . of course . . . wherever one travels one gets the most fastidious attention! . . . not always possible in the rush travel season.

One of the pleasantest ways we know to go is the Cunard 1928 Cabin and Tourist Third Cabin service . . . the 7½ day way to France and England on the Scythia and Laconia, recently commandeered from 1st class service . . . the Caronia and Carmania, now boasting of all the luxuries that ½ million dollars in improvements could bring . . . or the ever-popular Lancastria and Tuscania . . . Cabin rates $152.50 up . . . Tourist Third Cabin $107.50.

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A Man of Honor

Continued from page 44

chair, he barely suppressed a cry as the man thrust a folded paper into his hand and disappeared.

Don Sebastian lolled in his chair, feigning unaccustomed drunkenness. Under the slits of his heavy, drooping lids he watched Don Leonardo as the young captain furtively scanned the message. He saw the look of horror leap up in the handsome, dark eyes. He slumped lower in his chair, letting his head fall on his breast. When he looked up again Don Leonardo had gone.

Don Sebastian rose swaying and seemed to stare at vacancy. The Conde de Monterrey shouted at him:

"Behold our god of sobriety! At last he has condescended to become a sinful mortal with the rest of us!"

Noisy laughter echoed this sally. Don Sebastian grinned stupidly and steadied himself against the table.

"Señores," he hiccuped, "I am dizzy. With your permission, I will retire to my chamber for a time. I pray you, continue the game. I promise you that I will return before the dawn with the giddiness conquered."

He staggered from the chamber and out into the sweeter-smelling coolness of the corridor. There his drunkenness suddenly left him. And with the sliding stealth of a black panther he hurried through the labyrinths of halls and antechambers until he reached the outer portals of the castle. Here, at an appointed place, he could discern a horse with a man holding its bridle.

"Is it you, Ignacio?"

"Si, Señor el Conde."

Don Sebastian came nearer.

"I saw that you delivered the message to the captain as I ordered. Did you follow him when he left the castle?"

"As well as I could, your grace. He commanded a horse and rode as if the devil were behind him in the direction of Saltillo."

Don Sebastian's lips curled crookedly. His eyes were glittering.

"The servants are away, as I commanded—all of them, with plenty of the drugged wine for their fiesta?"

"Yes, your grace. I've no doubt they have drunk themselves to sleep long ere this."

"Good. And the fagots, Ignacio—and the oil? And the bar, for the door of the Condesa's sleeping chamber?"

The man shuddered. Surreptitiously he crossed himself.

"Everything, Your Grace, according to your orders."

DON SEBASTIAN came close to him. "Until tonight your spying upon the condesa has been of little use to me. But now I will reward you—thus!" Swiftly as a snake he struck. The jeweled dagger rose and fell. The man groaned and staggered backward. He half turned and tried to run. Then he collapsed in a heap, coughing. His hands twitched once in agony; then he was still. And Don Sebastian bent above him, laughing under his breath.

"You were the only one in my confidence, worthy Ignacio, and now you may tell my secrets to the devil if you will. I know your kind: you are for sale to the highest bidder—and I paid high. You served my purpose well in life—you serve it better now that you are dead. You might have been tempted to tell tales, Ignacio—and that was never a part of my plan!"

When at last he came to the gaunt, turreted pile that was the castle of Saltillo, he drew rein and flung himself from the tired, panting beast. Silently he crept across the open drawbridge, into the empty courtyard, through a secret unbarred door, and up a hidden stairway. Stealthily he crept out upon an embattlement, from which he looked down upon the dark unlighted façade of the frowning wall.

But wait—in one window gleamed a light. Don Sebastian leaned far out, his lips clenched in his teeth. Was he dreaming or were there two figures silhouetted against the brightness of the gash? Two shadows unmoving, that cast the image of their entwined guiltiness upon the opposite wall below him!

He scuttled like a rat down the stairway; into the torch-lighted hall and to the door of the Condesa's chamber. Furtively he tried the great handle. It did not yield to his pressure. Locked! They were in there, behind locked doors, embraced, thinking themselves safe until the dawn. They sought to cheat him, and he had fooled them, tricked them.

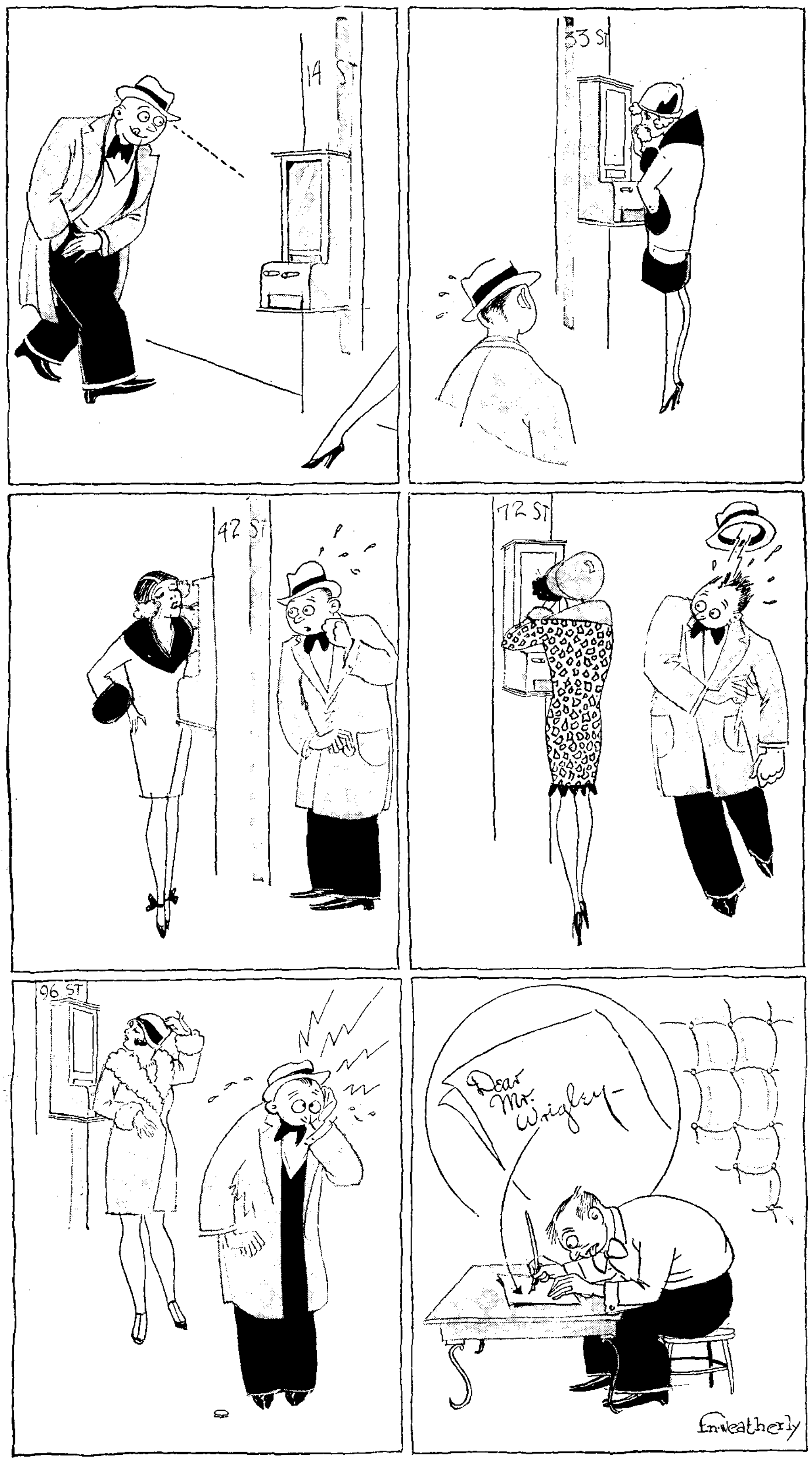
QUIETLY, with infinite caution, he let down a huge iron bar across the door. Worthy Ignacio! He had fulfilled every command. At the end of the hall were piles of fagots, oil-soaked, smelling faintly. He carried them to the door and piled them against it. He took down the torch and thrust it deep into the pyramid of twigs and branches. They crackled like pistol shots, and a suffocating smoke leaped up, followed by a red, licking tongue of fire.

Then Don Sebastian laughed aloud. He laughed as a madman might laugh, shriekingly, without restraint.

The flames sprang up against the woodwork, caught at the posts and lintels, crackling hungrily.

Don Sebastian leaped away. He ran down the hall. Other bundles of fagots were piled as he had commanded. He thrust the torch into them. A trail of fire followed him as he ran down into the courtyard. He swept the licking flame against the oiled gates and the timbers of the moat. He thrust it into piled heaps of straw. And then he fled, flinging himself upon the waiting horse.

In the wine-reeking, closely shut banquet hall the gambling still continued. Outside the blackness of the night had been lightened by a faint line of gray on the eastern horizon. And the morning star hung like a torch above the sleeping city. The gamesters still cast



Portrait of a man who just wants a little gum their dice, sang foolishly, or slept, snoring loudly, each according to his endurance. The Conde de Monterrey, indefatigable host that he was, played on, red-eyed and weary, yet fairly sober.

"Don Sebastian sleeps late," he observed, stifling a yawn. "By the saints, it was amazing to see him so easily overcome."

Before any could make a reply a servant, wild-eyed and disheveled, burst in with scanty ceremony.

"My lord," he gasped, "the castle of Saltillo has burned to the ground, and it is certain that the condesa has perished in the flames!"

The gallants leaped to their feet, staring dazedly. The conde cried out in horror:

"God forbid!" He looked about for Don Leonardo.

"Don Leonardo! Captain! Do you hear? Where are you?"

"He left," one of the caballeros recollected, "just before Don Sebastian was overcome by drink."

The Conde de Monterrey beat his head with his hands.

"Alas that I should be the bearer of such news to one who is my friend and my guest!"

"My lord," the servant replied shakenly, "the Señor Conde has already been told. He begs to be left alone with his sorrow for the space of an hour!"

DON SEBASTIAN stood breathing heavily in the long, dark chamber where he had supposedly spent the night. He dared not open the door to the messenger who had ridden so hard and so fast. He himself had had time only to slip into the castle before the waning of the darkness. His horse had stumbled, and he had been thrown. The accident had delayed him and had muddied his garments. There had not been time even to see if the body of Ignacio had been found.

He stood in a turmoil of mind accentuated by the aching weariness of his body. Did they suspect? Could the messenger, riding so close behind him, have seen him?

He flung the torn cloak from him and poured water into a basin. Sleeplessness of face could be construed as sobering sorrow. But his garments, torn and mud-clogged, could not be so easily explained. He glanced impatiently at the sluggish gray that was slowly ebbing into the darkness of the room. He must have light. Perhaps there would be a torch or lighted candelabra in the hallway. He put his hand upon the iron clasp of the door and drew it open. Then a freezing ripple of fear went quivering along his spine and tingled in the roots of his hair. *For the door was opening of its own volition*—it was pushing slowly inward!

An unreasonong terror overwhelmed him in an engulfing wave. He drew back step by step. God! If only the light would come! Light!

"Who is there?" he cried hoarsely.

The door moved slowly, silently inward—was it only the creaking of the hinges or did he himself make that sound of terror like the squeaking of a trapped rat?

For beyond the open portal there, shadowy and wavering against the intense blackness, were two figures dim and white, remote and uncertain as are the newly dead. They regarded him with eyes that he could not see, but that he could feel as burning shafts of fire. *Doña Elena, his wife—and Don Leonardo, who loved her.*

He made a sound in his throat. He felt himself strangling. "Por Dios—" he gasped.

His knees suddenly failed beneath him. He sank down, absurdly enough, as Ignacio had done, crumpling in a heap. They were drifting toward him, borne along by a freezing, unearthly wind—

He tried to cry out, to hold them off. He made a sound like an animal; he could not lift his hands. Now he could see her face above him—she was smiling! A white, awful, menacing smile! He could see nothing now but that face, floating in the darkness, nearer—nearer. It grew into hideous proportions; it was filling the room; it was coming down upon him—down—down—

His head snapped back, and he screeched once. Foam came out on his lips. He fell forward limply on his face.

Don Sebastian came weakly back to a confusion of consciousness that was only superficial. The crowding faces about him he could not place exactly. He heard as in a dream the solemn words of the last sacrament; he dimly felt the smear of sacred oil upon his forehead. Down underneath the pitilessly clear eyes of his soul told him the stark truth. He was going to die. The two whom he had destroyed had taken their revenge. Well—within himself the lips of his soul curled faintly—let them have it. He had taken his vengeance first. He had kept them from love; he had killed them by fire—they had suffered—and his pride was unassailed. They would never laugh at him.

He heard the murmur of voices, the sound of retreating footsteps. It seemed as if there was silence in the room. He was alone.

Nay, not alone. For a rustle as of leaves—or a woman's trailing garment—went deep into the inner part of him that still lingered upon the threshold of life.

His eyes fluttered weakly open; then wider, with a spasm of horror. She was there again! This time in black, as for mourning. But she was still smiling, that awful, frozen smile—

He whimpered faintly. His clawlike hands clutched at the covers.

"Go—back—to—your—grave," he whispered. There was a rattling in his throat.

Then she laughed. A sharp, unseemly sound in that chamber where Death stood waiting!

"My lord husband," she said, very low—ah, the bright burning of her eyes, staring down into his—"I am not dead, and do not expect to be for many happy years to come. *You failed, señor*, you failed in every foul plan you contrived against me and the man who loved me! You thought me ignorant of your plots? Nay, señor, I was kept fully informed by Ignacio! It was to him that my pearls went! You paid him highly—ah, yes—but I paid him with something he craved more than gold: I paid him with the pearls that are worth an emperor's ransom!

"I knew what you planned last night—he told me! And so I came, early in the evening, with my duenna, to the castle here, announcing myself only to the condesa! The decoy message you sent, smeared with my blood, signed with my name to Don Leonardo, begging him to come at once to me—Ignacio never delivered it, my lord. He delivered *a true message from me*, bidding Don Leonardo ride out beyond the city gates toward Saltillo and then return secretly to Monterrey and await the dawn!"

THE man in the bed tried to raise himself. His face was mottled; his eyes glittered like the eyes of a trampled snake. His hands made futile clawing motions in the air.

"The—figures—in—your chamber?" he gasped.

Again she laughed. There were hectic patches of red in her cheeks.

"*Dummies*, my lord husband! Dummies! True replicas of what you deemed us to be: things of straw and cloth to be prodded, tortured and cast aside—*burned!*"

A last quiver of strength came to him. His dry lips drew back from his teeth.

"Nevertheless, woman, you will not tell this—you dare not! And they will not laugh at me. Ignacio is dead!"

The look in her eyes froze him.

"Ignacio is *not* dead, my lord! Only wounded, and eager to tell all he knows to the viceroy. In New Spain tomorrow there will be a new jest—the Conde de Saltillo strangled himself with his own honor!"

He tried to cry out; to strike her. But darkness overtook him, and he fell back limply, his mouth twisted in a contortion of baffled fury.

It was thus they found him. And even in death he had cheated himself, for he seemed to be smiling ironically—laughing at himself and the thing he called his honor.

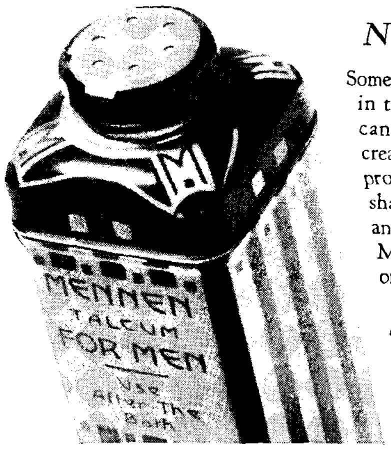
The lather's the thing

MENNEN
LATHERKING
MADE IN U.S.A.
STERILIZED
MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
DERMUTATION PROCESS
THE MENNEN COMPANY NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

It takes more than water to soften whiskers. Whiskers are too tough, too horny to be softened by water alone. It's the ingredients in the lather made active by the water. Unless your beard is properly and thoroughly softened for the razor, you're putting too much of a handicap on the blade. Even the keenest edge cannot cut a half-softened beard. When the razor edge runs up against an unsoftened beard, it either balks or hurdles over the hairs, or hooks part way into them, yanking and dragging painfully at the hair roots, leaving ragged stumps behind.

Mennen-lathered is smooth-shaved. For in the dense, creamy Mennen lather only, do you enjoy that exclusive beard-softening process, *dermutation. Dermutation* absolutely softens even the wiriest beard. While it is completely softening the thousands of horny little hair shafts, dermutation levels and smooths the tiny mounds at the base of each hair, so that the razor slides through clean and square right at the skin surface, without nicking, scraping or abrading the skin. Your beard fairly rolls off before your razor. No rubbing necessary. None of that raw, burning after-shave effect, either. There's no caustic in Mennen to irritate or smart. Its action is the result of a certain combination of ingredients discovered in the Mennen laboratory and put into Mennen Shaving Cream. And Mennen works equally well in all waters, hard or soft, hot or cold. Five agreeable emollients in Mennen lather tone and cleanse the face, leaving it fresh, soft, smooth and cool, fit for the longest day. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ontario.

●



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Some like the brisk, tingling coolness of a dash of menthol in their lather. For them we have good news. They can now enjoy this pleasant feature in the shaving cream that softens their beards by the dermutation process and therefore gives them the world's finest shave. Mennen is now made both ways—regular and mentholized. To get the mentholized, ask for the Mennen tube with the red ball. Your dealer has it, or can get it for you.

Mennen Talcum for Men, too!

Tone down that schoolboy face shine with a light sprinkle of Mennen Talcum for Men. Neutral tinted, doesn't show. Rounds out the perfect shave. Also made in stick form.

Champshirts, too!

Young men show a strong preference for Champshirts, the new rayon "pullover" or "gym" shirts. Made in the same colors and stripe effects as Champknit Athletic Union Suits.

Always fresh *and* crisp

—that's the secret of this New Rayon Underwear

MEN wearing their first suits of Champknit marvel at its soft, luxurious "feel"—its smooth airiness—the "cool" feeling that it has, always loose and free about the body. "It never bunches!—never folds!" they exclaim. On the hottest days, Champknit *stays* fresh and crisp, always full of comfort!

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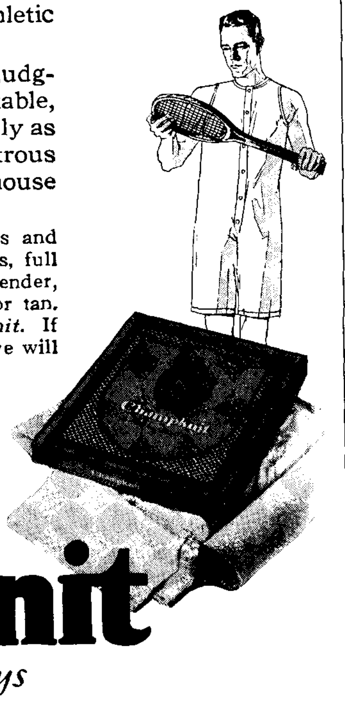

The Thunder God

Continued from page 28

it seemed best for me to take the job off your hands."

"You thought that the instant I mentioned her name. Seems to me, old boy, you take jobs off your friend's hands on brief notice. There's a nigger in the woodpile here?"

"Not at all. You'd have been soft enough to have her come up, and we've had enough excitement here for one day. Didn't I hear you telling Mercy a moment ago to cut the Branders off her visiting list? I did. You raised your voice rather commandingly to Mercy, and I couldn't help overhearing your edict. And Mercy's excited and depressed. Think I'm going to have Mrs. Brander meet you in your present ferocious state of mind and permit you still further to embarrass Mercy by receiving Mrs. Brander as if she were a burglar? When you're angry you're tactless, old son. Permit me to take the brunt of this. I'll shoo her away and make her like it."

"Why does she want to see me?"

"Why, isn't it natural that she should desire to meet the husband of her friend? Her voice indicates to me that she's a neighborly, friendly, democratic sort of woman."

"It didn't indicate that to me. Sounded mighty businesslike. Anyhow, I'll go down and see her. I kill my own snakes, you know. Deception now might mean future embarrassment, and I was never one to dodge an issue."

"What issue is there to dodge?"

THAT shut Julie up. In desiring to avoid friendliness with the Branders he had acted on instinct rather than on any tangible issue, and he could not now admit that to Ben. "Well," he protested, "I judged, from what you told me about Brander that I wouldn't like him, that he's the sort of man with whom I could not have anything in common. I'm getting too old to be bored, to be forced to submit to people that irritate me. Why should I not select my own friends?"

"No reason at all," the imperturbable Ben replied. "But the same rule applies to Mercedes. May I remind you that the husband who presumes to select the people his wife must like or dislike is taking on quite a large order, particularly if his wife has any spirit."

"I suppose so, Ben. But, somehow, I know I'm right in this instance."

"You're usually right, but unfortunately this time you can't prove it. I'm going to be so cold and disagreeable to Mrs. Brander that she'll dislike me on sight and never again desire to meet me. Boob, I'm helping you out of a disagreeable hole." And before Julie could utter another protest Ben had disappeared into the hall. Instinctively realizing that within a few seconds his friend would follow him around the hall and capture him at the elevator, Whitton ran downstairs; he knew that if he could reach Mrs. Brander first Julie would not dare join them and disclose the conspiracy! An annoying creature, Ben Whitton. Too adroit, too quick a thinker.

Emerging from the elevator into the lobby, he cast a casual, inquiring glance about him. Julie had not beaten him in the race via the elevator. From across the lounge a good-looking woman of about thirty-five, large, well-dressed, gazed at him with cold, expectant eyes, and inasmuch as she was the only woman in the lobby Whitton crossed to her at once.

"You are Mrs. Brander?" he queried politely.

"I am!" Mrs. Brander's mouth shut on the words like a cellar door. "Will you please sit down?"

Whitton found a seat on the divan beside her and waited politely.

"Are you aware," she began without

SHOP TALK

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LAST month 93 newspapers in the United States printed information and comment taken from ten of the articles which appeared in Collier's.

The newspapers which paid Collier's this compliment ranged from great far-reaching journals such as The New York Times, with a daily circulation of more than 400,000, to smaller but no less respected papers, of which The Sentinel of Grand Junction, Colorado, is an example. Each issue of The Sentinel reaches 4,600 homes.

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And so the editorial scissors of our daily contemporaries are the badge of our fulfillment, besides helping to explain Collier's remarkable growth to more than 1,600,000 copies.

THE EDITOR.

the slightest preliminary verbal skirmishing, "that Mrs. Grannis has been galivanting around with my husband?"

"I was aware, madam"—Ben thought it best to be very dignified and aloof—"that Mrs. Grannis was on friendly terms with you and Mr. Brander. What do you mean when you say 'gallivanting?' Please remember, dear lady, that that word has an unpleasant sound when used in connection with Mrs. Grannis."

"Well, she dined with him Saturday night."

"I am aware of that. And I believe it was a source of disappointment to Mrs. Grannis that you were not present."

"Oh, was it? Well, if you must know, I wasn't asked. Mr. Brander pleaded a business engagement, and I had my dinner in my room."

"Can Mrs. Grannis be blamed for that?"

"Perhaps not."

WHITTON smiled disarmingly. "May I be pardoned for reminding you that Mrs. Grannis' husband was also expected at that dinner?"

"Well, then, why didn't Mrs. Grannis' husband attend?"

"He forgot all about it."

"I suppose that means we'll throw that indictment out of court. But Mrs. Grannis has seen a great deal of my husband's society in Los Angeles—so much so, in fact, that a certain amount of gossip has developed in the circles in which we move."

"That is most unfortunate, but, as you know, women will gossip on very slight excuse, and since Mrs. Grannis will, for the future, reside in San Francisco, don't you think you might glean a surcease from apprehension because of that fact?"

"You're very loyal, for an absentee husband, Mr. Grannis. I like you for it. The fault is, I daresay, more Jake Brander's than your wife's. I know men, and I know Jake Brander; at least I'm getting to know him, and I'll know him very well indeed after my detectives have trailed him a little longer. Mrs. Grannis left this hotel at 11:15 this morning—alone. Have you any idea where she went?"

"I have," Ben answered promptly. "She went for a ride out to the beach with Mr. Brander."

This reply staggered the lady. "You knew that?" she persisted.

"I have stated a fact."

"Well, don't you think it very strange that a married woman should leave her husband to go joy riding with a married man?"

"Well, now, Mrs. Brander, that all depends upon the point of view. Mrs. Grannis, like Cæsar's wife, is above suspicion. I have always felt that she was more than nine years of age and could be trusted to comport herself in such a manner as to reflect credit, rather than opprobrium, upon her husband. Mrs. Grannis, if I may be pardoned for saying so, is an unusually attractive woman; her husband is not the only man who pays instant and unstinted admiration. Indeed, her husband would not relish the thought that his wife is a frump who cannot command the admiration and little social niceties of their friends.

"And you must remember also, Mrs. Brander, that Mrs. Grannis is an artist. She has been before the public more than most women, and as a result she accepts the homage of her friends to a degree which (although to some it might appear slightly indiscreet) is, nevertheless, to those who know her, devoid of the shyness, that—ah—demureness which we associate with ladies not accustomed to meeting the world. I see no reason why she should not have accepted your excellent husband's kind invitation to a breath of fresh air. I am," he added, "without a car to drive Mrs. Grannis in, I regret to say."

"That is because your car was smashed in a crash with my husband's car in the park about two hours ago."

"The car you refer to is the property of a Mr. Benjamin F. Whitton, an old friend of the Grannis family. I heard about it."

The lady sat up straight and stared at him. "Why, how dare you say that? Do you deny that, immediately after the accident, you did not get out of your car and thrash Jake Brander thoroughly?"

"I do deny it."

"But the operatives reported to me that Mr. Grannis did it. I felt that sooner or later I would have to take this matter up with you, in all decency. I thought you were as much in the dark about these goings-on as I myself was—until I decided to hire some capable investigators."

"I am not at all in the dark and never was, my dear Mrs. Brander."

The wind was now completely out of Mrs. Brander's sails, so to speak. She was embarrassed. "Well, whoever it was that thrashed my husband did a workmanlike job. I should like to congratulate him. I had hoped that that beating might be in the nature of retributive justice."

Whitton smiled at her his friendly and encouraging smile, and she smiled back, a little painfully, a little shamefacedly. "Jake came back to our hotel with a tale of having been in an automobile wreck, and I believed him until I received a telephone message giving me the details."

"Of course, being a wise woman, you have said nothing to him of this."

"Heavens, no!"

"Well, may I suggest that you do not and that you immediately get Mr. Brander out of town? If he demurs, drop me a line to the Bohemian Club and I'll see to it that he doesn't linger to pick wild flowers."

"You look big enough and bold enough to enforce your wishes," she congratulated him. "I had an idea you were one of those human doormats of husbands that a clever woman could wrap around her little finger."

"I'm wiser," said Ben Whitton, "than an old he-coon, and when aroused I'm terrible. You have succeeded to a certain extent in arousing me, and I thank you for it, my dear Mrs. Brander. It is evident to me that Mrs. Grannis has, all unwittingly, disturbed your peace of mind, and I shall see to it that you will not be disturbed in the future. I am inclined to take your view of the situation. A stitch in time very often saves nine, and I am very glad that you decided to take this matter up with me in this honest and dignified fashion." And he proffered the outraged Mrs. Brander his large plump hand, which she accepted hestitatingly.

"Under the circumstances," he resumed, "I think you have displayed most commendable tact in consulting me. We cannot afford even the appearance of scandal and, as we both know to our sorrow, people are quick to gossip, to twist an innocent friendship into something sinister."

"THANK you, Mr. Grannis. You are very kind and helpful." Mrs. Brander appeared to be on the verge of tears. "Nevertheless, I wonder why, after the two cars crashed, Mrs. Grannis saw fit to slip out of my husband's car and disappear in the foliage. She must have felt guilty."

"She did. She and I were discussing the matter just before you called. She felt that her prompt disappearance was a courtesy due not only to Mr. Brander but to me. She feared police investigations—reports—odious publicity. Under the circumstances I think she acted with admirable discretion."

Mrs. Brander apparently did not think so, but courageously refrained from saying so. She rose. "Well, what's the program?" she queried.

"Mrs. Grannis will be instructed that her friendship with the Branders must not be continued, even though that mandate may appear to work a grave injustice. She is a sensible woman and will realize thoroughly the inadvisability of distressing you further. You may safely intrust to me the delicate task of imparting to her that information and in an authoritative manner. In return may I ask, dear Mrs. Brander, that you forget the entire affair?"

"I can forget it, and it may be that Mrs. Grannis can forget it, but the question is: will Jake Brander forget it?"

(Continued on page 50)

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The Thunder God

Continued from page 49

"Is he at your hotel now?"

"He is, and scarcely in condition to leave it, thanks to that unknown warrior."

"Let us go to the telephone," Whitton suggested, and led her to a booth. "I'll run a blazer on him."

He got Jacob Brander on the wire. "Brander?" he demanded curtly. Receiving an affirmative reply, he went on. "Do you know who thrashed you in the park a little while ago? . . . No? Well, that's not surprising in view of the fact that you had never met me before. Now, get this and get it straight. The next time I catch you so much as raising your hat to Mrs. Grannis that'll be another little job for the undertaker and something doing for the tombstone maker. You get out of this town and stay out. Hear me? . . . Thanks."

HE TURNED to Mrs. Brander, who met him with a kindly, approving smile. Simulating the speech of a Chinaman, he said: "He says yes, he go, plenty quick."

"He's not accustomed to man talk, the old cake eater. I suppose he was only having a mild flirtation—all men will indulge themselves in flirtations if they get the chance. Jake has his good points, I'll admit, but—"

"I'm quite certain of it. If he did not, he could not have inspired in Mrs. Grannis such genuine admiration and liking. I understand he is an exceedingly popular man, and of course wives of such men must of necessity not begrudge them—at least a little of them—to the world. Now, you're going to keep this little affair a secret between us, aren't you?"

"I am. But if—"

"In that event, drop me a note to my club, and I'll move into action again." Once more he proffered his hand, which Mrs. Brander accepted and wrung with an almost masculine heartiness. Then he escorted her to a taxicab and returned to the Grannis apartment, where he found Julie very much on the anxious seat.

"What the devil did that woman want?" he demanded.

"Lucky thing for you I took the job off your hands. However, you took a dirty job off my hands a little while ago, and one good turn deserves another. You will recall that the park policeman took our names following the crash?"

"Naturally."

"Well, of course, Mrs. Brander immediately discovered that one Julian Grannis had thrashed her poor husband—"

"I was afraid of that. You shouldn't have asked me to do that, Ben. Of course, I didn't know who he was—"

"Neither did I. We came together too quickly for that, and, as you know, I was knocked out for a minute and not in condition to recognize my own mother had she been present. Naturally Mrs. Brander, being a loyal and devoted wife, was mad as hops at you for decorating Jake, and came up here with the avowed intention of giving you a piece of her mind and terminating the friendship existing between the families."

"Nothing would have pleased me better. Why didn't you let her come up?"

"She was too excited, too dangerous."

"What is she like?"

"Not at all a bad sort. A little commonplace, but sincere and straight-thinking. She's nobody's fool. I rather liked her, and before I got through with her I had succeeded in making her ashamed of herself. I told her the affair was most regrettable and explained all the angles of it, so she simmered down and promised she'd forget it. But she's horribly embarrassed, and as a result I imagine the Branders will go back to Pasadena immediately and you'll be spared any further social intercourse with them."

Julie was profoundly relieved. He put on his hat. "Let's get away from here," he commanded irritably. "I'm in the midst of things I can't understand, you're the least understandable of them all, although I never knew you to be that way before. How did you know the woman was on the war path?"

"I am not quite a fool," said Ben Whitton pointedly.

"Meaning, I suppose, that I am."

"To a certain extent, old son. But I love you for all your foolishness and am always happy to smooth the way for you. By the way, you're still wearing your oldest and shabbiest suit, which you donned for a golf game that did not materialize. Slip into your Sunday suit, old innocent. The one you're wearing is a bit gory."

Dutifully Julie retired to his bedroom to change his clothes, and almost immediately Mercedes came out, closed the door carefully behind her, and sat down on the farther side of the living-room, facing Whitton.

"There was blood on the moon," he assured her, with that strange facility of his for answering a question before it was asked. "However," he added, "being a great big man, I reached up and wiped it off. The lady came around looking for a fight; she wanted to tell Julie all about you and Jake. She thinks she has succeeded because I doubled for Julie, as they say in Hollywood. Fortunately, she liked the man she thinks is your husband, so between us we cooked up a deal to save all hands the slightest embarrassment. On behalf of your husband I promised you wouldn't see her husband again, and on behalf of her husband she promised to do her best to see to it that her husband doesn't see Julian Grannis' wife again. How does that program suit you, Mrs. Grannis?"

"It will have to suit me," she replied demurely, "although I must say, Mr. Whitton, I scarcely relish your unrequested and unauthorized interference in the domestic affairs of Julian and myself."

"I did it to spare my friend. I wouldn't have the hardihood to obtrude *my really efficient services* upon you without solicitation. That businesslike Mrs. Brander has had detectives on the trail of you and Jacob."

SHE almost fainted, and he sat watching her terror and enjoying it. "I've had the dicks called off; the Branders leave in a day or two for home, and a resolute effort is to be made to forget it. Mrs. Brander knows all about the affair in the park this morning; she had an *impression Julie had thrashed* her husband until she met me, whereupon, of course, she jumped to the conclusion that I was Julie and forthwith attempted to congratulate me for my brisk action. I denied having thrashed Jake but declined to tell her the name of the man who did. But Jake knows now that your husband polished him off. He got the name from the traffic officer. And your husband knows that he polished off Jake. What Jake doesn't know, however, is that you know Julie did the dirty work, and what Julie doesn't know is that you know he did it—all of which is a bit involved and confusing but highly satisfactory from a number of angles."

"Julie doesn't know I was in the car with Mr. Brander?"

"Of course not. I saw to that. And I've saved you a wretched scene with Mrs. Brander and your husband. In fact, I'm the best little boy scout I know of. A boy scout has to do only one good deed a day—and all day long I've been doing nothing else but, and all I've received for my exceedingly adroit work is a polite bawling out from you and a total lack of any expression of thanks from Julie."

"I am grateful, of course, Mr. Whitton. While there has never been a thing that I could be ashamed of or that Mrs. Brander could use to base a charge of unladylike or underhanded conduct, still, had it not been for you, a very ugly scene might have been enacted."

"You would have had hysterics in earnest, my dear."

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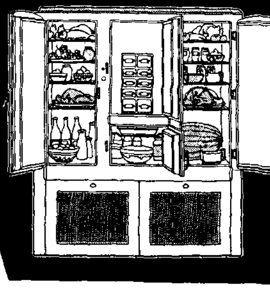

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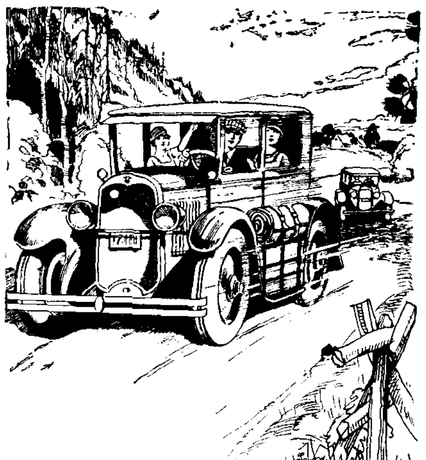

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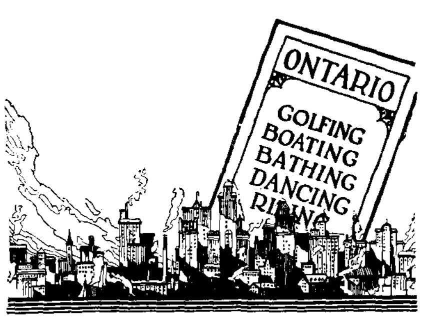

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400,000 square miles of Playground

She bridled instantly. "How do you know I ever have hysterics, or, having them, that they are not in earnest?"

"I know a four-flusher when I see him—or her."

"You are exceedingly rude, Mr. Whitton."

"Not to my friends. I never spare my enemies. When mine enemy smites me on one cheek he had better duck or cover up both his own, because I always sock him." He chuckled genially, and Mercedes thought she had never met a man more hateful. A cold fury possessed her, but she dared not express it. He was too diabolically clever, too unawed. She could have bitten him when he spoke again:

"You have your orders from your husband, Mrs. Grannis, and now you're going to get them from me. I made Mrs. Brander certain promises, and I would not be pleased to discover you had violated them. Lay off the Brander family or stand by for a lot of dark-blue trouble. That Mrs. Brander will sue Jake for a divorce and name you as corespondent if you're seen with him again." Under the stimulus of a sudden inspiration or his amazing capacity for bluff, he added: "She has enough on you to hang you, and if she hasn't her private detectives will invent it. She'll sue you for alienation of affections and ruin you with horrible publicity. She'll ruin Julie too. Then he'll sue you for a divorce and His Honor will tell you to take your little old fiddle and earn your own living without any help from Julie."

"What a dismal picture you paint!" she replied with a faint sneer. Nevertheless the man saw that she was with difficulty concealing a mental earthquake.

"Speaking of fiddles," he went on. "I have never heard you play. Suppose you get out the agony box and scrape me off a few simple melodies, such as No Bird Ever Flew So High That He Didn't Come Down to Roost; Yes, Sir, That's My Baby; or It Ain't No Disgrace to Run When You're Afraid."

"I'll play May Irwin's Bully Song," she almost snapped at him and he applauded silently. She got out her violin because she was afraid not to; her mood of savagery caused her to play with a verve, a vitality, she had never shown before.

"By the gods, you *can* play," Ben declared admiringly.

Julie had come to the door. He was buttoning on his collar. "You bet she can play," he affirmed pridefully, "although, for some strange reason, she puts more pep into playing for you than she does for me. You're feeling better, Mercy. I'm glad."

"ON SUNDAY evenings," Whitton went on deliberately, "my friends have a habit of dropping in. I keep open house. Mercedes—you'll permit me that familiarity, will you not?—it will please me very much if you will come with Julie and me."

"Not this evening, Ben, I'm not quite up to it."

"I think an old friend of yours will be there with her mother: Gloria Justin. She tells me she went to the same convent with you?"

"Indeed? I have forgotten her, but it will be delightful to meet her again, Ben. I do wish I felt that I could enjoy myself this evening. If you were not going to have company—" She paused and looked at her husband, the dawn of a bright idea showing in her fine eyes. "Julie, there's going to be company at Ben's. You mustn't go. You look too awful, with those court-plaster patches on your face. And you have more than a suspicion of a black eye."

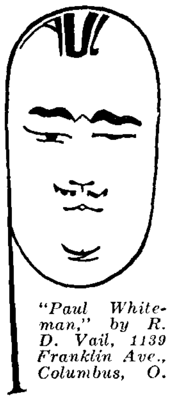
He hesitated, for the habit of obedience was strong in him; he had learned of old the futility of opposing his wife once her mind was made up. "I suppose you're right, Mercy; I hadn't thought of my battle-scarred face."

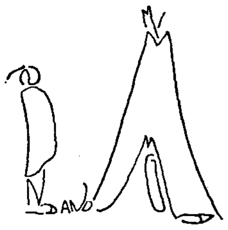
"And your hands, Julie," she pursued, quick to change his retreat into a rout. "Everybody will know you've been fighting."

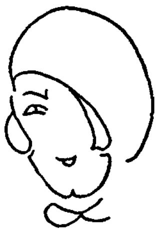
(*Continued on page 52*)

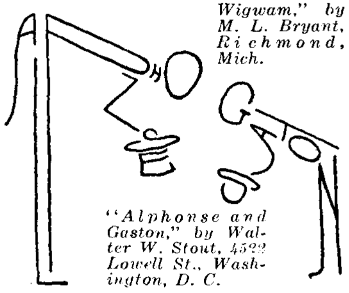
NAMEOGRAPHS

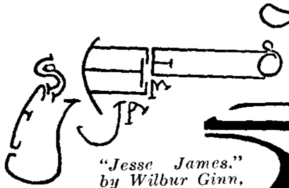
Well, well, here's another day started gayly with a deft group of Nameographs. Look at "Sir Harry Lauder" will you, and doff your hat. Not that you have to attempt anything quite so ambitious, for a starter. There's "Musket," for instance.

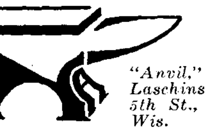

"Paul Whiteman," by R. D. Vail, 1139 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.

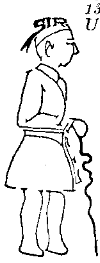

"Indian and Wigwam," by M. L. Bryant, Richmond, Mich.

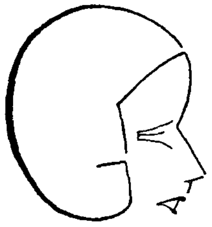

"Flapper," by M. L. Bryant, Richmond, Mich.

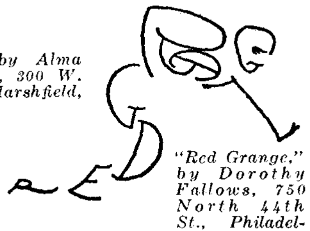

"Alphonse and Gaston," by Walter W. Stout, 4522 Lowell St., Washington, D. C.

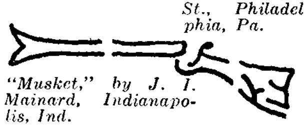

"Jesse James." by Wilbur Ginn, 134 Taft Ave., Urbana, Ohio


"Anvil," by Alma Laschinski, 300 W. 5th St., Marshfield, Wis.


"Sir Harry Lauder," by W. H. Lauder, Jr., 523 8th Ave., Dayton, Ky.


"Greta," by Charles Villain, 5932 Palmetto St., Brooklyn, N. Y.


"Red Grange," by Dorothy Fallows, 750 North 44th St., Philadelphia, Pa.


"Musket," by J. I. Mainard, Indianapolis, Ind.

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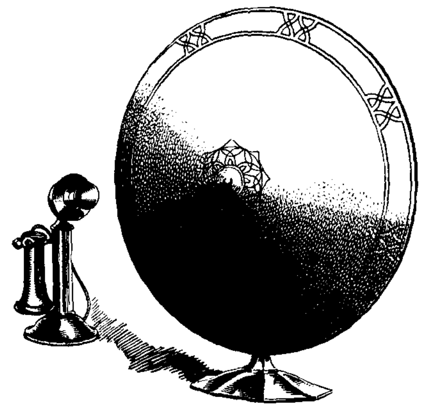

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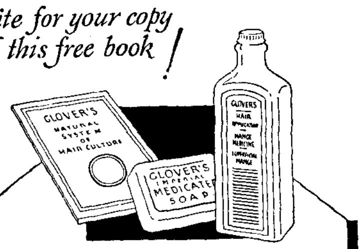
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The Thunder God

Continued from page 51

Julie looked at his discolored, swollen hands. "By George, that's so, Ben."

"Gloria will be disappointed," his friend suggested, "and so will her mother. They both frequently recall with pleasure the occasions when you used to dine at their house."

"I'll go," said Julie with determination.

"Julie! You're shameless. You mustn't go. You're in a perfectly frightful condition."

"IN FACT," Ben went on ruminatively, "I invited Gloria and her mother especially tonight because I felt certain of my ability to induce you and Mercy to come also. However, since Mercy cannot come, I must be a brute and insist that you come, all dishonored as you are, and I'll not insist upon Mercy changing her mind, because I know she cannot help but feel embarrassed every time she looks at you, you plug-ugly."

"I'll go," Julie repeated.

"Julie!" His wife's voice had the monitory tone of a schoolmistress addressing a refractory pupil. "I protest against it."

"I'm going to serve chicken tamales and pre-war beer, Julie," the demon Whitton interjected slyly. "You know how fond you used to be of chicken tamales and beer. . . . Remember, when we were boys at Stanford, the folly feasts we used to have?"

"I'm going," Julie announced, and go he did. Mercy knew when she had lost a battle. She longed to go with him at the last, if only to protect him from Gloria Justin, but Ben had checkmated her there. That woman! She had had the audacity to sit with Julie the previous night at dinner. She was Ben Whitton's secretary, and tomorrow she would be Julie's also. What sort of men were these two, anyhow? Treating a secretary as a social equal! That loathsome Ben Whitton! How deliberately now, without even extending himself, he had matched his wits and his diplomacy against hers and defeated her. Why, the wretch was playing with her, proving to her that she had lost control over her husband, defying her.

Julie was happy again, happy in a belief that, after all, his wife was going to like old Ben, dear old Ben, the best friend any man ever had. Why, she had played for him—played for him better than he had ever heard her play before—and he knew her well enough to realize she never played for those she disliked. Now that Mercy had had an opportunity to discover what a golden-hearted man Ben Whitton was, Julie felt that he was going to have far more social enjoyment of his friend than he had anticipated.

His heart glowed; the last flicker of apprehension, of the indefinite suspicion that had enveloped him regarding Mercedes and the impossible Branders, fled his mercurial soul, and as he rolled along in a taxi with Ben toward the latter's apartment he laid his hand suddenly on the great leg beside him.

"Doggone you, Ben," he declared fervently, "I think a lot of you."

Ben ignored the affectionate little outburst. He was thinking of the yearning of this man for peace, for comfort, for love and sympathy and understanding, for coöperation and frankness, for freedom from feminine diplomacy and deceit, for the right to call his soul his own, to indulge in his innocent and unworldly delights without offense to his wife, without explanation, without apology or deprecation. What appalling things the wrong kind of wife could do to the right kind of husband.

In Ben's apartment they talked man talk until 6:30 when Gloria Justin and her mother arrived. Julie ran to the door to admit them. "Ma Justin," he cried to the old lady, "come to my arms till I squeeze you."

He squeezed her and kissed her. "Hello, Gloria. Wanted to kiss you when I first met you yesterday, for old sake's sake, but it didn't seem right to do it in Ben's office." He put his arm around her in comradely fashion, drew her face up to his and kissed her on both cheeks. "We're going to have a glorious evening, my dear."

"Is Mercedes here, Julie?"

"No. Indisposed."

THEY looked into each other's eyes and Gloria knew why they were going to have a glorious evening. Yes, glorious for Julie, but for her—well, that was another story. What a dear, lovable, stupid creature he was—the sweet old thing. She had an impulse to pat his cheek and yielded to it; he seemed pleased, and while Ben assisted her mother to remove her wrap and escorted her to a seat by the fire, Gloria and Julie stood in the hall, apparently loath to follow. The girl eyed his patched features critically, marked the faint discoloration under one eye, then lifted his hands and gazed at them pensively. But she said nothing, and just because she had that much tact the soul of Julian Grannis suddenly surged with a fierce, wild longing to—to—to—well, to do something. While he was striving to make up his mind how properly to express his admiration and appreciation of a woman who could observe a ripe topic of conversation and yet repress a desire to indulge it, he remembered he was a married man.

(To be continued next week)

JINGLES IN THE ROUGH

Maybe the pen is mightier than the club, at that. If your golf score is beginning to get so heavy that you have to make the caddy carry part of it, if dreams of slicing and foozling are cutting into your rest—here's a chance to relax a bit and work off some of the bazazums of the game.

Try your hand at a four-line jingle for Collier's.

If it's acceptable, we'll send you a gold luck-piece, with your initials engraved on it. An impressive trinket to flash when the more skillful players are boasting of their low scores.

Here's Loris B. Curtis of Mason, Mich., with a little thing he dashed off while waiting to drive:

At home Joe Kies can put you wise
On golf. He's flush with information.
Like most such ginks, when on the links,
He gives a rotten demonstration.

I take my stance with every care—
Eye on the ball—and keep it there.
I wiggle-waggle once or twice—
And then I drive—the perfect slice.
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Alas!
That golfer must be daft.
He hollered: "Fore!"
But he hit me aft.

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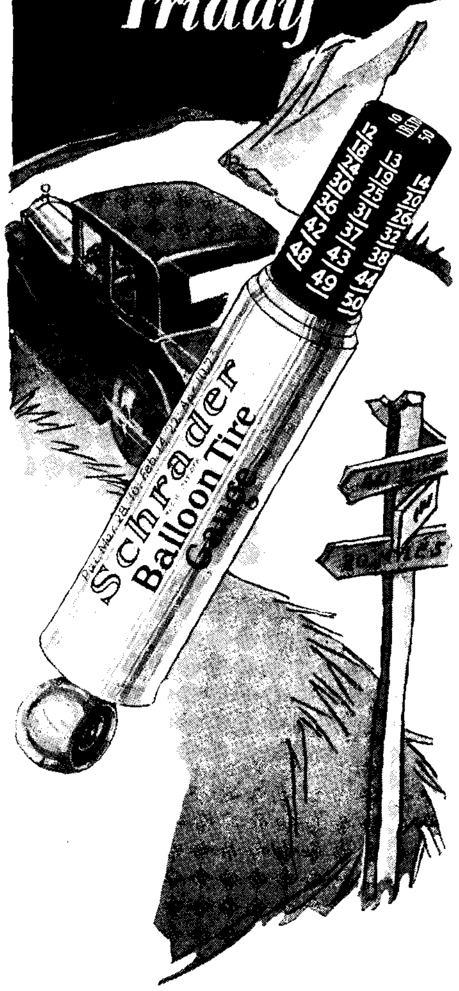

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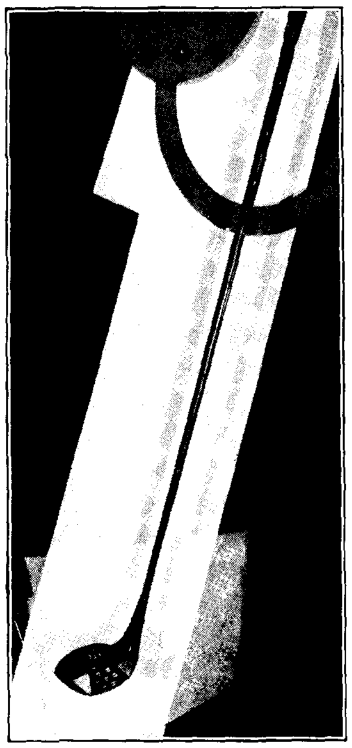

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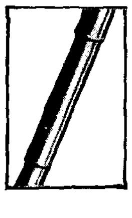
Burke clubs give greater distance, greater accuracy. They cut strokes from every round. Your pro or favorite sporting goods store has Burkes or will get them for you.



An enlarged section of the True Temper Steel Shaft

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Newark, Ohio

"And Everything Nice"

Continued from page 14

Breakfast: Fruit, milk, cereal and toast.
Lunch: Meat, potato, vegetables, a sweet, bread and butter, milk.
Supper: Cereal, stewed fruit or jam, bread and butter, milk.

But when we consider that some children will not eat cereal twice a day, and others not even once a day; that many children drink only eight or ten ounces of milk in the twenty-four hours, and others none at all; that many children do not want bread and butter with their meals, and others dislike meat—we realize that some mothers cannot feed their families by the book. They must have knowledge of food values and the possibilities of substitutions.

For instance, if the child will not eat cereal, he may have rice, dried bread or toast instead. If he will not drink the quart of milk with its protein allowance which this normal diet gives, he must have an egg a day or extra meat, or both. If he does not like stewed fruit, he may have raw fruit. If he cannot eat bread and butter with his heavy meal, the butter may be put on his vegetables and the bread may be given as cereal.

Let Them Eat Between Meals

THE desserts which are customarily given to children—rice pudding, custards and gelatins—are often distasteful to the young, and (horror of horrors to some mothers) they may have clear sugar candy or homemade candy in moderation instead.

In winter, when fresh vegetables are few and tiresome, celery and lettuce can always be had, and canned tomatoes are a boon.

Even for the normal child who will eat anything the routine diet should be varied within its limits. There are many kinds of available cereals which can be served on successive days. Milk can be varied with cocoa or one of the malted-milk drinks with or without cocoa. White bread can be alternated with whole-wheat bread. Once a week rice or sweet potato can be substituted for white potato.

The white potato can be cooked in various ways: baked, boiled, mashed, scalloped or even fried.

Meats need not be limited to beef, lamb and chicken. Veal and pork can be used occasionally with benefit.

The old-fashioned molasses cookie, or other homemade dry cake, is an excellent substitute for the routine desserts, especially if the milk allowed for lunch is saved to be taken with it.

If the child does not like his food hot, give it to him cold.

BETWEEN THE SIXTH AND THE TWELFTH YEAR is a period in childhood when, in my opinion, the average child of careful parents is underfed. The early system of feeding lives too long.

At this age bacon or an egg should be added to breakfast, and whichever has not been given at breakfast should be added to supper, with a more generous allowance of meat at lunch if the child wants it and vegetables with supper.

BETWEEN-MEAL EATING is another frequent desire of childhood which cannot be looked upon as original sin. In most actively growing children the stomach is not large enough to hold all the food they can burn up, and which they really need, in five hours.

Crackers or bread and milk form the ideal "between meal." And I believe that no child who eats his regular meals well should be refused it when he asks for it.

A child's appetite, as a rule, is not capricious. It was given him as a guide to growth, and we take a lot on ourselves to curb it artificially, unless, of course, the child is overweight.

Any sensible mother can so regulate between-meal eating that it will not interfere with the regular three meals a day.

Concerning fruit there is a common prejudice that much fruit will cause diarrhea; that bananas are, in some occult manner, dangerous; that cooked fruit is safer than raw fruit; that core, seeds, skin, coating and fiber of fruits should not be given to children.

As a matter of fact, it takes enormous quantities of ripe fruit to give a child true diarrhea, or, in fact, to cause any infrequency of bowel movement. In midsummer the skins of fruit sometimes contain bacteria which cause diarrhea. And any fruit which has been sprayed while on the tree may contain, on its skin, traces of chemicals which cause cramps. A safe preventive method is to wash fruit thoroughly if the skin is to be eaten and to peel it in midsummer.

Bananas, as we have said before, are an excellent, nutritious and safe food.

Raw fruit is infinitely more beneficial to children than cooked fruit. Generally children will not eat, from choice, core or seeds or rind, but if they do it won't hurt them. The banana need not be scraped nor the inner coating of the orange punctiliously removed.

Concerning SWEETS there are deep-rooted prejudices on the part of most parents and guardians. They think that sugar plain or in the form of candy is something which children crave chiefly because it is bad for them.

Yet the same mothers will serve their children, once or twice a day, a rich dessert made with cream or butter, sugar, eggs and milk, with a little tapioca, cornstarch, gelatin or rice thrown in for good carbohydrate measure. They will even allow their children to add sugar to their cereal, and will stew their fruit allowance, adding sugar to it.

The truth of the matter is that all children need carbohydrates in the form of sugar and starch in large quantities in their diet. They can get along without fat, and their meat requirement is not large, but sugar they must have. Starch, of course, becomes sugar in the process of digestion.

The candy craving is an indication that the sugar requirement is not being adequately met in the regular diet. The easiest way to prevent children from sneaking candy or buying the poor stuff their allowance will permit is to give them candy instead of desserts or other forms of sweets.

If we insist that with each piece of candy eaten as dessert a half glassful of milk or water be taken, any possible danger of fermentation in the teeth is averted, and the child will be a contented child.

Six Useful Rules

IT IS an interesting medical finding of recent date, that a disease or complaint known as acidosis, with which many mothers nowadays are familiar, is caused by the consumption by the child of too much fat and too little sugar.

In feeding our children, then, there are certain things we must always keep in mind:

1. A child's appetite should not be disregarded; no child should be allowed to suffer hunger or food craving.
2. A child's preference can be taken into account without pampering the child and with great benefit to successful dieting.
3. Variety in menu is a great help in adequately feeding children.
4. A child needs protein food, increasing in amount until growth is complete. Meat is the easiest way to fill this need. Eggs, fish, milk and bread can be used in conjunction with it or instead of it.
5. Food forcing defeats its own ends. No child should be bored by eating and talk of eating. If he doesn't want to eat, investigate your menu or take him to a doctor.
6. All mothers should have some knowledge of the ingredients of foods and the possibilities of food substitutions.

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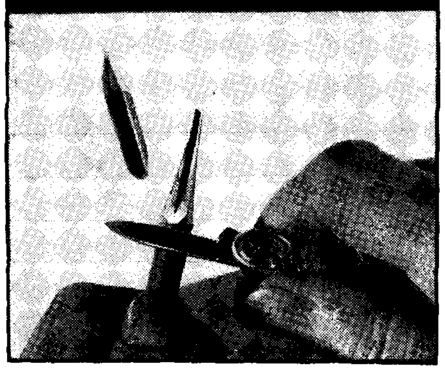
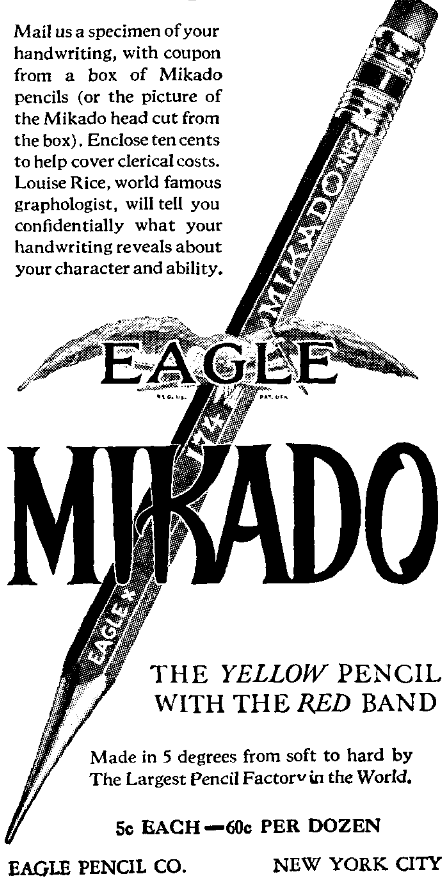
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The Family Goat

Continued from page 7

dear"—but to her dismay she found that the old bonds of authority still held her. "We-we're going to the theatre," she managed to say—and hurried out before cross-examination could be brought to bear.

Reaching the street, she breathed more easily—though only to a certain *point.* There was no clicking of heels, you understand, no dancing on the sidewalk. For one thing, she couldn't rid herself of the feeling of heaviness which was born of her deception—and to this weight was added another: the knowledge of the program which lay before her.

"I've simply got to find somebody—somehow," she told herself, and presently added with a growing touch of defiance: "I don't care. It's the only way. If I keep on waiting and waiting, I'll be old before I know it—and then it will be too late."

If you had seen Nan, though, as she resolutely turned toward Broadway, Old Age would have been the last topic to have entered your mind.

"Perhaps I should have started at the library," she told herself as she waited at Fifth Avenue for the traffic to pass. But more than once in the last twenty-four hours she had considered the possibilities of the library. If Rudolph hadn't been so young. . . . If the Major hadn't been so old. . . . And outside of these two, she couldn't think of a single candidate who might be found among the reading desks.

"Maybe they don't read much," she sagely told herself. "Maybe they only go in for reading when—when they don't want to be bothered with—with girls and things—"

But surely there were enough non-readers who were willing—even anxious—to be bothered. Wherever Nan looked she was reminded of that majestic phrase in Genesis, "Male and female created He them."

The red lights turned to green, and she crossed the Avenue. "Anyhow," she thought, "it will be good to see Broadway at night. And even if I lose my nerve, I can always go to a movie. Mom might guess if I went home early—"

IT WAS a quarter past eight when she reached her goal and turned south toward Forty-second Street. The sidewalk was jammed with a slowly moving river of humanity, and here again Nan noticed the verification of that significant phrase of Genesis.

"Still," she thought—moving slowly along, an inconspicuous ripple in the stream—"every once in a while you see girls by themselves. Keeping their eyes open too, I notice. . . . Maybe—maybe they're looking for someone—like me.

"I wouldn't be surprised if every girl has to do it, one way or another," she told herself. "I'll bet Ethel walked past the Silver Arrow many a time before Lew Koscky spoke to her. And now look at them—just as happy as can be."

She was nearly at Times Square before she realized that she had done nothing but walk slowly with the crowd.

"You'll never do it this way—just by walking," she almost savagely told herself. "You know what you told them at home last night!"

It was at this moment that an unattached man with a book beneath his arm appeared unsuspectingly. He was, Nan hurriedly guessed, about her own age, and although he had a stern look and red hair, he was smoking a pipe. It might have been the book, or it might have been the pipe, or it might have been the fact that he happened to look at Nan as he drew near. Whatever the cause, she screwed up her courage, and, borrowing an incident from Mr. Barnes of New York, she pretended to twist her ankle—pretended so well that she *certainly* would have fallen in front of Rufus if he hadn't caught her with the arm which had no book beneath it.

"Ooh, I'm so sorry!" she said, her heart beating like a young alarm clock.

"That's all right," he told her from the side of his pipe. "Haven't sprained it, have you?"

"No-o-o; I don't think so."

He helped her to a doorway which held an exhibit of the photographer's art; and, although of course it was *imagination,* it seemed to Nan that every girl's picture on the wall was watching her with cynical eyes.

"There!" she said, almost hurriedly. "I think it's all right now."

"Better be sure," said Rufus, who had been looking at her closely; and, evidently satisfied with what he had seen, he added, "Where were you going?"

"I was going to a movie," she said, her voice trembling a little.

"Well. . . ." he hesitated. "I was thinking of going to one myself."

And so it happened that when Nan stepped out into Broadway again a minute later, she was no longer alone. She too was following the line laid down in Genesis—and so was the man by her side. . . .

FOR half a block neither of them said anything—and if you had been there, walking behind them, it might have struck you that they were both amateurs in the game. Nan realized that she must talk, though—that she must either entertain this quiet young man by her side or lose his interest. So, hurriedly searching her mind for a topic, she caught her breath and said, "Don't you think it's wonderful here on Broadway at night—with all these colored lights like millions of stars twinkling in and out?"

"Yes," he said, "some kilowatts being burned along this street, I'm willing to tell the world."

"Kill what?" she asked, looking up at him with that touch of engaging helplessness which no man ever hates in a woman.

"Kilowatts," he largely explained, shaking out his pipe and putting it in his pocket. "It's a term in electricity—the thing you read on meters." And, still more largely, "I happen to be an electrician, you see. So lamps and signs and things like these are pie to me."

They finally decided to go and see Passion's Flower—and Nan got the grandest thrill out of it. By the time *they came out Nan had quietly laughed* and had quietly wept herself into such a dithery state that she thought uptown was downtown, and the young man by her side had to take her arm and get her straightened out.

"Did you like it?" he asked.

"Like it?" she repeated. "I loved it." And, emotion still holding her, she tremulously added, "I shall remember it as long as I live."

Which didn't displease him.

"What do you say to a cup of coffee?" he asked. "It's cold out here after the theatre."

"Oooh!" said Nan, partly to him, as you will guess, and partly to the cup of coffee.

They found a table for two in a White Tile Restaurant, and although the stern young man could watch the street from where he sat, he spent most of his time watching Nan. And indeed you couldn't much blame him. The excitement of the evening had become reflected in her eyes, and after looking into their depths a time or two, Sir Rufus reverted to the ancients—that is to say, he whanged an imaginary harp and sang a few songs of his life.

His name was Joe Morris, and he was going to start in business for himself as soon as he had another thousand dollars saved. He was a radio expert, and when no one else at the shop could bring a dead set to life, do you know what they did? Well, sir, they either junked the set or they sent for Joe. Did Nan know just how music came through the air? Well, sir, if he could find a pencil in his pocket, he'd show her how it came. . . .

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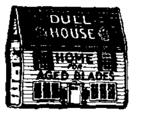

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Twinplex Stropper

FOR SMOOTHER, QUICKER SHAVES

This took another cup of coffee and two more lunch cakes; and so, what with songs, lectures, sketches and refreshments, it was half past eleven when they finally left the White Tile Restaurant and started for the house where Nan lived.

"I live on Sixty-sixth myself, over near Third Avenue," Joe had already told her. "You wait all night for a crosstown car. We'll skip through a corner of the park, and you'll be home in no time."

But when they came to the corner of the park they weren't skipping. Nan's hand was on Joe's arm—a bit which she had learned from Passion's Flower—and although his conversation was still largely electrical, he wandered slightly now and then, and whether or not this was also due to her late observation of the silent drama, Nan found that she was breathlessly asking herself, "I wonder—I wonder if he'll kiss me—now we're here in the park? . . ."

She suddenly noticed that she was trembling a little as she walked. . . .

Through the branches of the trees the moon could be seen, and thinking it might steady her, Nan breathed deeply and lifted her face to its light. Moonlight and Roses—the orchestra had been playing that as they left the theatre. And an exalted-looking tenor in a garden had sung Schubert's Serenade to a girl in pigtails in a bedroom window. . . .

By
LYNN
MONTROSS

Kid Blotto almost succumbs to bad influences, such as tea and archery, but scores a memorable victory in

Don't Be Vulgar

In

next week's COLLIER'S

"This may sound funny to you," Joe was saying, "but me—I've had to work hard all my life—and you're the first girl I ever took home."

A REMARK, you will notice, altogether free of grids and rheostats. Not only that, but he was walking more slowly and was looking at Nan instead of watching his step.

"How lovely!" she told him, her voice none too steady. And, trying to make a joke in order to take the tremor out of her throat, she added, "Or are you just practicing on me?"

"I am not," he said. "Listen. Do you want to hear something? Do you want to know what I think of you?"

He had stopped, and Nan had the grandest thrill. "I—I wonder if I ought to let him," she breathed. "I wonder if I ought to turn my face away—or stand on my toes—or what?"

For the moment at least they had the curving path to themselves. A screen of bushes hid them from the street. But just as Joe was about to deliver his opinion of Miss Nan Meller, he was interrupted by a woman's scream—a well-delivered sound of terror which seemed to come from around the curve ahead.

"Ooh!" gasped Nan. "What's that?"

"Now, don't be scared," said Joe. And in a loud voice he called out, "What's the matter over there?"

"Help!" cried the woman's voice. "Hurry!"

"You stay here behind this tree," whispered Joe. "Whoever it is, they'll probably run when they see me coming." And, cautiously advancing along the path, he called out again, "What's going on over here? What's all the noise about?"

The cracking sound of a shot answered him; and, tensely watching from her shelter, Nan saw Joe hop nimbly behind another tree. Almost simultaneously a furtive figure came running around the curve of the path, still holding his gun ready for any emergency which might arise to threaten the progress of his journey.

"Oh, he's shot somebody! . . . And now he's getting away!" gasped Nan. But in this she reckoned without Joe. Whether or not it was partly due to his familiarity with high voltages, Joe suddenly sprang behind the fleeing gunman and locked both arms around him. At the same moment, doing her part as well as she could, Nan let out a series of screams which even the distant statue of Columbus must have heard.

There was a struggle, desperate, intense, and before it was over Nan heard running steps approaching—heard too the call of a police whistle not far away. As though the sound renewed his strength, the gunman twisted himself free from Joe's embrace—only to find Nan in his path. She was confusedly aware of a crunching blow, of a pinwheel of stars, of a sea filled with roaring waves . . . and then came silence—and peace—

ALL the late chimes of the next morning's newspapers rang with the story. Mr. and Mrs. Julian K. Latimer had attended the opera the night before, sitting well in the center of the Golden Horseshoe, according to their pleasant Wednesday evening custom. Returning to their home near the Plaza at half past eleven, they had decided to take a turn in the corner of the park before ascending to their duplex apartment up near the moon.

Suddenly an armed man had thrust his hand inside Mrs. Latimer's wrap and snatched off her famous rose diamond necklace. He would probably have got away with it too if it hadn't been for the courageous conduct of Joseph Morris, electrician, of 840 East Sixty-sixth Street, and Miss Nancy Meller of Lexington Avenue. Miss Meller had been knocked unconscious, but at least she had delayed the thief long enough to insure his capture by Patrolman Michael J. Carroll of the Fifty-ninth Street Precinct, and Mrs. Latimer's well-known necklace had been recovered with no other damage than a broken clasp.

"You see what you get—not staying home," grimly remarked Mrs. Meller after reading the story at the breakfast table. "I've said it before, and I'll say it again; the street is no place for a girl at night. And as for fooling around in the park—"

"I wasn't fooling around in the park—" began Nan with a touch of unwonted indignation.

She was interrupted by the doorbell.

"If that's another of those fool reporters, you tell him to wait till I get dressed," said Mrs. Meller, ominously rising. "I'll give him 'pictures'! I'll give him a picture he won't forget in a hurry!"

But it was Joe.

"How's your head?" he began.

"All right now," she told him in a guarded voice. "I thought it was cracked at first—but I guess it's as solid as ever."

"Mr. Latimer was over to see me already this morning," he said, "and he and his wife both want to see you. I'm to make a date, and they'll be over any time you say."

(Continued on page 56)

Before Shaving
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Eve ate the apple;
And now woman pays.
But why don't
They shed some tears
For poor man
Whose crop of whiskers
Is ready for fight
Each morning?
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To take the fight
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Before you lather.
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Before you lather, rub in Hinds Cream vigorously for two or three seconds. You'll be surprised how it softens the beard!

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(This coupon not good after May, 1929)

Shave your face but save your skin

The Family Goat

Continued from page 55

Without knowing it, Nan cast another half-fearful glance over her shoulder.

"Oh, I don't want to see them," she whispered.

"Sure, you want to see them!" he urgently told her. "Didn't you read in the papers this morning how much the necklace was worth? The old boy's tickled to pieces. He gave me a check. See? . . . I'm all set now to start for myself. So figure it out. If he gave me this for not doing a thing except trying to hold the guy, how much do you think he's going to give you—for being knocked out—and everything?"

"Well. . . ." Nan hesitated, and she thought to herself. "If I don't go, they'll only come here. So I guess I'd better go, but I won't take anything."

IN THIS, however, she failed to take Mrs. Latimer into account—a comfortable dowager with pink cheeks and gray hair. As soon as she saw Nan she kissed her, and when she realized how the land lay with regard to a check, suitably inscribed, she had the tact not to insist. Instead she took Nan into her bedroom, where she went to the dresser and opened a tortoise-shell box lined with velvet.

"I have some rings here," she said, "which don't fit me any more, and being too lazy to have them made larger, I shall never wear them again. So please see if there's one you'd like—as a souvenir, you know—and when you wear it perhaps you'll remember how grateful I am for what you did last night."

Nan looked into the box uncertainly. "I shan't take anything. It isn't nice," Nan breathed to herself; but when her eyes fell on a blue-tinted diamond in a platinum setting, her heart and breath both jumped a little and she felt herself grow weak.

"They—they'd think it was my engagement ring!" was her first tremulous thought. And her second, "Oooh, if Ethel ever saw this. . . !"

Following her glance, Mrs. Latimer picked up the ring.

"Do you like it?" she asked, smiling. "Then let me see if it fits you, dear. I haven't worn it for ages."

It fitted Nan's slim finger as though it had been made to order. There was another exchange of kisses, and when Nan went away with Joe a few minutes later the ring was still on her finger. Joe walked with her as far as the general offices of William B. Minzer, Inc.; but, truth to tell, so far as Miss Nancy Meller was concerned, there wasn't a great deal of work accomplished that day at the office. Her intentions were good, but every time she started to write she found herself looking at the ring. . . .

"And wait till they see it at home!" she thought. "They'll probably all be around tonight after reading the papers."

In this she proved to be a prophet. Jack and his wife were the first to arrive, and then came Willie and Eddie, Eddie proudly exclaiming, "Believe me, nobody can hurt this family by hitting us on the head!" Helen and her husband were the next to appear, the last of all came Ethel—Little Golden Locks, you may remember—who hadn't been in the room ten seconds before she had spotted the ring. According to family custom, they were assembled in the dining-room, and they had a good chance to verify the blue fire of the diamond underneath the dome light.

"Toh!" scoffed Mrs. Meller as they sat back resting their eyes. "There are just as good in the five-and-ten."

"Don't you believe it," said Jack. "I wish I could buy one like it for two thousand."

It took Ethel to come to the point.

"But what is he like? And what does he do? And when are we going to see him?" she asked.

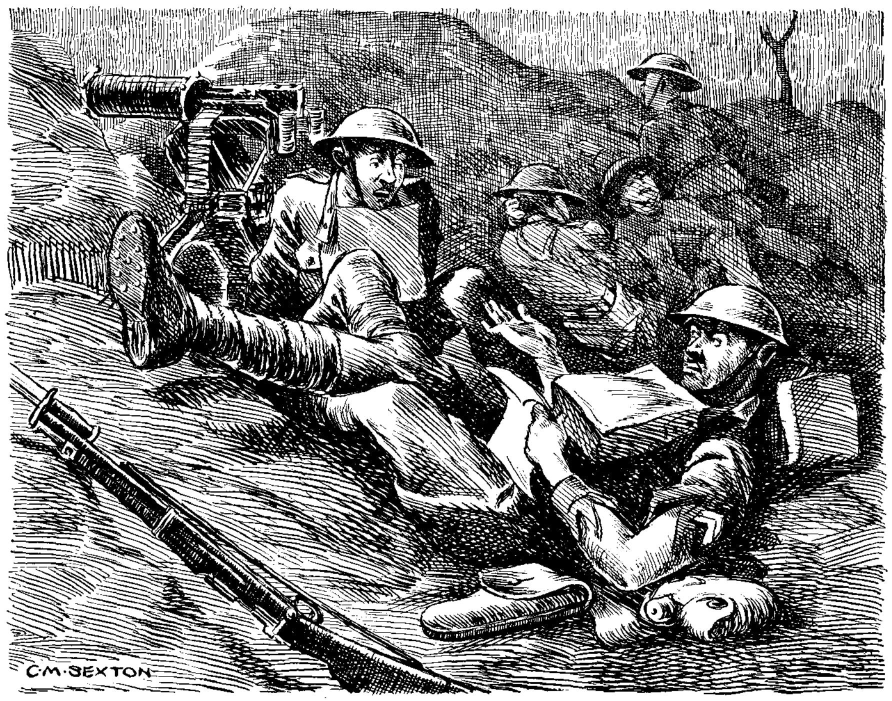
"Don't worry," said Nan mysteriously. "You'll see him soon enough."

They saw him sooner than they expected. Nan had hardly finished speaking when the doorbell rang, and a minute later she ushered Joe into the dining-room and introduced him to the family. In honor of the occasion he was wearing his best suit, and, what with this and the stern dignity of his expression, he looked quite capable of buying such rings as the one on the third finger of Nan's left hand. She let them talk to him a few minutes and then she led him away.

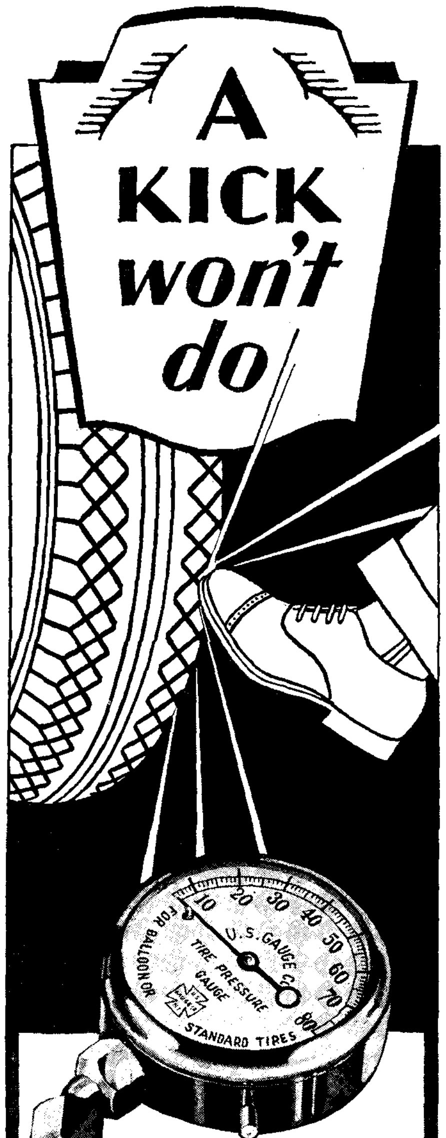
"They're having a family council, so we won't disturb them," she said; and, opening the door of the front room, she gently but firmly closed it again after she and Joe had passed through.

IT WAS a quarter of an hour later when Nan reappeared in the dining-room, her eyes and cheeks so bright that Eddie said "Oh-ho!" Ostensibly she had come out for a glass of water, but on her way back to the front room she paused and added a few significant words to the council.

"You'd better make your plans tonight," she said in a guarded voice. "I—I think we're going to be married terribly soon. . . ."



"This here letter says my girl back home has went and married some shipyard guy! Get ready to take plenty dictation on that there typewriter!"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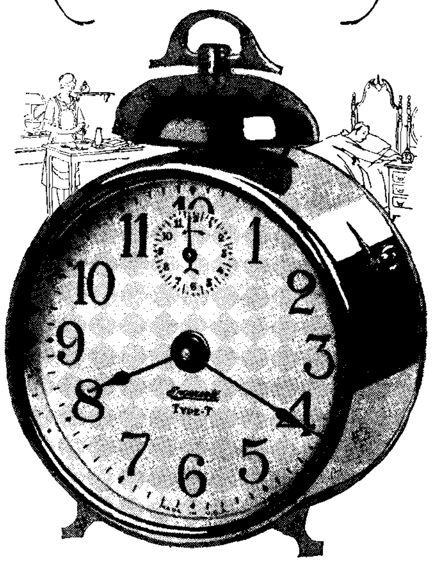

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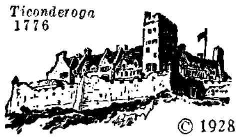

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His Weight in Wildcats

Continued from page 22

lose their strength. She needed no confession from the young man. She had known for months by the light of his eyes, the trembling of his hands when he touched her, the instinctive tenderness of his voice, the dog-like fidelity with which he had attended her every want, her slightest whim. But with this she had known something more—something which had held her affection within the bounds of restraint and gave to her the courage which she now found—the courage to let him go. For Effie, excuse it as she might, had rubbed elbows with at least a small part of the world and gained therefrom enough of independence to find what she believed to be weakness in the utter servility of this youth to a domineering brother. This was a condition which she herself could not hope to change; that for Grenville alone to do of his own free will and determination, and he had elected to solve his problem by running away. It hurt her, that she was worth no more in his eyes, not worth staying for and fighting for!

"It's eight miles into Bowden," she hinted at last. The youth picked up his bundle.

"I reckon I'd better be gittin' on," he said thickly. "Evenin', Miss Effie."

"Evenin', Grenville. I hope you have good luck."

"Yessum, Miss Effie. Hyar, Spot!"

If he had looked back as he went over the ridge, he would have seen a girl in a pink dress and blue sunbonnet, swinging on the old picket gate, watching until the last turn in the rocky road should end her vision. But Grenville did not turn his head. The last bridge had been burned; Noble was coming by tonight; she'd have him sure. Noble always got what he wanted.

"Hyar, Spot!" he called as they reached the state highway and the dog hesitated. "Goin' this way; goin' down the big road."

It was the last time that he evinced outside interest for two miles, and then only to gaze at the poorly printed posters of a small circus, flaunting imaginary wonders from the side of a ramshackle shed. This was the show to which he was going.

THE matinée crowd had departed when, Spot sniffing beside him, hair raised with the sensing of strange animal odors, he walked upon the grounds of the tiny circus at Bowden. The lot was listless, save for a gathering of men at a far side of the menagerie tent, gingerly spreading a span of canvas about a group of dilapidated wagons, one of which had been overturned, its contents of boxes and canvas mounded loosely beyond it. In command, a man with a rifle gave low directions; in the background, a few performers, two of them women, looked on in quiet excitement. The hair upon Spot's back raised to more bristling proportions. He lifted a foreleg and, wrinkling his sensitive nose, gave voice to a curious growl. Grenville turned sharply.

"C'mon hyar!" he ordered and, without even noticing the cause of the animal's distemper, sought a man, leaning upon the iron railing of the main entrance. "Howdy, mister!" he began obsequiously, a hand furling the brim of his hat. "Be you the main man?"

The gate watchman, not averse to passing a few moments of idling conversation, nodded in a manner neither negative nor affirmative.

"Performer, are you?"

"No, sir. I just figgered I could work somewheres."

"Lots of people figure that." Then with a glance toward the brown and white Spot: "That your pooch?"

"Yessir; he's mine. He'd do right well in the show."

"Trick dog, eh?"

"He kin fotch and carry and do a lot of things like that. Why, I could hide anywheres and he'd fin' me."

"Not much good in a circus tent," said the watchman.

"But he's a good all-round dawg. Fine watcher, if you needed suthin' like that. He kin fight badgers too," the youth argued. "Spot, he ain't afeered o' nothin' on four laigs."

"Where would we get the badgers?" —caustically. Then, tired of the conversation: "Anyway, you'll have to see the boss. He does all the hiring."

Then the watchman reached into his hip pocket and drawing forth a rolled newspaper turned his back and began to read. Grenville Calvert called his dog and together they wandered around the side of the tent. Employment was the thing upon which the youth's mind was centered, and to that end, calling his dog close to him, he moved toward one of the women performers, a person of straw-colored hair with a colorless kimono over her faded ring costume, who stood a slight distance apart from the rest of the spectators, viewing with increasing interest the activities of the men about the overturned wagon.

THE canvas had been spread now, supported by quarter poles, until it entirely circled the vehicle and its contents, while the man with the rifle was clambering to the top of the second wagon, calling over his shoulder as he went:

"Guess you'd better not stir him up after all. He might make a run for it and bust through the canvas. Get me some meat. I'll throw it right in front of that pile of junk and knock him over when he comes out to get it."

"Have to go to town for it," called a second man as he hurried away.

"Get a big piece—strong meat; a couple of days old."

Then the man with the rifle took a position as if on guard.

"Hyar, you, Spot!" Grenville commanded sharply. "Quit 'at! Hyar me? You quit 'at!"

The dog had halted, trembling. The hair was raised in a solid ridge along his back, his tail was stiffened, the lop-ears suddenly alert. A growl was rolling in his deep throat as, teeth bared, he started in the direction of that canvas sidewalling, nor was it until Grenville's command had issued for a second time, and more sharply, that he glanced apologetically upward and took a position at his master's heels. The circus woman turned as if to move back a few steps. Grenville went hastily toward her.

"I wonder could you tell me if the boss man is here?" he asked, and as an afterthought grasped his hat. She nodded toward the wagon.

"That's him, with the rifle."

"I reckon he's busy now, ain't he?"

The woman laughed.

"Well, if killing lions is business, then he's busy."

"Lions?" A slight gasp came from Grenville's lips. "Is that what he's doin'? Hyar, Spot, you quit 'at!"

"Better get that pooch away from here."

"Guess I will." Then Grenville laughed uneasily. "I guess I'll be gittin' too. Is the lion loose?"

"Yeh, he's loose." She said it with the peculiar drawl of sophistication which a trouper so often adopts toward the "towner."

"Gosh, ain't you skeered?"

"Oh, he's a crack shot." A nod again indicated the waiting man with the rifle. "Anyway, he's got a pot target, if Old Duke ever comes out."

Grenville wondered if it was his duty to stay there, to protect her if— Suddenly he forgot everything in calling back his dog. Spot, hair raised anew, had started to creep investigatingly forward, toward the canvas sidewalling.

"Better hold that dog if you're going to stay here," the woman commanded. "Better still—get off the lot."

"I've got him." The youth bent and grasped the growling beast by the nape of the neck. "Ain't you skeered, honest?"

(*Continued on page 58*)

Be fair to that old pipe

STRONG, is it? Then give it another chance with Sir Walter Raleigh's favorite blend. Watch it get milder and milder. Sir Walter is a mixture of choice tobaccos, mellowed to a surpassing mildness and wrapped in gold foil to keep its fresh fragrance intact. You'll enjoy every puff—and so will the innocent bystander.

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It's *milder*

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"Spring fever" sounds rather amusing, till it costs you your job.

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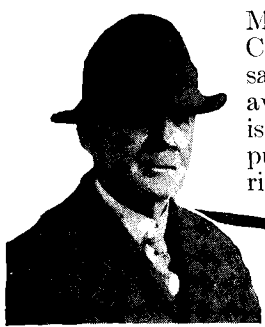
The boss called him up on the carpet. "Just spring fever, eh? Well, that's something no good business man can afford to have every year. I cured my young son of it when he was in school. Not with sulphur and molasses. With Nujol. Suppose you try the same thing for a while."

It was surprising how with regular Nujol treatment his lassitude disappeared, his brain cleared up, his old energy and ambition returned. Today he is the boss' right hand man. Responsible for bringing in more business this past spring than any other man in the shop. Sitting pretty for promotion.

The secret is that Nujol helps the system to function as Nature meant it to, even under sedentary conditions. It not only prevents the excess of body poisons (we all have them) from forming, but aids in their removal. It is these poisons that sap the energy, drag us down, give us what we jokingly call "spring fever."

You may think that you don't need a tonic, that you're feeling 100% fit. But just try Nujol regularly for the next three months. No harm in trying, is there? For Nujol can't possibly upset or hurt you. It contains absolutely no medicine or drugs.



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His Weight in Wildcats

Continued from page 57

"What of?" she laughed. "Of a lion that's about to be shot?"

"But 'sposin' he'd start after everybody?"

"How can he?"

"Why, where's he at?"

"Under that pile of stuff out of the junk wagon. Had a runaway on the lot here—the horses on Duke's cage—he's the lion—got scared and tore up things in general. They sidewiped a sort of carryall we call the junk wagon and knocked it over. Spilled everything. At the same time, the end was knocked out of Duke's cage.

"He's been bad ever since we started out. Reached out from under his bars this morning and tore up a girl's arm. They were going to bump him off anyway this afternoon—so they're just doing it. You see," she added, "there's no danger about it. A lion's got a single-track mind. As long as there's something around him, he won't try to break through. That canvas might as well be a brick wall as far as he's concerned. He don't know the difference. So Cap"—again she indicated the watchful figure atop the wagon—"will wait until Walter comes back with that meat and then toss it in front of the pile of junk. When Duke comes out, Cap'll pull the trigger. It'll be like killing a cow."

Grenville laughed and, straightening, forgetfully released his hold upon the dog.

"Gosh!" he said, "I never thought I'd ever get to see nothin' like this when I walked in here to this circus."

"Oh, you saw the show, then?"

"No, I ain't seen it. I come in, thinkin' maybe I could get a job on it. Come hyar, Spot! Spot—*Spot!*"

Then a shout came from one of the watchers at the canvas, a yell from atop the wagon, and with that Grenville Calvert leaped. The dog had not obeyed him. Now, hair bristled, fighting instinct to the fore, his every attention centered upon the strange cat smell from beyond the canvas, the dog was scurrying forward, to reach the protecting wall, scratch wildly for an instant, then slip under, while his master, running after him, called in vain.

"Get that dog—get that dog!" It was a shout from the watcher. "Shoot him!"

"No, you won't shoot him!" White-faced, Grenville Calvert had swerved under the canvas before he knew it and was menacing the man atop the wagon. "Don't you shoot 'at dog! Spot—come hyar! Come hyar, Spot!"

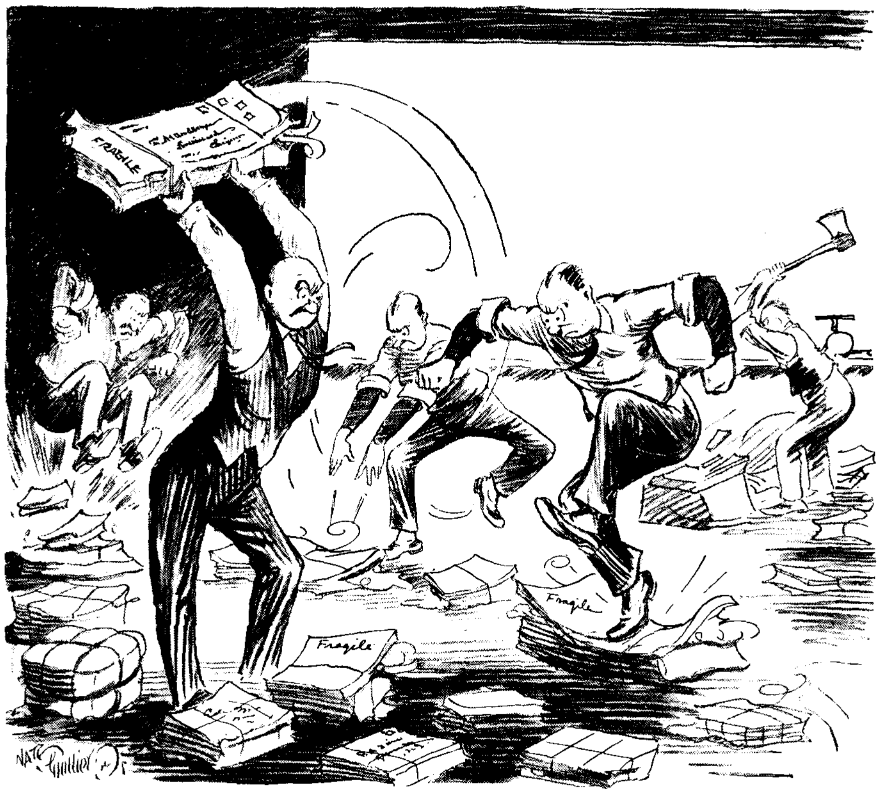
Then, with a groan, he realized that Spot was gone, scrambling with the madness of the hunt into the heart of the high-piled wreckage, that men were shouting all about him, that Cap, atop the wagon, was gesticulating wildly, and that from within the hiding place there had come the thunderous bellow of a leonine roar. Wildly the youth spun about, crying out in agonized tones for his pet; vaguely he bent, and hardly realizing it seized an iron-rimmed tent stake; then, again, hesitating between progress and flight, called for a last time. The call was answered—by a sudden confusion within the wreckage, and the cry of an animal as if in pain, mingled anew with the booming roar of a harried beast.

"Out of the way—so I can shoot! He's coming out!"

THE call came for a second time—but Grenville Calvert did not hear. He stood his ground. The wreckage moved again. Then, aghast, he saw the form of his dog come tumbling forth, writhing in its efforts at escape, and behind the dog, the heavy, black-maned form of the lion.

"Out of the way—so I can shoot!"

It was useless. Gray with fright, the youth stood there, impotent, the heavy tent stake dragging uselessly from his right hand, actionless save for his agonized calls to a beloved dog. In vain! The lion had not even seen the human being; his every attention was upon Spot, as, snarling and twisting, brave with fright, he strove to worry his gigantic opponent until a chance for flight might present itself; he who had sought some strange, wild quarry and found a demon. Again and again the claw-fringed forelegs of the giant Nubian shot forth in vicious half-circles, while the dog dodged them, ducking and backing, with quick glances to the left and right ere he should run. Then suddenly a scream came from Spot's throat; a claw had hooked fair; now he was being dragged swiftly, irrevocably into the widespread jaws—and with that Calvert went mad and surged to action. The mark was fair, the target sure; the



PARCEL POST DEPARTMENT
Testing the wrappings of packages marked "Fragile"

tent stake had swung high over his head and then, in a swift descending circle, had crashed downward upon the skull of a beast which had not even known an enemy was near. There was the crackle of impact, a sudden loosening of muscles as the beast sank for an instant under the concussion. Then the call from above—from the canvas sidewall, mingled with the excited barking of a dog:

"Again—hit him again before he comes at you! Again!"

He did not hear; he only obeyed. For a second time the heavy stave of oak rose and fell with the power of a pile driver while raw blood spurted from a badly wounded beast. The lion swayed and clawed weakly. For a third time, the iron rim catching full at the base of the brain! Grenville Calvert swayed backward, the reddened stake dropping from suddenly listless hands.

"I—must've killed him!" he gasped. Then he straightened. Beyond the twisting, tawny form a dog was whining, twisting painfully that he might lick raw wounds. Instantly the mountaineer awakened; it was his dog, his Spot; an instant later, the wounded pet in his arms, he turned, dazedly surveying the faces about him.

"Can't somebody he'p me with my dawg?" he begged. Out of the maze a woman's features appeared; she of the kimono and the straw-colored hair.

"Come on with me, kid," she said with a touch on his arm. "I've got some iodine and bandages, back in the dressing tent."

There, gradually, working at the cauterization of ugly though not necessarily serious wounds, a young man gradually came to realization. Pale, shaking, now that it was over, he listened to the woman's recital, and laughed vacantly that he should remember so little of it. Then anew he turned to his administrations, naïve again, solicitous.

"He shore was wuth fightin' for, miss," said Grenville Calvert. "Nobody but me knows what an awful good dawg he is. Honest. Why, most times, all I got to do is just call his name an' he'll—"

"Here, kid; got something for you." A shadow had fallen in the tent entrance and Grenville Calvert looked up into the admiring features of Cap, the man of the rifle. "Thought maybe you might want this to remember the time you killed a lion."

Then he tossed into the waiting hand a semicircular object, sharp and vicious at one end, flat and ragged and reddened at the other.

"It's a lion's claw," he said. "Tain't everybody that can have one."

THE youth stared at it. Then in quick realization:

"Thank-uh! Thank-uh, mister, I'll shore keep this. Er—you're the boss man, ain't you?"

"Yeh."

"Well, do you reckon you could lemme go with the show?"

The man laughed.

"Sorry," he said, "but I've run out of lions."

Then before the mountaineer could recover from the sally the man turned and departed. The woman wound a new bandage about the wounds of the whining Spot.

"'Fraid you're not going to get your job, kid," she said. Grenville stared.

"But I've got to git it. Honest!" he begged. "I've got to!"

"Is it that bad?" She laughed harshly. "Well, we're all in the same boat. He"—she nodded toward the fading Cap—"just passed it off. There ain't any more show. They've slung an attachment against us—for hurting that girl this morning. There isn't any money to pay it."

Grenville Calvert patted his dog, then slowly rose.

"I got to do suthin'," he said in agonized tones, the old realization upon him, "I just got to git out of the country."

"Done something you shouldn't?" she asked.

"No, I ain't done nuthin' like that. But I got to go—" there was pleading in his tone, "I got to go!"

The woman smoothed her straw-colored hair.

"What's her name, kid?" she asked.

He eyed her wonderingly, aghast at her intuition. Then before he realized it the story was flooding forth; stored-up misery outpouring to a sympathetic listener. She seemed to understand.

"And you walked away and let him have this girl without ever letting out a peep for yourself!"

"Well, he wanted her."

"Um-umph." She smiled, a woman of the world, playing with simplicity. "He wanted her. That was an end to it. You walked away and left the field clear. Without even lifting a finger to try to get the biggest thing in the whole world. Yet," the words came incisively, "you fought a lion for the sake of your dog!"

Grenville Calvert allowed his mouth to sag and his eyes to stare dumbly for an instant. Then, bending, he gathered his bandaged dog in his arms.

"I guess I'd better be gittin' on," came brusquely. "You been powerful good to me. Evenin' and thank-uh mightily, miss."

"Good-by, kid," she said. "Good luck."

"Yessum." Then he strode from the circus grounds, down the maple-shaded wooden sidewalks of the sleepy little town.

THEN, over the bridge and up the hill, the miles streaming away beneath swift-working limbs, which counted not distance nor grade nor fatigue. Daylight faded and night came; on he strode. To the rocky road and down its swiftly descending reaches he sped and at last he grasped the pickets of an old gate.

"Effie!" he called, and a moment later she answered. "Effie—come closer, will you? I want to ast you suthin'." Then he blurted it: "Do you love me, Effie? Will you love me, if I—"

An hour later, Noble Calvert swung easily up the rocky road, whistling contentedly. In his pocket was a box of candy and a gewgaw from the jewelry store at Branson.

"Hullo!" he called as he sighted the figures at the gate. "Hullo, Effie. Got suthin' for you. Reckon Grenville's tole you all about that big catfeesh."

The younger brother half turned, bracing himself upon spraddled legs.

"I ain't had time, Noble," came slowly. "I been too busy with my own tellin's."

"Your own tellin's. 'Bout what?"

"'Bout a lion."

Noble Calvert dropped his head menacingly.

"What's Effie care about any ole lion? Why didn't you tell her about my catfeesh?"

"'Cause I didn't 'tend to!"

"I tole you to!"

"I don't care what you tole me. I've fought a lion!"

"Heh!" The expression was one of mixed amazement and anger. "What kind of lion, eh?" Suddenly he veered. "You run along; I don't feel fit for no jokin'."

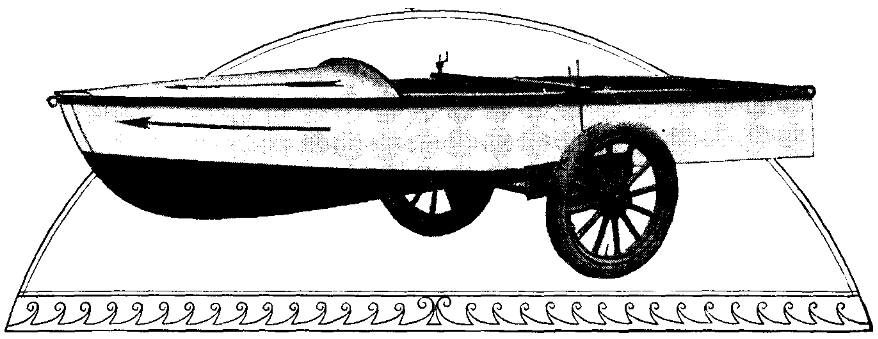
"Neither do I," said Grenville Calvert. "I went down to the circus today and Spot, he got tangled up with a lion. And I killed that lion. I been tellin' Effie about it. She 'lows she'd rather have me tell her about lions 'an have you talk about catfeesh."

"Rather have your lies, huh? You run along—"

But the brother still faced him, braced, defiant. He reached into a pocket, and bringing forth a sharp, rounded object, regarded it for an instant before tossing it at his brother's feet.

"That's a lion's claw, Noble," said Grenville Calvert, "they give to me for what I done. *And you dassn't cross it!*"

After a time the moon rose higher, riding brilliantly over somnolent hills. In a far-away pond the frogs croaked, volunteer orchestras of the night; a whippoorwill began his nocturnal vigil, then the soft, variant notes of a mocking bird, singing at the edge of the fence where the honeysuckle grew. The old picket gate creaked softly. Grenville Calvert and Effie Sears walked slowly under the roses, and to the darkness of the porch.



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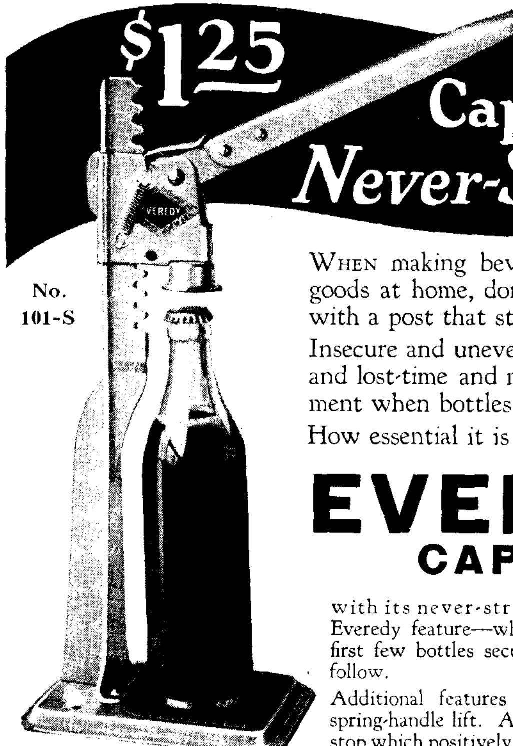

No. 101-S

WHEN making beverages, catsup, and other bottled goods at home, don't risk spoilage by using a capper with a post that stretches.

Insecure and uneven capping means wasted materials and lost-time and money as well as keen disappointment when bottles are opened.

How essential it is that you should use an

EVEREDY CAPPER

with its never-stretch post—a special Everedy feature—which not only caps the first few bottles securely, but also all that follow.

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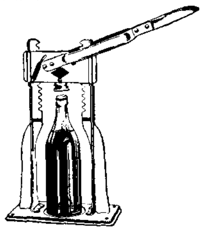

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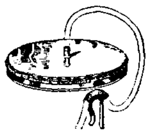
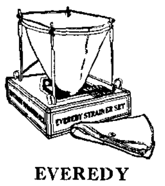


EVEREDY Syphon Filter No. 400
Consists of Metallic Float, filter-cloth disc, stretcher ring and hose clamp. Price, complete, $1.00.



EVEREDY Strainer Set No. 300
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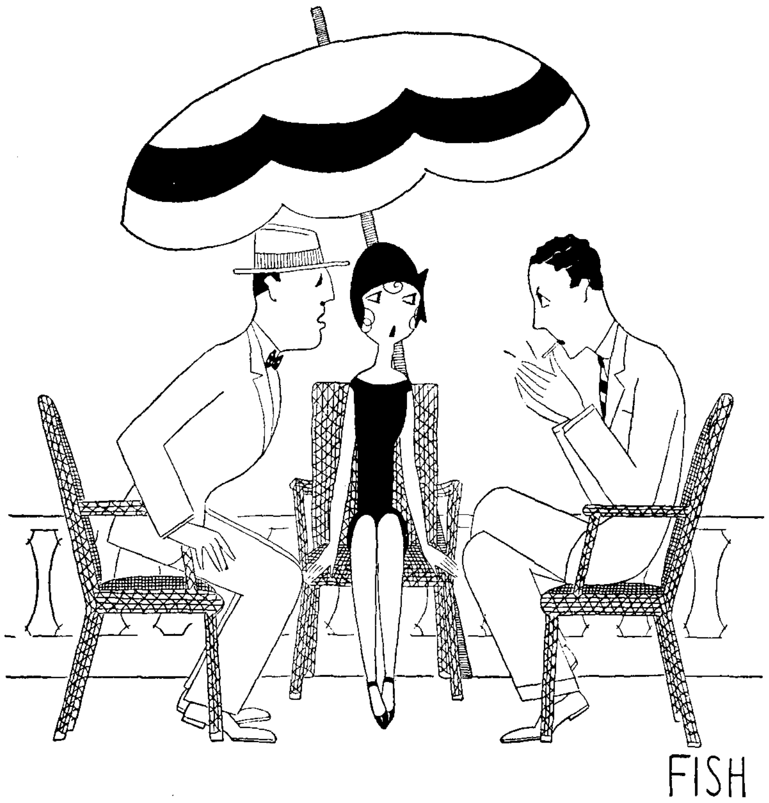

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you meet Cynthia, the college widow, for the first time in ten years and call her Helen . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a MURAD cigarette.

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Collier's circulation now more than 1,600,000

The Undying Gladiator

Continued from page 24

secret from his father and mother. Breslin, senior, wondered how his son could be so free with funds when he refused to follow his father's occupation of journeyman bricklayer.

"My father," says Jack, "patronized prize fights, although they were only semi-legal in those days. One day he asked me to go with him to see a lightweight fight. 'This feller Britton is pretty good,' he told me, 'and I'd like to see him.' "

Jack gave his father a pair of tickets, and the old man took his other son. The principals in the main event appeared, and the name Britton was shouted by a thousand hoarse fanatics.

Pa Breslin was speechless, watching his son limber up, take instructions from the referee and step out against a fast-moving opponent.

In the fifth round Jack forgot to duck. As he swayed along the ropes, Pa Breslin turned to his other son beside him:

"Thank Heaven, they don't know his real name," said he.

Vicious in a Fight

THE bell clanged and Britton stumbled to his stool on rubbery legs. The bell clanged again, and Jack, face cleaned but eye mousy, loped into action. Suddenly he shifted and caught his man in the stomach. The fellow wilted, and a right cross sent him kicking.

As the referee swung the count to "out," Pa Breslin bent over the edge of the ring and bawled to the announcer lifting Britton's hand:

"Tell 'em he's Billy Breslin!"

Jack fought a round hundred bouts as lightweight, gradually packing on the solid ounces until he grew, in his middle twenties, to a natural poundage of between 145 and 147. Somebody had a bright idea to revive the welter title—between light and middle—and the first of the bitter battles between Jack Britton and Ted (Kid) Lewis took place in New Orleans.

Lewis was a Whitechapel cockney, strong as a stag—and as vicious in a fight.

Britton got the decision after twenty murderous rounds and was acknowledged welterweight champion of the world. That was in 1916. During the next six years he and Lewis, whose real name was Isaacs, fought twenty-two times. Their meetings became a profitable joke, and there were murmurs, when Britton lost his title to Lewis in 1917 and regained it in a year or so, that the boys had an understanding.

Yet I saw their last meeting in Madison Square Garden, and it was not pretty. Lewis cursed Britton the minute they entered the ring. Britton walked up to him, pushed back his head and yanked a rubber teeth protector from Lewis' mouth. Hate charged the air. Britton, not as strong as Lewis, warily eluded the cockney's rushes. Lewis flung as many epithets as blows.

So it went for fourteen rounds—Britton the masterly defender, Lewis savagely attacking.

Then, in the final frame, the mob got its money's worth. Jack Britton threw science to the winds and made it a stevedores' holiday.

With twenty thousand clamoring fools on their feet Lewis was smashed from corner to corner, and the gong ended the fight as his battered face glared under a stinging jab.

Called to the ring center for the conventional handshake, Britton waved Lewis away.

"He hit me once while shaking hands," he explained to the referee.

"I'll flatten you next time, Irish," was all Lewis said.

And that was the last word uttered between two men who had spent years trading wallops in the ring and never exchanged a friendly greeting outside "business hours."

At the top of the prize ring's reward scale reign the heavyweights. Next in degree come the lightweights, and after them the featherweights, unless some sensational glove man emerges from the intervening classes. The welterweight championship rates normally no more than $200,000 in all, which is small in ring valuations.

Jack fought more than 300 bouts as king of the welters without tasting defeat. He barnstormed through the continent, seeking out provincial talent and giving boxing lessons.

Jack's system was to stop at a place, say, like Portland, Ore., and engage the town's pride in a bout. Fans packed an armory or theatre, cheering on the local favorite. Britton, if it were a no-decision state, as most were, would give the gang a run for its money and sometimes let the local lad win the newspaper decision.

Derided as a false alarm, the champion would leave Portland for a similar engagement in Walla Walla. Weeks would elapse. Then a ballyhoo for a return date with the Portland hero. Britton would oblige.

But on the second meeting the strutting local warrior would be knocked kicking in short order.

This system was highly profitable. But there were flaws in it.

One day in Cleveland he tackled a sturdy fellow named Bryan Downey. Ohio legalized ten rounds without decision. It seemed to Britton the same safe old racket.

But in the fourth round Mr. Downey, unreasonably tough, knocked Jack down.

"I was stunned," Jack recalls. "He dropped me hard with a right cross to the jaw. The crowd yelled, thinking it was about to see a championship change hands. The count came to eight. 'Count louder!' I called to the referee. He paused a few moments to change his voice, and I clambered up the ropes, expecting Downey to rush at me with a finishing punch. But Downey stood in the ring center, hands down, pop-eyed, staggered by the opportunity that had come.

"One crack would have ended the fight. I could hardly lift my hands. But Downey waited too long. When he charged I had strength enough to force a clinch and hold it until the referee broke us. Then the bell rang. For the remaining six rounds Downey hadn't a ghost of a chance to reach my chin. But if ever a boxer missed a championship by a hair's breadth, he did."

They Try to Double-cross

DEALS and rumors of deals marked Britton's progress through the sticks.

"I never made an agreement to lose a fight," he said. "But I have gone easy on some boys when their friends were out front.

"One trouble with agreeing to rate the boys along is that they usually try to double-cross. A lad in Omaha asked me to go easy with him because his sweetheart was in front. I nailed him to the jaw and felt him slipping. To save him I stepped into a clinch, but he shot an uppercut that had me dizzy. He didn't know the fight was over until he awoke in his dressing-room."

Benny Leonard, it will be recalled, was lightweight champion. He challenged Jack Britton, king of the welterweights. They fought three times. The last bout was Britton's and its circumstances peculiar. Leonard, as strong as he was skillful, dropped Britton for the count. The ringsiders packed up to go home, when, as the referee reached "eight," Leonard suddenly pounced forward and struck the fallen welter king.

"On the face of it," Britton remarks, "it looked bad. But Leonard and I had been arguing in the ring. I'd told him that he couldn't dent a cream puff. When I was on the floor he sneered, 'Now can I dent a cream puff?'

" 'You and a horseshoe,' I stammered. He lost his temper at the insult, and smacked me."

Jack checks his temper in his dressing-room when he fights.

"I've only actually disliked one man in all my years of boxing," he says, "and that was Ted Lewis."

Possibly this is why he developed a militant attitude toward cab drivers and sailors. The mildest of men in private life, he can be goaded to pugilistic activity by bullies.

"I like to take an occasional smack at a foul-mouthed taxi driver because it does 'em good," he says. "Besides, it's exercise."

And that is Britton's watchword.

His Only K. O.

"EVERY week of my life," he says, "I put in an average of two hours a day at physical exercise. Not always boxing. Sometimes I don't box at all for a week or two before a fight. But I swim, play golf, do road work—the punishing stuff. Above all things, I've got a Swedish wife and a Swedish mother-in-law who look after my kitchen. Plain food and plenty of prunes give me muscle where others who were youngsters in my fighting prime have eaten themselves into retirement."

Financially Jack got the only K. O. of his career when he took $150,000 of his savings and went to Florida. Florida, in turn, took him.

But he wasn't broke. Mrs. Britton had put away money from the one-quarter divvy Jack passed to her after his engagements. It's a sizable nest egg, comprising a tidy home in Yonkers and some odd securities.

When Mickey Walker beat him, Britton found that a dented crown has little market value.

On his return to the wars Jack tackled George Levine, a first-string fighting man who had made a sad picture of Britain's hope—Milligan.

The night of that come-back Britton stepped through the ropes in a hush of thousands who had come to see the traditional end of a great fighter. A man past forty, he faced an agile youngster of twenty-five—took what the youngster had to give . . . and won.

"Perhaps some day," he says, "I'll take the long count. Perhaps I won't. But when you ask me how a comparatively old man could stay in the race with youngsters, my answer is—good food and good habits."

His two boys were energetically punching each other as he spoke, while his three girls bubbled mirthfully.

"A fighter must keep in trim or he'll be trimmed," he concluded. "Those boys of mine will be trained to know good food, to use clean tongues and lead clean lives. If he makes moderation the rule that has no exceptions, any man can go far without much effort, barring earthquakes and—taxicabs."

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
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Invest; Don't Gamble

MANY of the most eminent leaders in business and politics have lost heavily by acting on the "tips" of friends. Will Hays, former chairman of the Republican National Committee, acknowledged his losses. Even President Harding, it has been testified, was made poorer by his excursions into stock speculation.

The truth is that "tips" are almost valueless for the simple reason that few men are able to forecast the future of their own business.

Some have made money speculating, especially during the recent past. For stocks have been moving upward and buyers have been "given a joy ride."

American industry has been passing through one of the seasons of great growth and development.

One of the most famous speculators is reported to have made a hundred million dollars in the stock market. Others have benefited hugely because of the steadily rising prices of securities. In a rising market it has been hard to lose.

But the prices of securities are not going to continue rising without interruption.

Prices must ultimately reflect values. You cannot reap where no one has sowed.

Commodity prices have been slowly falling since the World War. Their drift will be down and not upward during the years ahead.

Business generally is sound and has been getting more active during recent weeks. Underlying conditions are healthy.

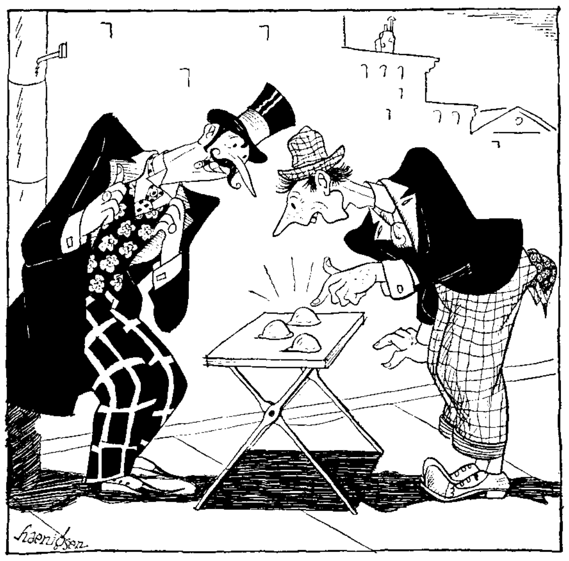
Unless we go crazy on speculation, the prospect is bright. Extravagance in the stock market is the only real danger.

If you have money, invest but don't speculate.

Borrow only what a well-managed bank is willing to lend you.

Get the most experienced and the least prejudiced advice possible in picking out your securities.

Ask your advisers what real value your money is buying and what income it can reasonably be expected to earn.



The Speculator Plays the Shell Game

A highly intelligent financier recently said that an industrial stock should sell for about fifteen times its annual earning. By that rule a six per cent stock should sell for around 90.

The rule is a rough guess. A first mortgage pays six per cent and a second mortgage much more. The return you get depends, among other things, on the risk you take.

Buy with your eyes open. Pick out corporations and industries which are developing and grow with them but don't throw your money away in feverish gambling.

From the business point of view a new era is opening. If we are able to exercise intelligence and restraint, it will prove to be the most marvelous chapter in all economic history. If we refuse to use our heads and insist on gambling where we should invest, we shall at least have the satisfaction of knowing that we ourselves will be the authors of whatever befalls us.

Immortality

SAMUEL SCOTTEN, Philadelphian, directed in his will that "on the twenty-third day of the second month (that being my birthday) there be delivered to the poor of the city and of Southwark $12 worth of bread."

That was 118 years ago. The fund has passed from one charity to another, but never once since then has Philadelphia failed to carry out Scotten's $12 bread order. It has come to be an annual rite of public importance.

In the charity disbursement of a large city $12 means little or nothing.

We know now that if a family is poor enough to need charity bread once a year it is poor enough to need more than bread and oftener than one day in 365.

The Philadelphia fund advertises the folly of such bequests quite as much as it does the benevolence of the philanthropist.

Don't tie strings on the future.

Americans

SOMEONE has been tracing ancestries for the Constitutional Convention which adjourned in September, 1787, and for the Senate of the 69th Congress, which adjourned in March, 1927.

The convention showed 90 per cent of British origin (nearly one fifth of it Irish) and the remaining ten per cent French, Dutch and other strains. The Senate now shows 81 per cent British (under one fifth of it Irish) and the remaining 19 per cent German, French, Scandinavian and Dutch.

The author of Robinson Crusoe (Daniel Defoe) pointed out the same phenomenon in his poem "The True-Born Englishman," about 1717, when he showed the real cockney to be a mixture of all western Europe.

These are the blood strains that our present immigration policy prefers and insists upon having. Those who accuse Uncle Sam of inconsistency and changeableness will do well to reflect that in this matter of race, both for admission and for leadership, we have hewed to the one line of the Western blood and culture for over 200 years.

Ask the Children

BOOTLEGGING is the social problem with which school children in Chicago, members of the sixth grade, are most familiar. Divorce and alimony come next. A survey included thousands of pupils from all kinds of homes and with varied national antecedents.

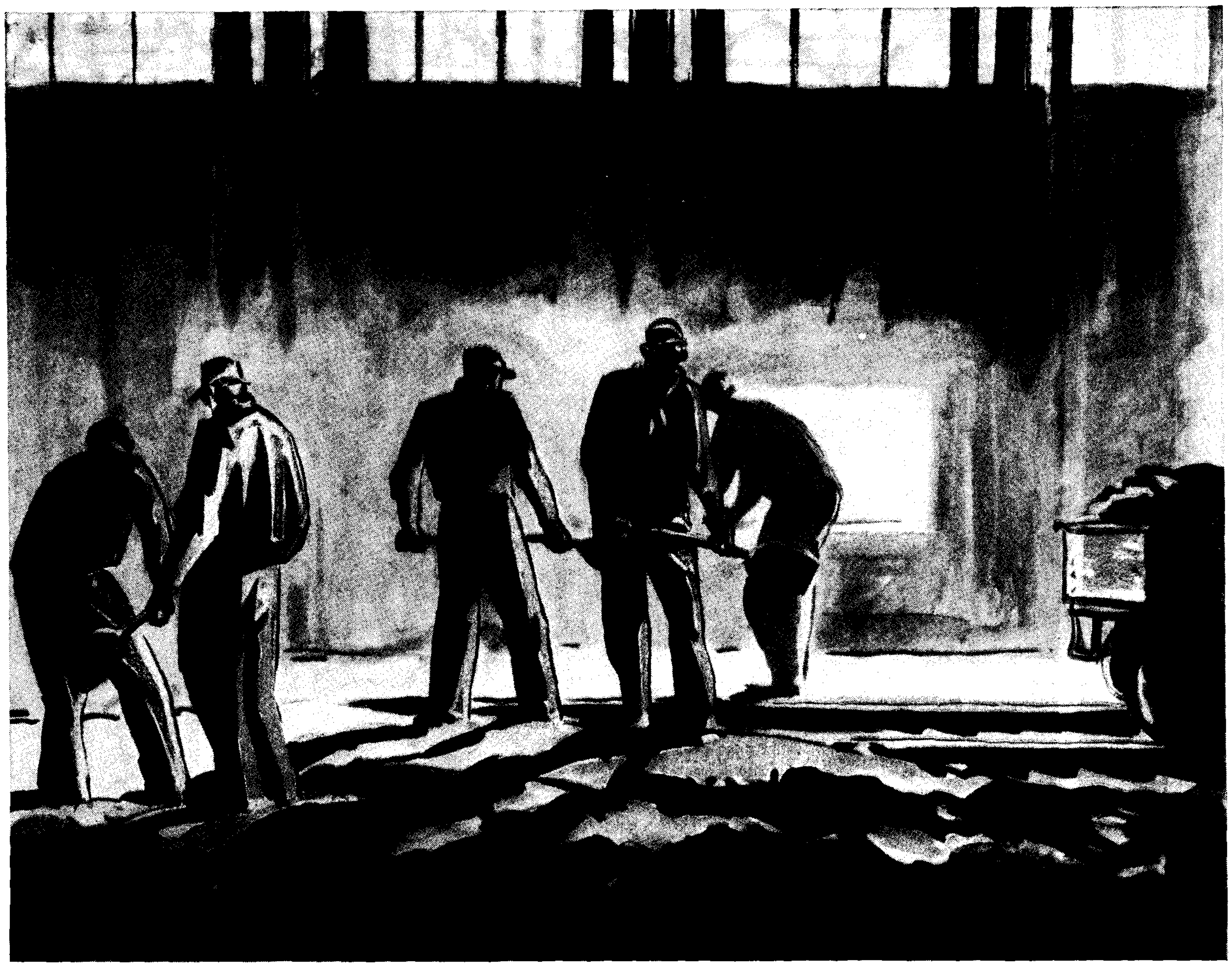
The sixth grade was chosen for the test by W. H. Burton, of the department of education at the University of Chicago, because from it the children enter a new environment, the junior high schools, or go out to work in the world.

A commentary applicable to conditions peculiar to great American cities alone? Not at all.

The same examination was made in Salem, the state capital of Oregon, a dot on the map compared with the sprawling urban giant in Illinois. The result did not differ.

The children reflected what they heard their elders discuss most exhaustively. The elders, in turn, had given first place to incidents that impressed them most strikingly in their daily contacts, regardless of what their own standards of living might be.

If an index is sought to the mass mind, if a clue is wished to what rivets its attention with greatest frequence in the social ferment, ask the people's children.



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RUST-FIRE! *The only difference between rusting and burning is time—both are oxidation. You can feel and see the fire produced by rapid burning. But when metal rusts, the process is too slow to see. Rust is the "ash" of this fire.*

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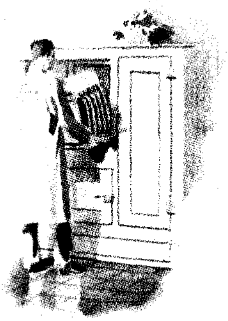
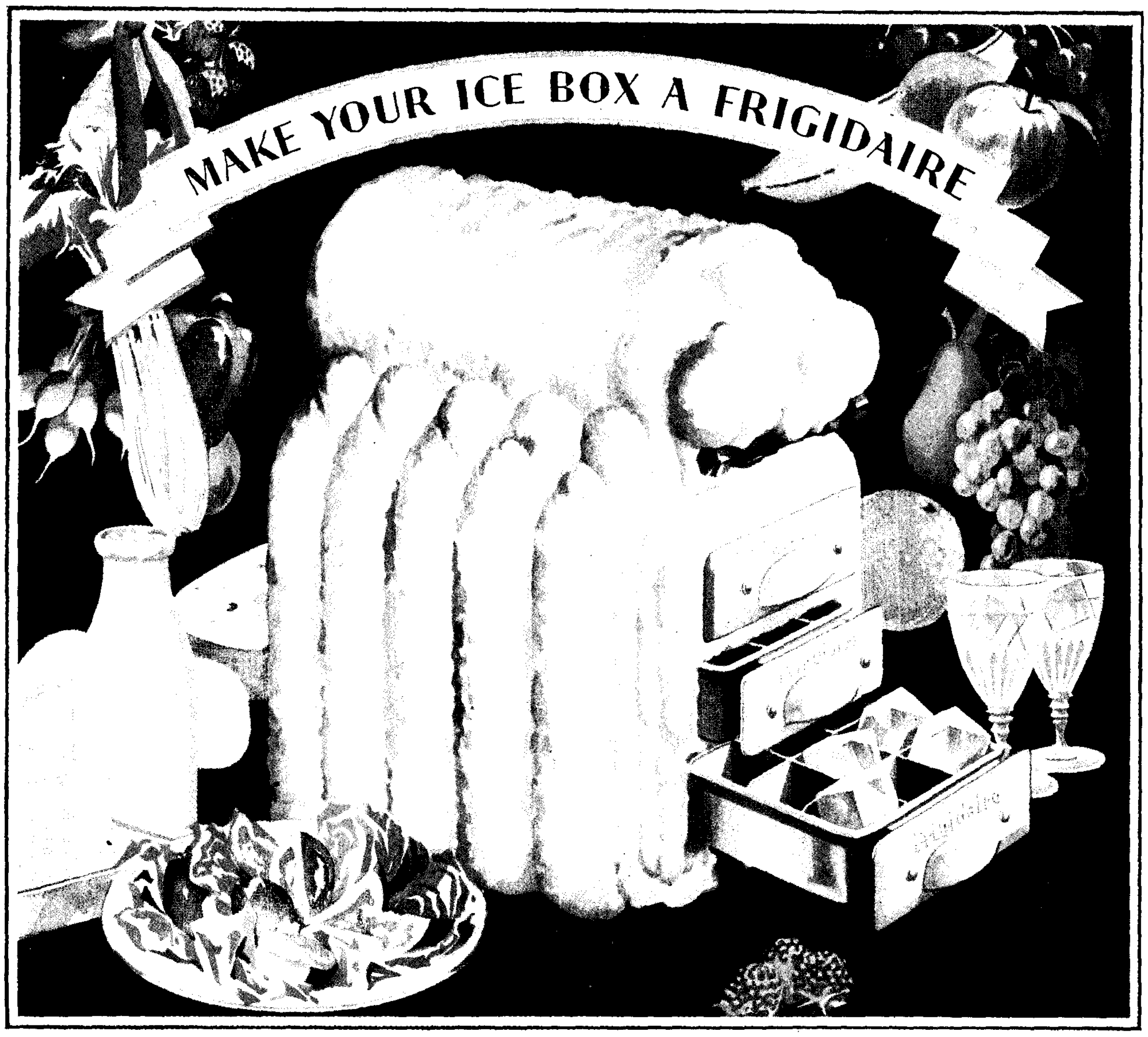
THE CHOICE OF THE MAJORITY

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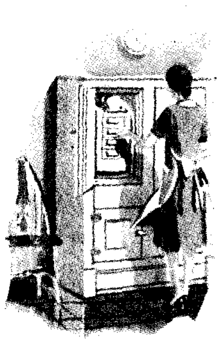

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